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NOVEMBER, 1874.

THE NEW HYPERION.

FROM PARIS TO MARLY BY WAY OF THE RHINE.

XVII.—THE CURRENT OF FATE.



LATTER-DAY REFORMERS.

I FINISHED my screed of Lorlei, and pocketed the old Tauchnitz edition of *Ingoldsby* out of which I had feigned to read it. "These antique records," I observed, "shed a curious light on the realities of church history." And I glanced at Mary Ashburleigh, who had heard the recital not unconcernedly.

"True," she said; "but was the Church ever so grasping and so cruel?"—Adding, with an indescribable smile, "Those were tiresome times for vagabond widows."

I gave Mrs. Asburleigh a little bolus of wisdom: "You must remember what is remarked by Lea, the authority in church history: 'Almost everything is to be forgiven to the mediæval clergy, who represented an idea in times when physical force was the only power respected.' The Dark Ages are, you must remember, past the virgin days of Christianity: she is now rather a widow grasping for her thirds among the close-fisted and niggardly executors. Her lucky day is over

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—the day in which Charlemagne lent all the power of the State to the Church, which he used as an instrument in constructing his evanescent civilization."

"How impure, even in the greatest times of the Church, were the sources of



THE BATTLE OF THE CREEDS.

its power!" said my commander with her pretty sententiousness.

"Millenniums are treacherous affairs," I answered. "Men usually get tired, and yawn them out of the way. Just hereabouts, you know, they claim that Christianity, as a worldly empire, took its rise. It was over Andernach, the Germans will tell you, that Constantine saw the cross in the sky."

"What a thought," said Mrs. Ashburleigh, kindling and letting fall her Baedeker, "that combination and fusion of the Roman empire with Christianity! The force that swayed the whole world made one with eternal Truth! No dreams could have seemed too wild and beautiful for the faithful then. How I should like to have been some saint or holy woman of the time, just to have seen the emperor bow his helmet, and to catch the last shadows of the fading Cross as it rose out of the Rhine to embrace the world with its shadowy arms of air!"

"There *were* such saints and holy monks, and their dreams were as bright as you can possibly imagine. With Rome converted, it seemed to them that the earth would become identical with heaven. Lactantius, rejoicing after Constantine's adhesion, boasted, 'How blessed would be that golden age among men when love and kindness and peace and innocence and justice and temperance

and faith should spread throughout the world, and neither prisons nor the sword of the judge would be wanted!' But the world wearied of its millennium, and for the sword of the judge Christianity soon became a most keen and persevering aspirant."

"Using it on helpless wretches like poor Lorlei," put in Mrs. Ashburleigh.

"The fact is," I went on, "the ideal of the mediæval Church was too unnatural to last. When the clergyman can make humanity a strong worker in the state and in society, lending his religion to the purging of politics and to the pleasantness of his own breakfast-table, then comes the statelier Eden back to men—not when they make their saint a stagnant solitary in a cell."

"The statelier Eden will never come back to men," said Mrs. Ashburleigh archly, "without a woman in it."

"Why, that is just the conclusion—don't you see?—that Christianity was forced to come to. And so at length you have the monk that married Catharine Bora."

"You mean—" asked Mary Ashburleigh, whose attention, a little overtaxed, was wandering.

"I mean Luther, of course. Germany may well be proud, for when Luther arrived, and stretched out his dark-robed arms in the attitude everybody knows from Kaulbach's Reformation-picture, then Constantine's cross came and stood a second time in the German sky."

"What a rich country in prodigies!"

"Precisely. And Germany, more than any other nation, has got accustomed to them and impatient of them. Never was there such a people for yawning away its millenniums. As for its Luthers, in these latter times they have become a mere drug. They call themselves Kant and Fichte and Herbart and Schelling and Hegel, and they appear with a new German millennium in their right hand and a new German Bible in their left."

"And how many reformers have there been, then, for mercy's sake?"

"Oh, the first was the serpent, as Heine will assure you. That footless blue-stock-  
ing, he says, that lithe lecturer, that pri-

vate expounder who addressed his class from a tree in the garden of Eden, explained the whole of Hegel's system six thousand years before Hegel was born.

This professor, to use Heine's words, 'clearly showed how the absolute consists in the identity of being and knowing;' or, in more familiar terms, 'Ye



THE DRAGOMAN.

shall not die, but shall know good from evil as gods.'"

"Then reform," said my commander, "is one of the oldest of earthly privileges?"

"Evidently. Did not the wisest of men, the prize pupil of the serpent, declare that there was nothing new under the sun, and no end of rewriting the *biblos*?"

We were on one of the "reformed" steamers, the American boats as they call them—handsomely making Americanism a synonym for improvement in fluvial navigation. Most of the little comforts to which the Yankee is accustomed on his Sound steamers or Mississippi triremes were around us. At first the voyage was quiet enough: there had been but few passengers from Mayence. Until Bingen nothing in particular attracted our attention, and Mrs. Ashburleigh's sketch-book lay in her lap ominously gaping, like a voracious lion waiting to be fed. For me the flat transit was a

grateful, dreamy period. I thought the river paused to hear my story of poor Lorlei: I thought the gentle banks rolled and fawned at the feet of me and my adored.

But at Bingen our calm was violently interrupted. A precipitous invasion of tourists took place. Not only were there Bavarian opera-singers, Prussian officers, homeward-bound Leyden clerks and rattling Viennese, but there was at least one company from whose midst I could hear my own mother-tongue. I did not clearly distinguish the individuality of this party at first. The tourists rolled down the companion-way to deposit their bags and shawls. The stout porters of Bingen were handling immense trunks as tenderly as egg-baskets. A confusion of boxes, crates and hampers rattled into the boat. A Swiss youth brought on a velocipede; a governess appeared with a spaniel and a consumptive monkey; there was a corpulent English mother in a wheeled chair; and a photographer,



OBERWESEL.

fresh from the slaughter of unnumbered tourists beside the river Nahe, jumped red-handed among us, his camera in the arms of a servant, and ready to transfix us in groups at every pause of the voyage. The porters trampled each other, couriers shouted, the monkey swore, and from the wheeled chair Boadicea, standing loftily charioted, raved and shrieked between her daughters in her fierce volubility. It was at the height of the tumult, just before pushing off from Bingen, that I was aware of a calm voice proceeding from the English-tongued company I speak of, and controlling the turmoil like an orchestral bâton when everybody is tuning: "The next coupon wanted will be the green one: if each lady will select her green coupon and stuff it into her left glove, it will be ready for the dinner. By our arrangement, ladies, you dine at precisely two shillings instead of three; the knowledge of which need spoil no one's appetite."

I looked at the group in question. A circle of British spinsters had by some magic obtained possession of the bows. They were unencumbered; their knapsacks were stacked and ticketed down below with military precision; their sketching-albums were ready on their laps; their faces were calmly receptive,

shaded by ample hats and gig-tops of sensible patterns. In the midst of them stood a gentleman with mutton-chop whiskers, his body diagonally bisected by the straps of his opera-glass, a little Mercury's hat on his head. Correctness and reliability shone all over his person like a varnish. He wore a white cravat, and looked much like Berkley in a tourist suit. He was now addressing the whole dovecote with a studied oration in which could by turns be heard the names of Rolandseck and Drachenfels, the Seven Mountains, Andernach, Linz, Stolzenfels, Marksburg, Ehrenbreitstein, Herzenach and Oberwesel. By a slight attention to his discourse I found that it was a judicious mosaic of paragraphs from Murray, Baedeker and Joanne.

I listened to this Homer chanting the *Odyssey of the Rhine*. It was very complete: the proper stories were introduced, the suitable quotations from Byron, and the mild jokes appropriate to the locality. I waited to hear what the minstrel would say about the cliffs this side of St. Goar, from whose top the *Lorlei* leaped.

It was not long in coming: "The rocks fancifully assigned to the *Lorlei* are four hundred and forty-seven feet in height. A man at the cottage will blow a horn and discharge a gun, to afford a test of



the echo: the expense of the powder is borne by the steam-boat company. The particular rock from which the nymph leaped is now penetrated by the railway tunnel."

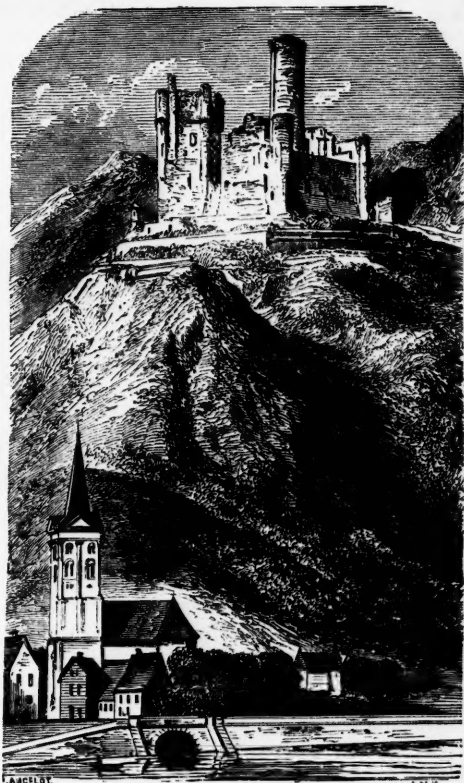
All the spinsters put down the figures 447 in their albums. "Your sketch-books, ladies, will not be strictly necessary before Oberwesel. The surroundings of Oberwesel seem to have been arranged expressly for artistic purposes: nothing is wanting there for the picturesque, whether woods, waters, ruins, rocks, rustic belvederes and *aussichten*, or cascades. The late mayor of Oberwesel, an artist of some repute, has published a drawing-book in which all the beauties are taken from his own surroundings. This is the origin of the famous jest, that when you ask the echo for a definition of the burgomaster of Oberwesel, you are answered—"

"Oh, I know," said one of the ladies, the oldest.

"What?" asked the gentleman with the opera-glass.

"*Easel!* Don't you see, girls?—an artist's *easel*." And the fair tourist collected her tribute of little laughs, better satisfied with her answer than if it had been the right one.

The Mentor did not correct her. He continued: "Just beyond St. Goar we shall find the Neu-Katzenelnbogen and the Thurnberg. The first-named castle, known to English travelers as the *Cat*, is interesting as showing the obvious origin of Perrault's story of 'Puss-in-Boots.' This fastness, putting on at first the humble airs of a lowly hermitage, hardly lifted its walls from the level of the earth, and watched softly from behind a simple palisade of wood. It seemed less occupied with attack than self-defence. But all the while puss-in-sabots was not idle, but, like many seem-



THE CAT.

ing cowards, amassed a quantity of secret spoils from the wealthy merchant-trains that came up the Rhine; so well that, by a judicious alternation of force and strategy, it made of its master one of the richest robbers on the river—a true marquis of Carabas. His end was that of all who in those days measured themselves with the Church. The owner of the Cat aroused the jealousy of Bishop Hatto, surnamed 'The heart of the king.' A strong castle was built opposite, not on the hillside, but on the summit of the mountain, and Hatto called it the Mouse, declaring that this time the mouse should eat the cat. This was easily done, and the bishop made no bones of the powerful robber opposite, whose spoils and

gold soon went to enrich the great church at Mayence. But Hatto went a little too far with his holy zeal, and, having speculated in corn, was eaten up in his fast-

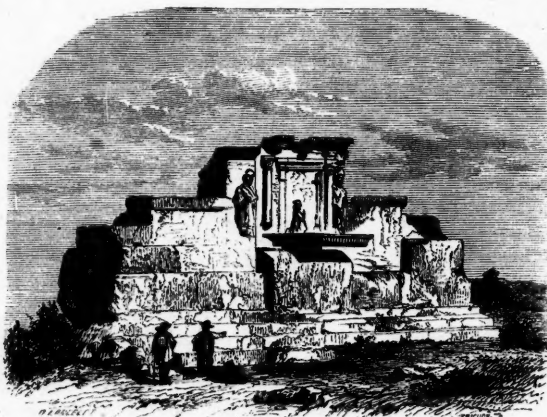
the church. The anecdote doubtless came from the fact that the head of the principal figure was one day found broken and lying at the foot of the calvary in the churchyard, a renaissance structure erected in the Greek taste."

"Do you know, I fancy," said I confidentially to Mrs. Ashburleigh, "that this must be the honest man who makes the guide-books for Murray? I never imagined before that the person had any particular existence in the flesh, but he must be somebody or other of corporeal substance."

"He is a mysterious but not fascinating person," said the Dark Ladye: "he reminds me— But no matter. Who can the ladies be?"

"I can hardly guess. Probably they are his short-hand writers to take down his notes. They all have albums."

"Rolandseck, ladies," said the inexorable voice, "is celebrated as having been built by Roland after he had been killed at Roncesvalles. From this remarkable specimen of posthumous construction we get the best view of the 'castled crag of Drachenfels,' opposite. This latter is one of the heights of the Siebengebirge, or Seven Mountains, so named because there are eleven of them. The village of Königswinter will afford us a dozen donkeys, housed with a dozen scarlet saddle-cloths, by which to make the ascent of ten hundred and sixty-six and a half feet. In climbing this hill you will enjoy another benefit from our system: the usual fee for the ascent is twelve and a half silbergroschen for each donkey, and a little less, or ten groschen, for the guide. Our arrangement affords this trip at six silbergroschen apiece, all around, for men and animals; which, besides its economy for ourselves, avoids the draw-



CALVARY OF ANDERNACH.

ness by an army of mice, who devoured first his tables and then himself."

And the guide, as a matter of course, recited Southey's poem, with sufficiently good accent and discretion:

The cat sat screaming, mad with fear  
At the army of rats that were drawing near.  
They have whetted their teeth against the stones,  
And now they pick the bishop's bones.

"Who can he be?" I asked of Mrs. Ashburleigh. "Some kind of a courier, I suppose?"

"He does not look to me at all like a courier," said my leader in a tone of rebuke, her eyes fixed approvingly on the fluent cicerone.

When I next listened he had got still farther down the stream: he was evidently keeping his party posted well ahead. He described a town which was not without old and tender associations for me:

"Andernach is largely built of black basalt taken from the neighboring hills. Some of you may have heard a curious but unsupported tradition of the Christ on the wayside cross of Andernach bowing its head: this legend is unconfirmed, and the citizens, unable to vouch for it, have carried the wooden figure inside

ing of invidious and disparaging distinctions between the donkeys and the drivers. For this enterprise, ladies, the blue tickets will please be in readiness."

But the most copious of wells may pump itself dry, and there came a moment when the eloquence of the man in the spyglass-strap came to a stop. At a signal from himself each lady extracted from a square tin box, made to resemble a Murray, a little thong of Australian meat and a few ounces of bread. Soon, instead of the steady voice of their entertainer, I could hear nothing from that quarter but the little mandibles of those fair beings. The man himself seemed to have no appetite except for his own mutton-chops, which he was fingering and chewing over the rail as I approached him.

"I beg pardon," I said, "but it is so pleasant to hear my native language—and one is so glad to meet a man of information—and I can hardly be mistaken in thinking you in some sort a public character."

The man bowed, left his whisker alone, and plunged for a card-case. I was as quick as he.

"My name is— My card," I observed.

"Certainly, certainly," he answered with equal civility: "my own is, as you

will perceive— This is my card. My name is

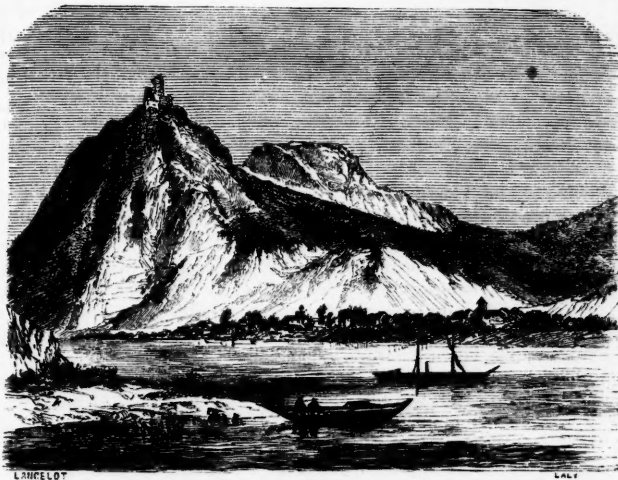
COOKSON & JENKINSON."

I acquiesced with another bow, though the gentleman's plurality of name left me considerable choice, and his "card" was a pamphlet of fifty pages.

"I have no disposition to conceal my name, which represents perhaps the foremost enterprise of the nineteenth century. I surmise that you are a fellow-countryman of mine?"

"That I can hardly say," I replied with a smile, "until I know your own nationality. But even then I should be shy of claiming you as a compatriot, for I haven't the faintest idea what country I belong to myself. I have long been a renegade from my own nation, without attaching myself to any other. In fact, I am a Progressive Geographer in search of his home."

"The very thing!" said the traveler: "we will find it for you. It is quite in our line. Our Tours include every country on the face of the earth. We will establish you in little more than no time on the most advanced principles of ethnographical distribution. We already cover the globe with our Advertised Routes. Our terms" (and he took out a



LANGELOT

DRACHENFELS.

LALY



THE SERVILE WAR.

long zigzag ticket resembling an accordion) "are arranged with an advantage to the purchaser of from twenty-five to fifty per cent. We ensure satisfaction, avoid extortion and guarantee sound sleep, for we fine landlords for all hard or unclean beds. In a few years traveling will be unknown except through us—in fact, impossible but by our assistance. We are arranging objects of interest along all routes that are a little deficient in incident. Wherever a deficiency of ruins exists we supply the need. The Rhine will be quite another

and was listening to the details of this new Bacchic conquest of India. Her face wore a look of great interest and sympathy. "May I ask whom you have with you?" she inquired.

"They are governesses and school-teachers, madame, doing the Rhine under my auspices. The party is small, but most intelligent."

"But how did you manage to collect so many ladies of similar age and condition?"

"Not the least trouble in the world, madame. I combed them from the advertising columns of the *Times* in three days."

Mrs. Ashburleigh took me aside. "That is the image of the man I have dreamed of," she said hastily. "I perceive that for the present my destiny is cast with his. Do not ask me further: I feel all you would say. I confess to you that my heart has been touched. We shall meet again. But for this time I shall enter the company of that gentleman. It only remains for you to seek, at the next stopping-place, the best excuse for leaving me."

This mysterious advertisement quite overcame my courage. What did she mean—rejection, encouragement or general mystery? As for the pretext of which she spoke, accident furnished it, most unfortunately for me, at Coblenz.

EDWARD STRAHAN.

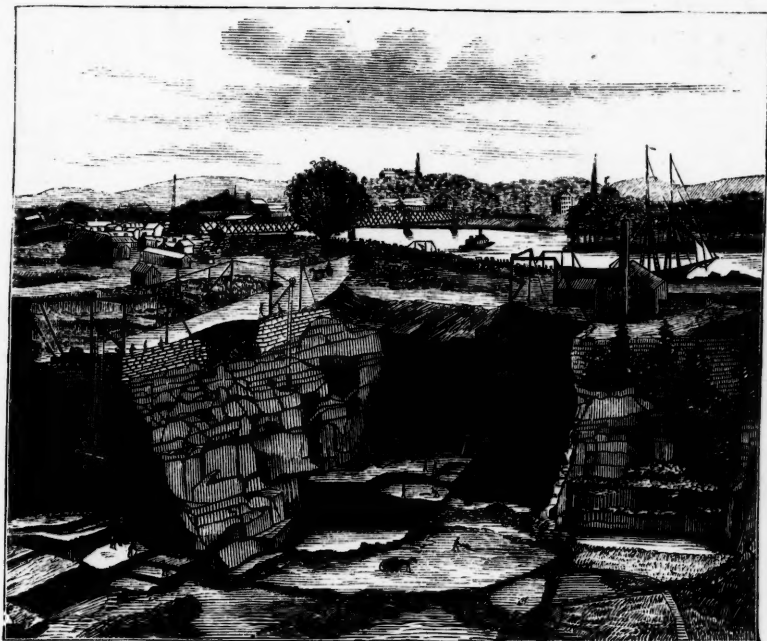
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



SERVILE RECONCILIATION.

thing when you next pass, my dear sir: the proprietors have done a little hereabouts in the way of artificial ruins, but nothing to what we contemplate."

My Ariadne had now approached,

*WHERE THE BROWNSTONE FRONTS COME FROM.*

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SHALER &amp; HALL'S QUARRY, MIDDLETOWN, CONNECTICUT.

THE traveler by rail or boat, arriving at the city of Middletown, nearly the geographical centre of the State of Connecticut, can hardly fail to notice that the opposite bank of the Connecticut River is formed of large loose stones which extend for some distance, and that huge blocks of stone, of a different color from the familiar gray, are lying about in all directions. On visiting the scene he finds an army of quarrymen at work on the bank, a few dingy-looking offices, several buildings with high chimneys, and various sheds with stones of great size interspersed between them, and appearing to block the way for nearly two miles. The whistles of numerous steam-engines scream the welcome dinner-hour, and the banks are suddenly

crowded with workmen: dull thuds or smart cracks of explosion rend the air, and stones are sent flying to a marvelous height. Approaching the brink of the enormous pit, the visitor looks down into a nearly perpendicular cut of one hundred and fifty feet, and learns on inquiry that there are three such pits, covering a space of forty acres and extending seventy feet below the bed of the river. These are the Portland quarries, where the brownstone fronts come from. Probably not one person in fifty in New York, who sees these splendid fronts every day of his life, and has heard that they were built of Portland stone, knows whether this is the geological term, or whether Portland, Maine, or Portland, England, claims the hon-





SCAPPLING-GROUND (SHALER &amp; HALL'S QUARRY).

or of its production. At the latter place are immense quarries of a similar stone, from which the name is derived.

The descent into two of the quarries is made by ladders fixed securely into the rocks, and the oxen, horses and wagons used for hauling the massive blocks are let down and taken up by derricks; the stones are lifted by the same method and hauled to the scappling-grounds by oxen, sometimes as many as twelve or fourteen yoke being required to drag the ponderous masses, which are then cut into sizes to suit the market and piled along the banks ready for shipping. The vessels employed in the trade make quite a fleet, and visit nearly every port on the Atlantic seaboard, the large cities, like New York, Boston, Washington and Philadelphia, being their principal markets.

Could all the stone which has been sent from these quarries to New York be returned, it would refill them; and could all the stone known as inferior

matter used for wall building and the like be transferred to its parent bed, it would also refill these cavities; so great is the difference between solid material in a state of nature and the same when broken up into large blocks or loose matter. Some idea may be formed of the vast quantity of waste in the work of quarrying when we consider the formation of the dumping- and scappling-grounds, which extend, as previously stated, along the river front for nearly two miles and cover one hundred acres. The present bank is not the original bank of the river. At the commencement of these enterprises, a little over two centuries since, the river ran by the side of the large elms which appear in the illustrations of the Shaler & Hall and Brainerd & Co's scappling-grounds: old residents can recollect fastening their boats to the trunks of these trees when boys. The trunk of the elm in the grounds of the former company descends fourteen feet below the surface, that in

Brainerd & Co.'s twenty-eight feet: both are enclosed in a well of stone built from the original surface upward to allow free access of air. In many places the rocks overhung the river, rising high and shelving. The first quarry-work commenced on these, and they have long since disappeared. The picturesque appearance of the banks has been sacrificed to the necessities of our civilization, and we have as a substitute two miles of refuse stone pulverized by the wear of time into grounds used for the surface-work of the quarries, and heaped up to various heights of from fourteen to twenty-eight feet, the whole of this artificial formation being made from quarry waste, and most of it the result of the active labor of the last eighty years. The river has retired before man's industry, the illustrations showing the distance it has been driven back.

Taking the river front as a base, and the vicinity of the old burial-ground (which appears in the illustrations) as a

centre, a radius of half a mile described from this point will include all the stone worth quarrying. True, the strata extend far beyond this limit, farther than the quarrymen care to reach: the piers of the Air-line Railroad bridge, which crosses the river at Middletown, rest on a solid foundation of brownstone, but the experts in the quarry business find, by sinking wells for water in different sections of the strata, that the stone is inferior, and that the best of it is within their own grounds; not but that they could occasionally find a good article, but the great amount of surface-matter to be removed would render it impracticable as a successful business undertaking.

A brownstone front is considered as conferring a mark of social distinction. The avenues and streets of New York where such fronts most abound present a striking and unique picture to one who has been accustomed to the gray, red and yellow stones or the gray and red granites of European cities: these



SOUTH-EASTERN CORNER OF SHALER & HALL'S QUARRY.

in hot, glaring sunshine tire the eye with their brilliant reflections: our brownstone fronts present an agreeable and soothing aspect. Their rich color and the soft shadows they cast are pleasant to contemplate; and one great advantage which they certainly possess over marble or other material that glistens in the sun is, that they reveal the beautiful points of architecture at a glance, free from the bizarre and glare attendant upon lighter-colored structures.

The following extract from the Middletown town-records shows that the colonists appreciated the value of the stone, but were probably not aware of the vast wealth which lay below the surface: "*Sep. 4, 1665.* At a town-meeting it was voated that whosoever shall dig or raise stones at ye rocks on the east side of the river for any without the town, the said digger shall be none but an inhabitant of Middletown, and shall be responsible to ye towne twelve pence per tunn, for every tunn of stones that he or

they shall digg for any person whosoever without the town; this money to be paid in wheat and pease to ye townsmen or their assigns, for ye use of ye towne, within six months after the transportation of the said stones."

At that early day a considerable quantity of the stone was shipped to distant places, but no evidence exists that a regular system of quarrying was carried on; only of occasional efforts to supply the wants of a scattered and sparse population. Six acres, now in the possession of the largest operators, the Middlesex Quarry Company, were sold by the town in 1690 to one James Stanliff: nearly a century later, in 1788, this property passed into the hands of Shaler & Hall, by whom the real active work of quarrying was commenced. In 1791 the same firm bought the ground of the lower quarry, now known as "The Shaler & Hall Company's Quarry," with a view to more extended operations in the future, which they commenced in 1844. It soon be-



SCAPPLING-GROUND (BRAINERD'S QUARRY).



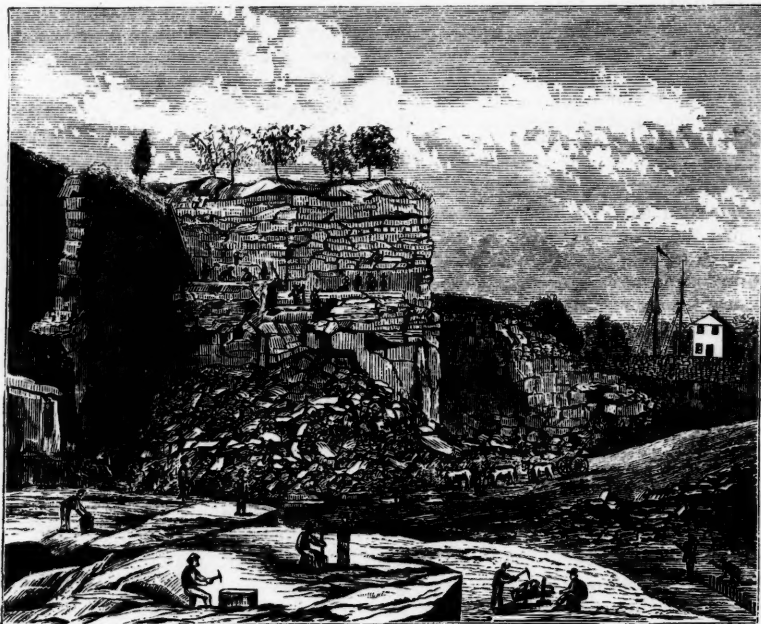
STRATA OF ROCKS IN BRAINERD'S QUARRY.

came evident that under their active management the business would ultimately be developed into an undertaking of great magnitude. They reached good stone at a depth of about five feet: the burial-ground does not exhibit a depth of soil above the rocks of more than from five to ten feet, the original surface of all the quarries presenting the same gradual undulating slope to the river that the graveyard now does. In the mean time other parties were not idle, but purchased the ground between the quarries now known as the Middlesex Quarry Company's and the Shaler & Hall Company's. Hurlburt & Roberts began work on this space in 1783, and in 1814 Erastus and Silas Brainerd bought it, and carried on the business successfully until Silas Brainerd died, when the present firm was formed, which is known as Brainerd & Co. In 1819 another quarry was opened contiguous to the six acres bought by Shaler & Hall in 1788, under the name of the Patten &

Russell Quarry, afterward known as the Russell & Hall Quarry until 1841, when it was united with the original Shaler & Hall's upper property of six acres, and the firms were incorporated under the name of the Middlesex Quarry Company.

This, in brief, is their early history, and shows the commencement of active work, when they really deserved the name of quarries: other lands have been acquired from time to time as the increase of business demanded them, the entire area at the present time being estimated at one hundred and seventy-five acres, the Middlesex Quarry Company alone occupying one hundred acres.

Beauty of color is desirable in every material, but in the choice of building-stone this is a secondary consideration in comparison with that of its durability. In reference to the stone from these quarries there is no occasion to make statements from mere conjecture: we make them from the facts of two centuries of experience. Most of the tombstones in



VIEW OF GENERAL QUARRY-WORK IN BRAINERD'S QUARRY.

the old graveyard of Middletown are of this material: the oldest inscription we can discover is 1689, as clear and legible as when first carved. The stones are in a perfect state, though suffering from habitual neglect, having been allowed to become moss-grown. The tombs which stand in the burial-ground illustrated in this article are also of this stone, which was quarried near the surface when few people lived here. The oldest date to be found is 1712, the inscription stating that "this is the first person laid in this yard:" the tomb is in an excellent state of preservation, notwithstanding the neglect which has befallen it; the letters are still clear and sharp; its edges have not crumbled, nor has the rude, imperfect carving of the mason of the period entirely disappeared, though some Vandal of a later date has completely chipped out the usual first word, "HERE." The monuments of marble which were once in this yard have long ago succumbed to the effects of time and crumbled to

pieces, while their more humble and less assuming companions of brownstone still bid defiance to the elements. In 1836 an association at Hartford undertook to repair "the waste of time and accident among the monuments erected as memorials of their deceased ancestors" in the old burial-ground in that city, which had been abandoned about thirty years. They emulated Old Mortality: they reset all the monuments, in number about five hundred. This step was taken with a view of determining the most durable stone for a monument to be erected as a memorial of the first settlers of the town of Hartford. They decided upon the Portland stone, having discovered that other stones, including marble, were very much decayed, the parts being decomposed and crumbling, whereas the tombs of Portland stone, many of them bearing inscriptions two centuries old, had not been affected by the weather. The Hancock House at Boston was built of this stone one hundred and thirty-



seven years ago: the contract was made between Mr. Thomas Hancock and "Thomas Johnson of Middleton in the County of Hartford and Colony of Connecticut, in New England, Stone-Cutter." The equivalent paid to Johnson was "the sum of Three Hundred Pounds in Goods as the Said Stone-Cutter's work is Carried on." When the building was removed a few years since it was found that the stone was as good as when it was first used. It is impossible to produce stronger evidence of the durability of this stone: granite will not stand the effects of atmosphere better, and it resists the influence of fire better than any other known building-stone: the fire in Chicago, and more recently that in Boston, demonstrated this fact conclusively. It will crumble only from abusive causes, such as the use of acids and other deleterious compounds, while the use of oil essentially preserves it. Stones from these quarries that have been painted to imitate white marble, and then oiled, are as good as ever. Oiling stone prevents decomposition: as brick is proved to be better for oiling, stone must of necessity be so; but with or without the use of oil its durability is unquestionable.

It is therefore not surprising that the stone has been rising steadily in favor and increasing in demand for many years, pleasing color and durability,

combined with facility of working, being its chief recommendations. The demand, in addition to the places previously noticed, comes from all parts of the Union: the stone has been sent to Galveston, New Orleans, San Francisco, St. Louis, Chicago and the West Indies. The name "Portland stone" has been appropriated by unprincipled dealers, and many buildings have been erected with an inferior grade of brown stone, palmed off as the legitimate article from these quarries; but deception sooner or later deceives itself, and the Simon Pure it endeavors to counterfeit is made purer still by the discovery.

From the large area of the quarries and their adjacent grounds, which our engravings fully illustrate, the reader will naturally infer that a great number of men must be employed, and that other aids of cattle, horses and machinery correspond. The numerous teams constantly in motion, and the workmen in gangs contiguous to each other, maintain a constant panorama of moving incident. To portray the animating scenes in the pits or on the surface would render our illustrations too complex to be understood by the uninitiated: we have therefore preferred to reduce the number of figures pictorially that the *modus operandi* may be more clearly defined. The system of labor and management is the



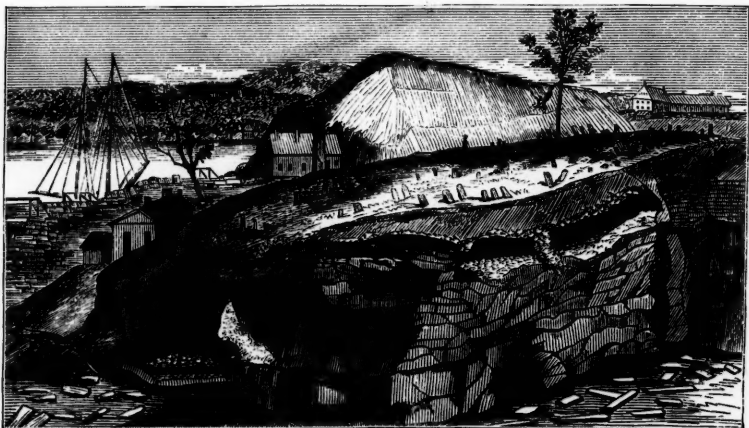
RIVER FRONT OF MIDDLESEX QUARRY.

same in each quarry. From twelve hundred to fifteen hundred men are employed in the aggregate, embracing most of the nationalities that emigrate to our shores, the whole directed by American enterprise and skill.

The illustration of Brainerd & Co.'s quarry, showing general quarry-work, points out very clearly the method of cutting rock down from the surface. The earth is first removed until the rock is reached: this is then split quite easily by wedges and hammers when cut parallel to the strata—if contrary to the strata, greater force is required. When the strata are very deep and close, blasting is resorted to, and the mass being broken up, the stone cuts easily. The large pieces are then hurled to the bottom by simply tilting them over, the debris and small loose matter falling with them: the large stones are hoisted to the surface by the derricks which line the brink of the pits, and in Brainerd & Co.'s quarry are hauled by the ox-teams up an inclined roadway to the scappling-grounds, where they are cut as straight and even as their irregular outlines will allow, the greatest care being taken during the quarrying to break them as little as possible. This portion of the work is superintended by men of experience, and every stone is carefully measured before leaving the quarries. About two

hundred and fifty cattle and one hundred horses are worked by the quarries collectively: the rough hauling is done by the oxen, the uneven nature of the ground and the spirit and impulsive energy of the horse rendering him unfit for this portion of the work.

The hoisting is done altogether by steam-power: wherever there is a derrick at the edge of the quarries, a steam-engine is attached to it; the rope used is wire rope made by Roebling, Trenton, N. J., the engineer of the East River bridge. The engines can be constructed in Portland if necessary: the principal one recently erected by the Middlesex Quarry Company was made there, and is considered by competent judges one of the best pieces of mechanism yet designed for this particular work. A steam-engine is attached to each quarry to pump out the accumulation of water. If the reader will refer to the illustrations, pools of water will be seen at the base of the deepest rocks, and also deep dark stains on the rocks, which commence about halfway and descend perpendicularly to the bottom, caused by the oozing of the water from the river, the depth of the cuttings being just so much below its bed. Water-stains will ensue near the surface from the drainage of the upper lands, which slope toward the quarries: these disappear, but the stains in the low-



OLD BURIAL-GROUND, PORTLAND.



VIEW OF AREA IN MIDDLESEX QUARRY.

er part, being constantly fed by moisture from the river, remain black. The pools are from five to twenty-five feet deep, the cuttings of the rocks of course reaching to the bottom; consequently, the actual depth of the straight rock is not all seen. The highest freshet in the Connecticut occurred May 4, 1854: it rose above the edges of the quarries, and completely filled these unwilling reservoirs. The force of the rushing waters was so great that it carried away fifty feet of the bank of Shaler & Hall's scappling-ground, and extended twenty-five feet inland. A vessel at anchor was drawn completely round, and had her anchor not held she would have been driven into the quarry, and when the water was pumped out would have remained at the bottom. Brainerd & Co. got the water out of their quarry in ten days by means of their steam-pump, which is capable of bringing up a column of water one hundred and thirty feet long and two feet in diameter

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every minute. The other quarries pumped the water out with equal celerity.

The Middlesex Quarry Company, having the largest quarry, employs the most men and uses most cattle and machinery: it is the oldest, and does a corresponding amount of business. The color, quality and durability of the stone are alike in all the quarries, and the strata running in the same direction connect them. Frost forbids any real quarrying-work in the winter. The work done at that time is simply to remove earth and rubbish from the surface until good stone is reached, which, with other bare rock, is covered with a layer of soil to prevent frost injuring it. Quarrying begins about the 20th of March, or as soon as the navigation of the river opens, and is steadily pursued until about the 12th of December; the hours of labor, the scale of wages, the price of stone and other matters of common interest being jointly regulated by the managers of the three quarries.



EXCAVATIONS IN MIDDLESEX QUARRY, LOOKING TOWARD THE RIVER.

We have already stated that the earliest quarrymen found good stone at a depth of five feet. The quality of the stone varies: some think it improves as it gets deeper; but it alternates, at all depths, from fine to coarse, and from coarse again to fine. Even the same stratum will vary, one end yielding a fine marketable commodity when the other is only fit for inferior purposes. The celebrated seven-foot layer of the Middlesex Quarry is a remarkable instance of this: it produced unusually good stone, and became quite a household word in the trade to represent quality, but as it was worked out to its northern end it was found to decline gradually in fineness of grain until it ended in quite coarse material. When the stone is first taken from its bed it is full of what the quarrymen term "sap," a moisture which completely saturates it: it takes a month or more for this moisture to dry out entirely, and if the frost takes it before it is dry, it seriously injures it, disintegrating it badly; hence the necessity of covering the surface of exposed rock with soil in the winter. When once dry, frost cannot injure it. Sometimes, through neglect or through the selfishness of the builder, stones thus injured are built into a wall, when they soon show their defects.

The work of excavation is materially

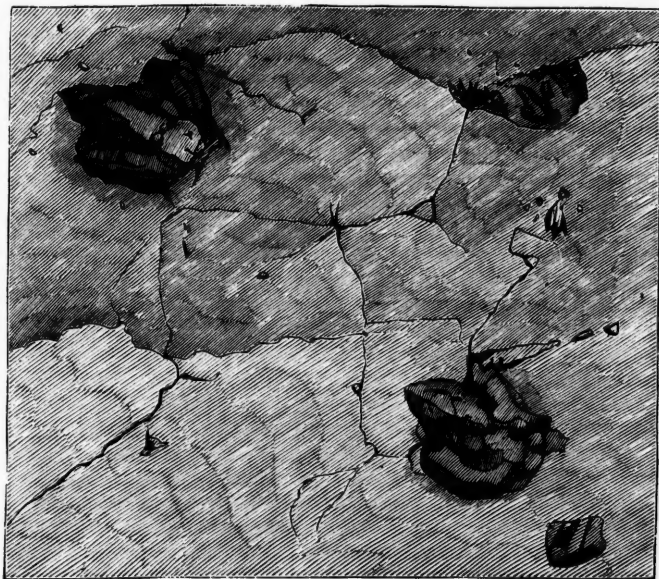
assisted by the rocks being broken up into natural beds by parallel or nearly parallel fissures extending downward to an indefinite depth, verging slightly from the perpendicular, and in some instances sloping to an angle of twenty-five degrees: the seam referred to in Brainerd's illustration is one of these fissures, termed by the quarrymen "joints." When all the rock to the left of it is cut away, it will appear as an overhanging precipice, leaning over at the same angle as the rock in the left-hand corner of the illustration on page 529, which was once the natural line of a "joint," all the rock in front of it having been quarried out. At right angles to these joints are what are called "keys," or cracks extending in depth to one or more strata; hence the blocks of stone lie in the beds from two to twenty feet thick, from twenty to one hundred feet wide, and from fifty to three hundred feet long, with generally a south-easterly dip. Each quarry endeavors to pursue its work in the direction of these joints, on the ground of economy as well as facility. The depth to which the rock descends is unknown, and efforts were made by means of the diamond drill to ascertain how far they could bore down until the supply of stone ceased. The experiment was tried in the Middlesex Quarry at the joint expense of the three quarry companies.

They reached the enormous depth of three hundred and thirteen feet, and then suspended operations, not because they had reached the bottom of the stone, but because they had gone far enough to satisfy themselves that the supply was probably inexhaustible. The stone brought up from this great depth corresponds with the bore of the machine, which is cylindrical in form, one and a quarter inches in diameter in the upper part, and one eighth of an inch less in the lower part. The pieces which were broken off at pleasure are preserved in a tubular form in the office of the company, each piece being marked from No. 1 to No. 313. These reveal the interesting fact that the stone varies in the fineness of the grain in the same manner that it does in the parts already excavated, and it preserves its uniformity of color except in one layer, which is decidedly gray.

Blasting on an extensive scale is done by electricity. When the rock intended to be blasted is prepared, from two to four holes are drilled according to the

size and the depth of the rock: these are charged with powder, and connected with the battery by copper wires covered with gutta percha to protect them from the weather. The discharge is simultaneous, and the entire mass is moved without tearing it to pieces.

The Portland quarries present still another feature of great interest. The strata of the sandstone of the valley basin abound in fossil prints of the tracks of animals and the trunks of trees. They have been found from Turner's Falls in Massachusetts to the south-western part of Middletown, the greatest number, and perhaps the best specimens, coming from these quarries. The slab in our illustration entitled *Brontosoum giganteum* was quarried at a depth of eighty feet: the foot is fifteen inches long, and the distance between the feet twenty-eight inches. The *Brontosoum sillimanium*, which is the most frequent, may be considered as a smaller specimen of a very similar species. The footprint entitled *Otosoum moodii* is sixteen inches long and twelve inches broad in its widest



BRONTOZOU M GIGANTEUM, PORTLAND QUARRIES.



part: the smaller impression above it is the forepart of the other foot. The following pertinent remarks are from the pen of John Johnston, LL.D., Emeritus Fisk Professor of Natural Science in Wesleyan University: "But are these impressions really tracks?—that is, are they what they seem to be? The very satisfactory reply to this query is that their character answers every demand required by this supposition. First, when several of these impressions occur in succession, the toes of each separate track point in the same direction; but if the impressions were not tracks, how should this peculiarity be accounted for? Secondly, they severally answer to right and left feet. Thirdly, the distance between successive impressions of the same series is very uniform, just as we should expect in the real tracks. Fourthly, the distance between the impressions, which answers to the length of the step, is proportionate to the size of the foot as indicated by the track. The larger the footprint, the longer the step. Finally, these impressions have always been made downward, and not upward. This accords exactly with their proper character as tracks, but would be very strange if the impression were made by some other mode, as by animal or vegetable substances accidentally thrown on the mud. Of these footprints several thousand have been observed in the sandstone of the

Connecticut Valley. By far the greater number that have been found belonged to birds, and thus it has happened that the whole are frequently spoken of as bird-tracks. The immense size of these tracks is perhaps their most striking character. The largest bird-track found, that of the *Brontozoum giganteum*, indicates a bird of a similar kind as the ostrich, but several times larger."

The irregular streaks which occur in most of the fossil stones were caused by the soft mud shrinking in the sun: the cast of the foot is always at the top, the real impression is below. In some instances the impression left by a large animal, being hollow in the stone and free from all cast, will hold two quarts of water. Well might Hugh Miller exclaim, "They are fraught with strange meanings, these footprints of the Connecticut."

Dr. Hitchcock, in his *Ichology of Massachusetts*, p. 183, says of the fossil *Otozoum moodii*, to which he gave the name: "The largest individuals had hind feet twenty inches long, with a width varying from thirteen to fifteen inches, which would make the surface covered by the track more than a square foot. . . . Beneath this foot also, and extending even beyond its margin, was a web, as I have reason to suppose, which, like a great snowshoe, kept the animal from sinking deep into the mud. And yet its



BRONTOZOU M SILLIMANUM.



OTOZOU M MOODII.

feet did sink at least two inches. To do this must it not have required an animal almost as heavy as an elephant? I formerly supposed this animal to be a biped, since I had seen several long rows of its tracks, the right and left foot regularly alternating, but no sign of fore feet. At length, however, these came to light—in only one instance indeed, but too distinct to be denied or doubted. It seems that it had two front feet not more than a third as large as the hind ones. Imagine now a collection of *Otozoums* walking or sporting along the muddy shore—animals approaching the elephant in size, yet allied to the frog tribe or salamander. At a little distance you can imagine a group of the *Gigantitherium* family; and still farther on a group of *Brontozoums*. Which of these giants would be acknowledged as entitled to the first place we cannot decide. But should a contest have arisen at any time for supremacy, and these several leaders should have summoned the numerous lesser tribes around them to their aid, it would require another Milton to describe the scene."

Again we must refer the reader to the illustration of Brainerd's Quarry in which the high rock appears with the pool of water at its base. In the left-hand corner of the picture a ladder may be seen resting upon an uneven bed of stone, which comes down to the level of the floor of the quarry. Since the drawing was finished this bed has been removed, and no less than twenty-one footprints of the *Otozoum moodii* have come to light at a distance of two feet apart, and measuring three feet from centre to centre. The impressions answer distinctly to right and left feet, and are such as an unwieldy animal would make. They extend in nearly a straight line for sixty-three feet, until they are lost in a puddle of water. By feeling in the water and removing a little loose matter we discovered another footprint, which of course will appear when the water dries up.

These large impressions at such a depth, and all alike, with a distance of step so uniform and presenting the zigzag appearance of right and left feet, establish the fact beyond question that the quarry-grounds formed part of the *habitat* of some ponderous animal ages ago.

The late W. T. Gleason, to whose sagacity and foresight the quarries are in a great degree indebted for their present high position, considered that the sandstone strata were made from the deposits of heavy washings or the rapid motion of an immense body of water at some remote period of the world's history; the Connecticut Valley having then been the bed of a lake, and the force of the water coming from the north so great as to break through the hills to the south of the quarries, and thus form a channel for the Connecticut River of to-day. The heaviest weight of the deposit of each flood or washing would naturally gravitate to the bottom, and form a basis for lighter material to rest on: thus layer on layer has been formed, the interval of time between the formation of each no doubt being of sufficient duration to allow the growth of feeding-grounds for the fauna of the period until they disappeared with future convulsions of Nature, and left us these petrified tracks as evidences of animal life—of an age how remote no one can tell. He accounted for the superior quality of the stone from the same cause: the deposits were mostly clean and clear of mud, the mud having been washed out by the rapidity of the current; and he supposed the site of the quarries to have lain in the set of the current. Where more mud has been left the stone is not so good; in other words, the less mud the better stone. The rapid water having washed out all interfering matter, has left a clean deposit of sand, gravel and pebbles, which have become cemented, and yield the clear, clean, hard, rich brownstone of these celebrated Portland quarries.

THOMAS EMMETTE.

## THREE FEATHERS.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE."

CHAPTER XII.  
THE CHAIN TIGHTENS.

ONCE, and once only, Wenna broke down. She had gone out into the night all by herself, with some vague notion that the cold, dank sea-air—sweet with the scent of the roses in the cottage-gardens—would be gratefully cool as it came around her face. The day had been stormy, and the sea was high—she could hear the waves dashing in on the rocks at the mouth of the harbor—but the heavens were now clear, and over the dark earth the great vault of stars throbbed and burned in silence. She was alone, for Mr. Roscorla had not returned from London, and Mabyn had not noticed her slipping out. And here, in the cool, sweet darkness, the waves seemed to call on her with a low and melancholy voice. A great longing and trouble came somehow into her heart, and drove her to wander onward as if she should find rest in the mere loneliness of the night, until at length there was nothing around her but the dark land and the sea and the white stars.

She could not tell what wild and sad feeling this was that had taken possession of her; but she knew that she had suddenly fallen away from the calm content of the wife that was to be, with all the pleasant sensation of gratitude toward him who had honored her, and the no less pleasant consciousness that her importance in the world and her power of helping the people around her were indefinitely increased. She had become again the plain Jim Crow of former days, longing to be able to do some indefinitely noble and unselfish thing—ready, indeed, to lay her life down, so that she might earn some measure of kindly regard by the sacrifice. And once more she reflected that she had no great influence in the world, that she was of no account to anybody, that she was plain

and small and insignificant; and the great desire in her heart of being of distinct and beautiful service to the many people whom she loved seemed to break itself against these narrow bars, until the cry of the sea around her was a cry of pain, and the stars looked coldly down on her, and even God himself seemed far away and indifferent.

"If I could only tell some one! if I could only tell some one!" she was saying to herself wildly as she walked rapidly onward, not seeing very well where she was going, for her eyes were full of tears. "But if I tell Mabyn, she will say that I fear this marriage, and go straight to Mr. Roscorla; and if I tell my mother, she will think me ungrateful to him and to every one around me. And how can I explain to them what I cannot explain to myself? And if I cannot explain it to myself, is it not mere folly to yield to such a feeling?"

The question was easily asked and easily answered, and with much show of bravery she proceeded to ask herself other questions, less easily answered. She began to reproach herself with ingratitude, with vanity, with a thousand errors and evil qualities; she would teach herself humility; she would endeavor to be contented and satisfied in the position in which she found herself; she would reflect on the thousands of miserable people who had real reason to complain, and yet bore their sufferings with fortitude; and she would now—straightway and at once—return to her own room, get out the first letter Mr. Roscorla had written her, and convince herself once more that she ought to be happy.

The climax was a strange one. She had been persuading herself that there was no real cause for this sudden fit of doubt and wretchedness. She had been anticipating her sister's probable explanation, and dismissing it. And yet, as

she turned and walked back along the narrow path leading down to the bridge, she comforted herself with the notion that Mr. Roscorla's letter would reassure her and banish these imaginary sorrows. She had frequently read over that letter, and she knew that its arguments were incontrovertible.

"Oh, Wenna!" Mabyn cried, "what has been troubling you? Do you know that your face is quite white? Have you been out all by yourself?"

Wenna, on getting home, had gone into the little snugery which was once a bar, and which was now George Rosewarne's smoking-room. Mabyn and her father had been playing chess—the board and pieces were still on the table.

Wenna sat down, apparently a little tired. "Yes, I have been out for a walk," she said.

"Wenna, tell me what is the matter with you," the younger sister said imperatively.

"There is nothing the matter. Well, I suppose you will tease me until I tell you something. I have had a fit of despondency, Mabyn, and that's all—despondency over nothing; and now I am quite cured, and do you think Jennifer could get me a cup of tea? Well, why do you stare? Is there anything wonderful in it? I suppose every girl must get frightened a little bit when she thinks of all that may happen to her—especially when she is alone; and of course it is very ungrateful of her to have any such doubts, though they mean nothing, and she ought to be ashamed—"

She stopped suddenly. To her dismay she found that she was admitting to Mabyn the very reasons which she expected to have to combat. She saw what she had done in the expression of Mabyn's face—in the proud, indignant mouth and the half-concealed anger of the eyes.

The younger sister was silent for a minute, and then she said passionately, "If there's any one to be ashamed, it isn't you, Wenna. I know who it is. As for you, I don't know what has come over you of late. You are trying to be meeker and meeker, and more humble and

more grateful; and all for what? What have you to be grateful for? And you are losing all your fun and your good spirits; and you are getting to be just like the children in story-books, that repeat texts and get gooder and gooder every day until they are only fit for heaven; and I am sure I am always glad when the little beasts die. Oh, Wenna! I would rather see you do the wickedest thing in all the world if it would only bring you back to your old self."

"Why, you foolish girl, I am my old self," the elder sister said, quietly taking off her bonnet and laying it on the table. "Is Jennifer up stairs? Who is in the parlor?"

"Oh, your sweetheart is in the parlor," said Mabyn with badly-concealed contempt. "He is just arrived from London. I suppose he is telling mother about his rheumatism."

"He hasn't got any rheumatism—any more than you have," Wenna said with some asperity.

"Oh yes, he has," the younger sister said, inventing a diabolical story for the mere purpose of getting Wenna into a rage: she would rather have her in a succession of tempers than the victim of this chastened meekness. "And gout too—I can see by the color of his nails. Of course he hasn't told you, for you're such a simpleton he takes advantage of you. And he is very near-sighted, but he pretends he doesn't need spectacles. And I am told he has fearful debts hanging over his head in London, and that he only came here to hide; and if you marry him you'll see what will come to you."

Mabyn was not very successful in making her sister angry. Wenna only laughed in her gentle fashion, and put her light shawl beside her bonnet, and then went along the passage to the parlor, in which Mr. Roscorla and her mother were talking.

The meeting of the lovers after their temporary separation was not an impassioned one. They shook hands; Wenna hoped he was not fatigued by the long journey; and then he resumed his

task of describing to Mrs. Rosewarne the extraordinary appearance of Trelyon's sitting-room in Nolan's hotel after the young gentleman had filled it with birds and beasts. Presently, however, Wenna's mother made some pretence for getting out of the room, and Mr. Roscorla and his betrothed were left alone. He rarely got such an opportunity.

"Wenna, I have brought you the ring," said he; and with that he took a small case from his pocket and opened it, and produced a very pretty gypsy ring studded with emeralds.

Now, on the journey down from London he had definitely resolved that he would put an end to that embarrassment or shamefacedness which had hitherto prevented his offering to kiss the girl whom he expected to marry. He was aware that there was something ridiculous in his not having done so. He reflected that scarcely any human being would believe that he could have been such a fool. And it occurred to him in the train that the occasion of his giving Wenna her engaged ring would be an excellent opportunity for breaking in upon this absurd delicacy.

He went across the room to her. She sat still, perhaps a little paler than usual. He took her hand, and put the ring on, and then— Then it suddenly occurred to him that there was something devilish in the notion of his purchasing the right to kiss her by giving her a trinket. Not that any such scruple would have affected him, but he was nervously sensitive as to what she might think of him; and doubtless she was familiar with the story of Margaret and Faust's casket of jewels. So he suddenly said, with an air of carelessness, "Well, do you like it? You can't quite tell the color of the stones by lamplight, you know."

Wenna was not thinking of the color of the stones. Her hand trembled, her heart beat quickly: when she did manage to answer him it was merely to say, in a confused fashion, that she thought the ring very beautiful indeed.

"You know," he said with a laugh, "I don't think men like engaged rings quite

as well as girls do. A girl generally seems to take such a fancy for an engaged ring that she won't change it for any other. I hope that won't be in your case, Wenna; and, indeed, I wanted to talk to you about it."

He brought a chair close to her, and sat down beside her and took her hand. Now, ordinarily, Wenna's small, white, plump hands were so warm that her sister used to say that they tingled to the very tips of her fingers with kindness, and were always wanting to give away something. The hand which Mr. Roscorla held was as cold and as impassive as ice. He did not notice: he was engaged in preparing sentences.

"You know, Wenna," said he, "that I am not a rich man. When I might have taught myself to work I had just sufficient income to keep me idle; and now that this income is growing less, and when I have greater claims on it, I must try something. Well, my partners and myself have thought of a scheme which I imagine will turn out all right. They propose to wake up those estates in Jamaica, and see if they can't be made to produce something like what they used to produce. That wants money. They have it: I have not. It is true I have been offered the loan of a few thousand pounds, but even if I accept it—and I suppose I must—that would not put me on an equal footing with the other men who are going into the affair. This, however, I could do: I could go out there and do all in my power to look after their interests and my own—see, in fact, that the money was being properly expended before it was too late. Now, I might be there a very long time—"

"Yes," said Wenna in a low voice, and rather inappropriately.

"Now, don't let me alarm you, but do you think—do you not think, in view of what might be rather a long separation, that we ought to get married before I go?"

She suddenly and inadvertently withdrew her hand. "Oh no! no! no!" she said, in a low and frightened voice. "Oh, do not ask me to do that." She was trembling more than ever. She could not understand.



"But don't make any mistake, Wenna," he said: "I did not propose you should go with me. That would be asking too much. I don't wish to take you to the West Indies, because I might be there only for a few months. All I wish is to have the bond that unites us already made fast before I go, merely as a comfortable thing to think of, don't you know?"

"Oh, it is too hasty, I am afraid: why should we be in such a hurry?" the girl said, still with her heart beating so that she could scarcely speak.

"No," he argued, "you must not make another mistake. Before this scheme can be matured months must elapse. I may not have to go out before the beginning of next year. Now, surely other six months would make a sufficiently long engagement."

"Oh, but the pledge is so terrible," she said, and scarcely knowing what she said.

Mr. Roscorla was at once astonished and vexed. That was certainly not the mood in which a girl ought to look forward to her marriage. He could not understand this dread on her part. He began to ask himself whether she would like to enjoy the self-importance that her engagement had bestowed on her—the attentions he paid her, the assistance he gave her in her charitable labors, and the sort of sovereignty over a man which a girl enjoys during the betrothal period—for an indefinite time, or perhaps with the hope that the sudden destruction of all these things by marriage might never arrive at all. Then he began to get a little angry, and got up from the chair, and walked once or twice up and down the room.

"Well," said he, "I don't understand you, I confess. Except in this way, that our relations with each other have not been so openly affectionate as they might have been. That I admit. Perhaps it was my fault. I suppose, for example, you have been surprised that I never offered to kiss you."

There was something almost of a threat in the last few words, and Wenna, with her cheeks suddenly burning red, anx-

iously hastened to say, "Oh, not at all. It was my fault. I am sure if there was too great reserve it was my fault; but I do not think there has been. It is not that at all, but your wish seems so sudden and so unnecessary."

"Don't you see," he said, interrupting her, "that if our relations at present are not sufficiently frank and confidential, nothing will mend that so easily as our marriage? And this that I ask of you ought to be as agreeable to you as to me; that is to say—"

He stopped, with a look of impatience on his face. There was some one coming along the passage. He knew who it was, too, for a young girl's voice was doing its best to imitate in a burlesque fashion a young man's voice, and Mr. Roscorla had already heard Harry Trelyon, as he rode or drove carelessly along, bawling to himself, "Oh, the men of merry, merry England!" He knew that his old enemy Mabyon was at hand.

That very clever imitation of Harry Trelyon was all the warning that the young lady in question condescended to give of her approach. She opened the door without ceremony, marched into the middle of the room, and placed a bird-cage on the table.

"There!" said she, "can either of you tell me what that bird is?"

"Of course I can," said Wenna, rising with a sensation of great relief.

"No you can't," her pretty sister said. "It is sent to you with Mr. Harry Trelyon's compliments; and it is something very wonderful indeed. What is it, ladies and gentlemen? Don't answer all at once."

"Why, it is only—"

"A piping bullfinch—that's what it is," said Mabyon triumphantly.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### AN UNEXPECTED CONVERT.

NEXT morning was Sunday morning, and Wenna, having many things to think over by herself, started off alone to church some little time before the others, and chose a circuitous route to the small

building which stood on the high uplands over the sea. It was a beautiful morning, still and peaceful, with the warmth of the sunlight cooled by a refreshing western breeze; and as she went along and up the valley her heart gradually forgot its cares, for she was listening to the birds singing, and picking up an occasional wild flower or watching the slow white clouds cross the blue sky. And as she walked quietly along in this way, finding her life the sweeter for the sweet air and the abundant color and brightness of all the things around her, it chanced that she saw Harry Trelyon coming across one of the meadows, evidently with the intention of bidding her good-morning, and she thought she would stop and thank him for having sent her the bullfinch. This she did very prettily when he came up; and he, with something of a blush on his handsome face, said, "I thought you wouldn't be offended. One can use more freedom with you now that you are as good as married, you know."

She quickly got away from that subject by asking him whether he was coming to church; and to that question he replied by a rather scornful laugh, and by asking what the parsons would say if he took a gun into the family pew. In fact, he had brought out an air-cane to test its carrying powers, and he now bore it over his shoulder.

"I think you might have left the gun at home on a Sunday morning," Miss Wenna said in rather a precise fashion. "And, do you know, Mr. Trelyon, I can't understand why you should speak in that manner about clergymen, when you say yourself that you always avoid them, and don't know anything about them. It reminds me of a stable-boy we once had who used to amuse the other lads by being impertinent to every stranger who might pass, simply because the stranger was a stranger."

This was a deadly thrust, and the tall young gentleman flushed, and was obviously a trifle angry. Did she mean to convey that he had acquired his manners from stable-boys? "Parsons and churches are too good for the likes o'

me," he said contemptuously. "Morning, Miss Rosewarne;" and with that he walked off.

But about three minutes thereafter, when she was peacefully continuing her way, he overtook her again, and said to her, in rather a shamefaced fashion, "I hope you don't think I meant to be rude to you, Miss Wenna? I'll go to church with you if you like. I've stuck my air-cane in a safe place."

Wenna's face brightened. "I shall be very glad," she said, with a smile far more friendly than any she had ever yet bestowed on him. "And I am sure if you came often to hear Mr. Trewhella, or if you knew him, you would think differently about clergymen."

"Oh, well," Trelyon said, "he's a good sort of old chap, I think. I find no fault with him. But look at such a fellow as that Barnes! Why, that fellow's son was with me at Rugby, and wasn't he a pretty chip of the old block?—a mean, lying little beggar, who would do anything to get a half crown out of you."

"Oh, were you at Rugby?" Wenna asked innocently.

"I don't wonder at your asking," her companion said with a grin. "You think it doesn't look as if I had ever been to any school? Oh yes, I was at Rugby; and my career there, if brief, was not inglorious. I think the records of all the eight houses might be searched in vain to find such another ruffian as I was, or any one who managed to get into the same number of scrapes in the same time. The end was dramatic. They wouldn't let me go to a ball in the town-hall. I had vowed I should be there; and I got out of the house at night, and went. And I hadn't been in the place ten minutes when I saw the very master who had refused me fix his glittering eye on me; so, as I knew it was all over, I merely went up to him and asked to have the pleasure of being introduced to his daughter. I thought he'd have had a fit. But that little brute Barnes I was telling you about, he was our champion bun-eater. At that time, you know, they used to give you as many buns as ever you liked on Shrove Tuesday; and

the houses used to eat against each other, and this fellow Barnes was our champion; and, oh Lord! the number he stowed away that morning! When we went to chapel afterward he was as green as a leek."

"But do you dislike clergymen because Master Barnes ate a great many buns?" Wenna asked with a gentle smile, which rather aggrieved the young gentleman beside her.

"Do you know," said he, "I think you are awfully hard on me? You are always trying to catch me up. Here am I walking to church with you like an angel of submission, and all the thanks I get—Why, there goes my mother!"

Just in front of them, and a short distance from the church, the road they were following joined the main highway leading up from Eglosilyan, and along the latter Mrs. Trelyon's brougham was driving past. That lady was very much astonished to find her son walking with Miss Wenna Rosewarne on this Sunday morning; and still more surprised when, after she was in church, she beheld Master Harry walk coolly in and march up to the family pew. Here, indeed, was a revolution! Which of all the people assembled—among whom were Miss Mabyon and her mother and Mr. Roscorla—had ever seen the like of this before? And it was all the greater wonder that the young gentleman in the rough shooting-coat found two clergymen in the pew, and nevertheless entered it and quietly accepted from one of them a couple of books.

Mrs. Trelyon's gentle and emotional heart warmed toward the girl who had done this thing.

That forenoon, just before luncheon, Mrs. Trelyon found her son in the library, and said to him, with an unusual kindness of manner, "That was Miss Rosewarne, Harry, wasn't it, whom I saw this morning?"

"Yes," he said sulkily: he half expected that one or other of his friends the parsons had been saying something about her to his mother.

"She is a very quiet, nice-looking girl: I am sure Mr. Roscorla has acted wisely,

after all. And I have been thinking, Harry, that since she is a friend of yours we might do something like what you proposed, only not in a way to make people talk."

"Oh," said he bluntly, "I have done it already: I have promised to lend Roscorla five thousand pounds to help him to work his Jamaica estates. If you don't like to sanction the affair, I can get the money from the Jews. I have written to Colonel Ransome to tell him so."

"Now, why should you treat me so, Harry?" his mother said in an injured way.

"I took you at your word—that's all. I suppose now you are better disposed to the girl merely because she got me to go to church this morning. If there were more people like her about churches—in the pulpits and out of them—I'd go oftener."

"I was not quite sure who she was," Mrs. Trelyon said with a feeble air of apology. "I like her appearance very much, and I wish she or anybody else would induce you to go to church. Well now, Harry, I will myself lend you the five thousand pounds till you come of age. Surely that will be much better; and, if you like, I will make Miss Rosewarne's acquaintance. You might ask her to dinner the first time Mr. Roscorla is coming, and he could bring her."

Master Harry was at last pacified, and his face lightened considerably. "Make it Thursday," said he, "and you must write to her. I will take down the letter and persuade her; but if she comes she sha'n't come under the wing of Mr. Roscorla, as if he were the means of introducing her. I shall go down for her with the brougham and fetch her myself."

"But what will Mr. Roscorla say to that?" his mother asked with a smile.

"Mr. Roscorla may say whatever he particularly pleases," responded Master Harry.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

"SIE BAT SO SANFT, SO LIEBLICH."

"To dine at Trelyon Hall?" said George Rosewarne to his eldest daugh-

ter when she in a manner asked his consent. "Why not? But you must get a new dress, lass: we can't have you go among grand folks as Jim Crow."

"But there is a story about the crow that went out with peacock's feathers," his daughter said to him. "And, besides, how could I get a new dress by Thursday?"

"How could you get a new dress by Thursday?" her father repeated mechanically, for he was watching one of his pet pigeons on the roof of the mill. "How can I tell you? Go and ask your mother: don't bother me."

It is quite certain that Wenna would not have availed herself of this gracious permission—for her mother was not very well, and she did not wish to increase that tender anxiety which Mrs. Rosewarne already showed about her daughter's going among these strangers—but that this conversation had been overheard by Mabyn, and that young lady, as was her habit, plunged headlong into the matter. "You can have the dress quite well, Wenna," she said, coming out to the door of the inn, and calling on her mother to come too. "Now, look here, mother: I give you warning that I never, never, never will speak another word to Wenna if she doesn't take the silk that is lying by for me, and have it made up directly—never a single word, if I live in Eglosilyan for a hundred and twenty-five years."

"Mabyn, I don't want a new dress," Wenna expostulated. "I don't need one. Why should you rush at little things as if you were a squadron of cavalry?"

"I don't care whether you want it or whether you don't want it, but you've got to have it—hasn't she, mother? Or else, it's what I tell you: not a word—not a word if you were to go down before me on your bended knees."

"I think you had better let Mabyn have her own way, Wenna," the mother said gently.

"I let her?" Wenna answered, pretending not to notice Mabyn's look of defiance and triumph. "She always has her own way—tomboys always have."

"Don't call names, Wenna," her sis-

ter said severely; "especially as I have just given you a dress. You'll have to get Miss Keane down directly," or else I'll go and cut it myself, and then you'll have Harry Trelyon laughing at you, for he always laughs at people who don't know how to keep him in his proper place."

"Meaning yourself, Mabyn," the mother said, but Mabyn was not to be crushed by any sarcasm.

Certainly, Harry Trelyon was in no laughing or spiteful mood when he drove down on that Thursday evening to take Wenna Rosewarne up to the hall. He was as pleased and proud as he well could be, and when he went into the inn made no secret of his satisfaction and of his gratitude to her for having been good enough to accept his mother's invitation. Moreover, understanding that Mrs. Rosewarne was still rather ailing, he had brought down for her a brace of grouse from a hamper that had reached the hall from Yorkshire that morning; and he was even friendly and good-natured to Mabyn, instead of being ceremoniously impertinent toward her.

"Don't you think, Mr. Trelyon," said Wenna in a timid way as she was getting into the brougham—"don't you think we should drive round for Mr. Roscorla?"

"Oh, certainly not," said Mabyn with promptitude. "He always prefers a walk before dinner: I know he does—he told me so. He must have started long ago. Don't you mind her, Mr. Trelyon."

Mr. Trelyon was grinning as he and Wenna drove away. "She's a thorough good sort of girl, that sister of yours," he said; "but when she marries won't she lead her husband a pretty dance!"

"Oh, nothing of the sort, I can assure you," Wenna said earnestly. "She is as gentle as any one can well be. If she is impetuous, it is always in thinking of other people. There is nothing she wouldn't do to serve those whom she really cares for."

"Well," said he with a laugh, "I never knew two girls stick up so for one another. Don't imagine I was such a fool as to say anything against her. But

sisters ain't often like that. My cousin Jue has a sister at school, and when she's at home the bullying that goes on is something awful; or rather it's nagging and scratching, for girls never go in for a fair stand-up fight. And yet when you meet these two separately you find each of them as good-natured and good-tempered as you could wish. But if there's anything said about you anywhere that isn't positive worship, why, Mabyn comes down on the people like a cartload of bricks; and she can do it, mind you, when she likes."

It suddenly occurred to Mr. Trelyon that he had made a blunder; and whereas a more diplomatic young gentleman would have hastened away from the subject, hoping that she had not noticed it, he must needs hark back in a confused and embarrassed fashion. "Of course," said he, with a laugh, "I didn't mean that any one ever said anything really against you: that is impossible—that is quite impossible; and especially no one would say such a thing to me; at least they wouldn't say it twice, I can answer for that: you understand, I did not mean anything of that sort."

"Oh yes," Wenna said quietly. "What a brilliant red those campions seem to have at this time of the evening, when the green around them gets dark!"

"Mind," he said, after a word or two, "I mean to take you in to dinner. It is just possible my mother may ask Mr. Roscorla to take you in, as a compliment to him; but don't you go."

"I must do what I am told," Wenna answered meekly.

"Oh no, you mustn't," he said. "That is merely a girl's notion of what is proper. You are a woman now: you can do what you like. Don't you know how your position is changed since you became engaged?"

"Yes, it is changed," she said; and then she added quickly, "Surely that must be a planet that one can see already."

"You can be much more independent in your actions now, and much more friendly with many people, don't you know?" said this young man, who did

not see that he was treading on very delicate ground, and that of all things in the world that Wenna least liked to hear spoken of, her engagement to Mr. Roscorla was the chief.

Late that night, when Wenna returned from her first dinner-party at Trelyon Hall, she found her sister Mabyn waiting up for her, and having properly scolded the young lady for so doing, she sat down and consented to give her an ample and a minute description of all the strange things that had happened. "Well, you must know," said she, folding her hands on her knees as she had been used to do in telling tales to Mabyn when they were children together—"you must know that when we drove up through the trees, the house seemed very big and gray and still, for it was getting dark and there was no sound about the place. It was so ghost-like that it rather frightened me; but in the hall we passed the door of a large room, and there I got a glimpse of a very gay and brilliant place, and I heard some people talking. Mr. Trelyon was waiting for me when I came down again, and he took me into the drawing-room and introduced me to his mother, who was very kind to me, but did not seem inclined to speak much to any one. There was no other lady in the room; only those two clergymen who were in church last Sunday, and also Mr. Trehella and Mr. Roscorla. I thought Mr. Roscorla was a little embarrassed when he came forward to shake hands with me—and that was natural, for all the people must have known—and he looked at my dress the moment I entered the room; and then, Mabyn, I did thank you in my heart for letting me have it; for I had forgotten that Mr. Roscorla would regard me as being on my trial, and I hope he was not ashamed of me."

"Ashamed of you!" said Mabyn with a sudden flush of anger. "Do you mean that *he* was on his trial?"

"Be quiet. Well, you must know that Mr. Trelyon was in very high spirits, but I never saw him so good-natured, and he must needs take me in to dinner, and I sat on his right hand. Mrs. Trelyon



told me it was only a quiet little family party, and I said I was very glad. Do you know, Mabyn, there is something about her that you can't help liking—I think it is her voice and her soft way of looking at you—but she is so very gentle, and ordinarily so silent, that she makes you feel as if you were a very forward and talkative and rude person."

"That is precisely what you are, Wenna," Mabyn observed in her school-girl sarcasm.

"But Mr. Trelyon, he was talking to everybody at once—all round the table: I never saw him in such spirits; and most of all he was very kind to Mr. Trewhella, and I liked him for that. He told me he had asked Mr. Trewhella because I was coming; and one thing I noticed was, that he was always sending the butler to refill Mr. Trewhella's glass, or to offer him some different wine, whereas he let the other two clergymen take their chance. Mr. Roscorla was at the other end of the table: he took in Mrs. Trelyon. I hope he was not vexed that I did not have a chance of speaking to him the whole evening; but how could I help it? He would not come near me in the drawing-room: perhaps that was proper, considering that we are engaged; only I hope he is not vexed."

For once Miss Mabyn kept a hold over her tongue, and did not reveal the thoughts that were uppermost in her mind.

"Well, after dinner Mrs. Trelyon and I went back to the drawing-room; and it was very brilliant and beautiful; but oh! one felt so much alone in the big place that I was glad when she asked me if I would play something for her. It was something to think about; but I had no music, and I had to begin and recollect all sorts of pieces that I had almost forgotten. At first she was at the other end of the room, in a low easy-chair of rose-colored silk, and she looked really very beautiful and sad, and as if she were dreaming. But by and by she came over and sat by the piano; and it was as if you were playing to a ghost that listened without speaking. I played one or two of the 'Songs without

Words'—those I could recollect easily—then 'Beethoven's Farewell'; but while I was playing that I happened to turn a little bit, and, do you know, she was crying in a quiet and silent way. Then she put her hand gently on my arm, and I stopped playing, though I did not turn toward her, for there was something so strange and sad in seeing her cry that I was nearly crying myself, and I did not know what was troubling her. Then, do you know, Mabyn, she rose and put her hand on my head, and said, 'I hear you are a very good girl: I hope you will come and see me.' Then I told her I was sorry that something I had played had troubled her; and as I saw she was still very distressed, I was very glad when she asked me if I would put on a hood and a shawl and take a turn with her round some of the paths outside. It is such a beautiful night to-night, Mabyn; and up there, where you seemed to be just under the stars, the scents of the flowers were so sweet. Sometimes we walked under the trees, almost in darkness, and then we would come out on the clear space of the lawn, and find the skies overhead, and then we would go into the rose-garden; and all the time she was no longer like a ghost, but talking to me as if she had known me a long time. And she is such a strange woman, Mabyn: she seems to live so much apart from other people, and to look at everything just as it affects herself. Fancy a harp, you know, never thinking of the music it was making, but looking all the time at the quivering of its own strings. I hope I did not offend her; for when she was saying some very friendly things about me—of course Mr. Trelyon had been telling her a heap of nonsense about helping people and that—she seemed to think that the only person to be considered in such cases was yourself, and not those whom you might try to help. Well, when she was talking about the beautiful sensations of being benevolent, and how it softened your heart and refined your feelings to be charitable, I am afraid I said something I should not have said, for she immediately turned and asked me what more I would have her to do.

Well, I thought to myself, if I have offended her, it's done and can't be helped; and so I plunged into the very thing I had been thinking of all the way in the brougham—"

"The clothing club!" said Mabyn; for Wenna had already spoken of her dark and nefarious scheme to her sister.

"Yes: once I was in it, I told her of the whole affair, and what she could do if she liked. She was surprised, and I think a little afraid. 'I do not know the people,' she said, 'as you do. But I should be delighted to give you all the money you required, if you would undertake the rest.' 'Oh no, madam,' said I (afterward she asked me not to call her so), 'that is impossible. I have many things to do at home, especially at present, for my mother is not well. What little time I can give to other people has many calls on it. And I could not do all this by myself.'"

"I should think not," said Mabyn, rising up in great indignation, and beginning to walk up and down the room. "Why, Wenna, they'd work your fingers to the bone, and never say Thank you. You do far too much already—I say you do far too much already; and the idea that you should do that! You may say what you like about Mrs. Trelyon—she may be a very good lady—but I consider it nothing less than mean—I consider it disgraceful, mean and abominably wicked—that she should ask you to do all this work, and do nothing herself."

"My dear child," said Wenna gently, "you are quite unjust. Mrs. Trelyon is neither mean nor wicked; but she was in ignorance, and she is timid and unused to visiting poor people. When I showed her that no one in Eglosilyan could so effectively begin the club as herself, and that the reckless giving of money that she seemed inclined to was the worst sort of kindness, and when I told her of all my plans of getting the materials wholesale, and of making the husbands subscribe and the women sew, and all that I have told to you, she took to the plan with an almost childish enthusiasm; and now it is quite settled, and the only danger is that she may destroy

the purpose of it by being over-generous. Don't you see, Mabyn, it is her first effort in actual and practical benevolence—she seems hitherto only to have satisfied her sense of duty or pleased her feelings by giving cheques to public charities—and she is already only a little too eager and interested in it. She doesn't know what a slow and wearisome thing it is to give some little help to your neighbors discreetly."

"Oh, Wenna," her sister said, "what a manager you are! Sometimes I think you must be a thousand years of age, and other times you seem so silly about your own affairs that I can't understand you. Did Mr. Roscorla bring you home?"

"No, but he came in the brougham along with Mr. Trelyon. There was a great deal of joking about the conquest—so they said—I had made of Mrs. Trelyon; but you see how it all came about, Mabyn. She was so interested in this scheme—"

"Oh yes, I see how it all came about," said Mabyn quite contentedly. "And now you are very tired, you poor little thing, and I sha'n't ask you any more about your dinner-party to-night. Here is your candle."

Wenna was just going into her own room, when her sister turned and said, "Wenna!"

"Yes, dear?"

"Do you think that His Royal Highness Mr. Roscorla condescended to be pleased with your appearance and your manners and your dress?"

"Don't you ask impertinent questions," said Wenna good-naturedly as she shut the door.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### A LEAVE-TAKING OF LOVERS.

WENNA had indeed made a conquest of the pale and gentle lady up at the hall which at another time might have been attended with important results to the people of Eglosilyan. But at this period of the year the Trelyons were in the habit of leaving Cornwall for a few months; Mrs. Trelyon generally going to

some continental watering-place, while her son proceeded to accept such invitations as he could get to shoot in the English counties. This autumn Harry Trelyon accompanied his mother as far as Etretât, where a number of her friends had made up a small party. From this point she wrote to Wenna, saying how sorry she was she could not personally help in founding that clothing club, but offering to send a handsome subscription. Wenna answered the letter in a dutiful spirit, but firmly declined the offer. Then nothing was heard of the Trelyons for a long time, except that now and then a hamper of game would make its appearance at Eglosilyan, addressed to Miss Wenna Rosewarne in a sprawling school-boy's hand which she easily recognized. Master Harry was certainly acting on his own theory, that now she was engaged he could give her presents, or otherwise be as familiar and friendly with her as he pleased.

It was a dull, slow and dreary winter. Mr. Roscorla was deeply engaged with his Jamaica project, and was occasionally up in London for a fortnight at a time. He had got the money from young Trelyon, and soon hoped to set out, as he told Wenna, to make his fortune. She put no obstacle in his way, nor yet did she encourage him to go: it was for him to decide, and she would abide by his decision. For the rest, he never revived that request of his that they should be married before he went.

Eglosilyan in winter-time is a very different place from the Eglosilyan of the happy summer months. The wild coast is sombre and gloomy, the uplands are windy and bleak and bare. There is no shining plain of blue lying around the land, but a dark and cheerless sea, that howls in the night-time as it beats on the mighty walls of black rock. It is rather a relief, indeed—to break the mournful silence of those projecting cliffs and untenanted bays—when the heavens are shaken with a storm, and when the gigantic waves wash in to the small harbor, so that the coasters seeking shelter there have to be scuttled and temporarily sunk in order to save them. Then

there are the fierce rains, to guard against which the seaward-looking houses have been faced with slate; and the gardens get dank and wet, and the ways are full of mire, and no one dares venture out on the slippery cliffs. It was a tedious and a cheerless winter.

Then Mrs. Rosewarne was more or less of an invalid the most of the time, and Wenna was much occupied by household cares. Occasionally, when her duties indoors and in the cottages of her humble friends had been got over, she would climb up the hill on the other side of the millstream to have a look around her. One seemed to breathe more freely up there among the rocks and furze than in small parlors or kitchens where children had to be laboriously taught. And yet the picture was not cheerful—a gray and leaden sea, a black line of cliffs standing sharp against it until lost in the mist of the South, the green slopes over the cliffs touched here and there with the brown of withered breckan; then down in the two valleys the leafless trees and gardens and cottages of Eglosilyan, the slates ordinarily shining wet with the rain. One day Wenna received a brief little letter from Mrs. Trelyon, who was at Mentone, and who said something of the balmy air and the beautiful skies and the blue water around her; and the girl, looking out on the hard and stern features of this sombre coast, wondered how such things could be.

Somehow, there was so much ordinary and commonplace work to do that Wenna almost forgot that she was engaged; and Mr. Roscorla, continually occupied with his new project, seldom cared to remind her that they were on the footing of sweethearts. Their relations were of an eminently friendly character, but little more: in view of the forthcoming separation he scarcely thought it worth his while to have them anything more. Sometimes he was inclined to apologize to her for the absence of sentiment and romanticism which marked their intimacy; but the more he saw of her the more he perceived that she did not care for that sort of thing, and was, indeed,

about as anxious to avoid it as he was himself. She kept their engagement a secret. He once offered her his arm in returning home from church: she made some excuse, and he did not repeat the offer. When he came in of an evening to have a chat with George Rosewarne, they talked about the subjects of the day as they had been accustomed to do long before this engagement; and Wenna sat and sewed in silence or withdrew to a side-table to make up her account-books. Very rarely indeed—thanks to Miss Mabyn, whose hostilities had never ceased—had he a chance of seeing his betrothed alone, and then, somehow, their conversation invariably took a practical turn. It was not a romantic courtship.

He considered Wenna a very sensible girl. He was glad that his choice was approved by his reason. She was not beautiful, but she had the qualities that would last—intelligence, sweetness and a sufficient fund of gentle humor to keep a man in good spirits. She was not quite in his own sphere of life; but then, he argued with himself, a man ought always to marry a woman who is below him rather than above him—in social position or in wealth or in brain, or in all three—for then she is all the more likely to respect and obey him, and to be grateful to him. Now, if you do not happen to have won the deep and fervent love of a woman—a thing that seldom occurs—gratitude is a very good substitute. Mr. Roscorla was quite content.

"Wenna," said he one day, after they had got into the new year, and when one had begun to look forward to the first indications of spring in that southern county, "the whole affair is now afloat, and it is time I should be too: forgive the profound witticism. Everything has been done out there, we can do no more here, and my partners think I should sail about the fifteenth of next month." Was he asking her permission, or expecting some utterance of regret, that he looked at her so?

She cast down her eyes, and said, rather timidly, "I hope you will have a safe voyage and be successful."

He was a little disappointed that she said nothing more, but he himself immediately proceeded to deal with the aspects of the case in a most business-like manner. "And then," said he, "I don't want to put you to the pain of taking a formal and solemn farewell as the ship sails. One always feels down-hearted in watching a ship go away, even though there is no reason. I must go to London in any case for a few days before sailing, and so I thought that if you wouldn't mind coming as far as Launceston, with your mother or sister, you could drive back here without any bother."

"If you do not think it unkind," said Wenna in a low voice, "I should prefer that. For I could not take mamma farther than Launceston, I think."

"I shall never think anything you do unkind," said he. "I do not think you are capable of unkindness."

He wished at this moment to add something about her engaged ring, but could not quite muster up courage. He paused for a minute and became embarrassed, and then told her what a first-class cabin to Jamaica would cost.

And at length the day came round. The weather had been bitterly cold and raw for the previous two or three weeks: though it was March, the world seemed still frozen in the grasp of winter. Early on this bleak and gray forenoon Mr. Roscorla walked down to the inn, and found the wagonette at the door. His luggage had been sent on to Southampton some days before: he was ready to start at once.

Wenna was a little pale and nervous when she came out and got into the wagonette, but she busied herself in wrapping abundant rugs and shawls round her mother, who protested against being buried alive.

"Good-bye," said her father, shaking hands with Mr. Roscorla carelessly: "I hope you'll have a fine passage. Wenna, don't forget to ask for those cartridge-cases as you drive back from the station."

But Miss Mabyn's method of bidding him farewell was far more singular. With an affectation of playfulness she

offered him both her hands, and so, making quite sure that she had a grip on the left hand of that emerald ring that had afforded her much consolation, she said, "Good-bye: I hope you will get safely out to Jamaica."

"And back again?" said he with a laugh.

Mabyn said nothing, turned away, and pretended to be examining the outlines of the wagonette. Nor did she speak to any one until the small party drove away; and then, when they had got over the bridge and along the valley, and up and over the hill, she suddenly ran to her father, flung her arms round his neck, kissed him and cried out, "Hurrah! the horrid creature is gone, and he'll never come back—never!"

"Mabyn," said her father in a peevish ill-temper as he stooped to pick up the broken pipe which she had caused him to let fall, "I wish you wouldn't be such a fool."

But Mabyn was not to be crushed. She said, "Poor daddy! has it broken its pipe?" and then she walked off, with her head very erect and a very happy light on her face, while she sang to herself, after the manner of an acquaintance of hers, "Oh, the men of merry, merry England!"

There was less cheerfulness in that wagonette that was making its way across the bleak uplands, a black speck in the gray and wintry landscape. Wenna was really sorry that this long voyage and all its cares and anxieties should lie before one who had been so kind to her: it made her miserable to think of his going away into strange lands all by himself, with little of the buoyancy and restlessness and ambition of youth to bear him up. As for him, he was chiefly occupied during this silent drive across to Launceston in nursing the fancy that he was going out to fight the world for her sake—as a younger man might have done—and that if he returned successful her gratitude would be added to the substantial results of his trip. It rather pleased him to imagine himself in this position. After all, he was not so very elderly, and he was in very good preser-

vation for his years. He was more than a match, in physique, in hopefulness and in a knowledge of the world that ought to stand him in good stead, for many a younger man who, with far less chances of success, was bent on making a fortune for the sake of some particular girl.

He was not displeased to see that she was sorry about his going away. She would soon get over that. He had no wish that she should continually mope in his absence; nor did he, indeed, believe that any sensible girl would do anything of the sort.

At the same time he had no fear whatever as to her remaining constant to him. A girl altogether out of the way of meeting marriageable young men would be under no temptation to let her fancies rove. Moreover, Wenna Rosewarne had something to gain, in social position, by her marriage with him, which she could not be so blind as to ignore; and had she not, too, the inducement of waiting to see whether he might not bring back a fortune to her? But the real cause of his trust in her was that experience of her uncompromising sincerity and keen sense of honor that he had acquired during a long and sufficiently intimate friendship. If the thought of her breaking her promise ever occurred to him, it was not as a serious possibility, but as an idle fancy to be idly dismissed.

"You are very silent," he said to her.

"I am sorry you are going away," she said simply and honestly; and the admission pleased and flattered him.

"You don't give me courage," he said.

"You ought to consider that I am going out into the world, even at my time of life, to get a lot of money and come back to make a grand lady of you."

"Oh," said she in sudden alarm—for such a thought had never entered her head—"I hope you are not going away on my account. You know that I wish for nothing of that kind. I hope you did not consider me in resolving to go to Jamaica."

"Well, of course I considered you," said he good-naturedly; "but don't alarm yourself: I should have gone if I had never seen you. But naturally I have



an additional motive in going when I look at the future."

That was not a pleasant thought for Wenna Rosewarne. It was not likely to comfort her on stormy nights, when she might lie awake and think of a certain ship at sea. She had acquiesced in his going, as in one of those things which men do because they are men, and seem bound to satisfy their ambition with results which women might consider unnecessary. But that she should have exercised any influence on his decision—that alarmed her with a new sense of responsibility, and she began to wish that he could suddenly drop this project, have the wagonette turned round, and drive back to the quiet content and small economies and peaceful work of Eglosilyan.

They arrived in good time at Launceston, and went for a stroll up to the magnificent old castle while luncheon was being got ready at the hotel. Wenna did not seem to regard that as a very enticing meal when they sat down to it. The talk was kept up chiefly by her mother and Mr. Roscorla, who spoke of life on shipboard and the best means of killing the tedium of it. Mr. Roscorla said he would keep a journal all the time he was away, and send installments from time to time to Wenna.

They walked from the hotel down to the station. Just outside the station they saw a landau, drawn by a pair of beautiful grays, which were being walked up and down.

"If I am not mistaken those are Mrs. Trelyon's horses," Wenna said; and as the carriage, which was empty, came nearer, the coachman touched his hat. "Perhaps she is coming back to the hall to-day."

The words were uttered carelessly, for she was thinking of other things. When they at last stood on the platform, and Mr. Roscorla had chosen his seat, he could see that she was paler than ever. He spoke in a light and cheerful way, mostly to her mother, until the guard requested him to get into the carriage, and then he turned to the girl and took her hand. "Good-bye, my dear Wenna,"

said he. "God bless you! I hope you will write to me often."

Then he kissed her cheek, shook hands with her again and got into the carriage. She had not spoken a word. Her lips were trembling, she could not speak; and he saw it.

When the train went slowly out of the station, Wenna stood and looked after it with something of a mist before her eyes, until she could see nothing of the handkerchief that was being waved from one of the carriage windows. She stood quite still until her mother put her hand on her shoulder, and then she turned and walked away with her.

They had not gone three yards, when they were met by a tall young man who had come rushing down the hill and through the small station-house. "By Jove!" said he, "I am just too late. How do you do, Mrs. Rosewarne? How are you, Wenna?" And then he paused, and a great blush overspread his face, for the girl looked up at him and took his hand silently, and he could see there were tears in her eyes. It occurred to him that he had no business there; and yet he had come on an errand of kindness. So he said, with some little embarrassment, to Mrs. Rosewarne—she had been quite silent—"I heard you were coming over to this train, and I was afraid you would find the drive back in the wagonette rather cold this evening. I have got our landau outside—closed, you know—and I thought you might let me drive you over."

Mrs. Rosewarne looked at her daughter. Wenna decided all such things, and the girl said to him in a low voice, "It is very kind of you."

"Then just give me a second, that I may tell your man," Trelyon said, and off he darted.

Was it his respect for Wenna's trouble, or had it been his knocking about among strangers for six months, that seemed to have given to the lad (at least in Mrs. Rosewarne's eyes) a manner somewhat more courteous and considerate? While the three of them were being rapidly whirled along the Launceston highway in Mrs. Trelyon's carriage, Harry Tre-

lyon was evidently bent on diverting Wenna's thoughts from her present cares; and he told stories and asked questions and related his recent adventures in such a fashion that the girl's face gradually lightened, and she grew interested and pleased. She, too, thought he was much improved—how, she could not exactly tell.

"Come," said he at last, "you must not be very downhearted about a mere holiday trip. You will soon get letters, you know, telling you all about the strange places abroad; and then, before you know where you are, you'll have to drive over to the station, as you did to-day, to meet Mr. Roscorla coming back."

"It may be a very long time indeed," Wenna said; "and if he should come to any harm, I shall know that I was the cause of it, for if it had not been for me I don't believe he would have gone."

"Oh, that's all gammon! Begging your pardon," said Master Harry coolly. "Roscorla got a chance of making some money, and he took it, as any other man would. You had no more to do with it than I had; indeed, I had something to do with it, but that's a secret. No, don't you make any mistake about that. And he'll be precious well off when he's out there and sees that everything is going smoothly, especially when he gets a letter from you with a Cornish primrose or violet in it. And you'll get that soon now," he added quickly, seeing that Wenna blushed somewhat, "for I fancy there's a sort of smell in the air this afternoon that means spring-time. I think the wind has been getting round to the west all day: before night you

will find a difference in the air, I can tell you."

"I think it has become very fresh and mild already," Wenna said, judging by an occasional breath of wind that came in at the top of the windows.

"Do you think you could bear the landau open?" said he eagerly.

When they stopped to try, when they opened the windows, the predictions of the weather prophet had already been fulfilled, and a strange, genial mildness and freshness pervaded the air. They were now near Eglosilyan, on the brow of a hill, and away below them they could see the sea lying dull and gray under the cloudy sky. But while they waited for the coachman to uncover the landau a soft and yellow light began to show itself far out in the west, a break appeared in the clouds, and a vast comb of gold shot shining down on the plain of water beneath. The western skies were opening up; and what with this new and beautiful light, and what with the sweet air that awoke a thousand pleasant and pathetic memories, it seemed to Wenna Rosewarne that the tender spring-time was at length at hand, with all its wonder of yellow crocuses and pale snowdrops, and the first faint shimmerings of green on the hedges and woods. Her eyes filled with tears—she knew not why. Surely she was not old enough to know anything of the sadness that comes to some when the heavens are cleared, and a new life stirs in the trees, and the world awakes to the fairness of the spring. She was only eighteen—she had a lover; and she was as certain of his faithfulness as of her own.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE GENIUS OF CONSERVATISM.

AN UNPUBLISHED ESSAY BY THE LATE LORD LYTTON.

## I.—ORIGIN OF THE WORD "CONSERVATIVE" AS A PARTY DENOMINATION.\*

IN 1831 there was introduced into the English language a new barbarism—"Conservative"—passed from a pedantic adjective into a familiar noun. No one knows by whom it was first applied to a political signification. It was heard of one day, and the next it was the popular title of a party. In vain Sir Robert Peel strove to discountenance the neologism. "I hate," said he, in the House of Commons, "that un-English name of Conservative, which we have heard lately." The word triumphed over the man. A very short time afterward Sir Robert Peel called himself a Conservative, and his party the Conservative Party. The first resistance and the subsequent adoption were alike characteristic of the mind which, doubting its own strength, invariably opposed innovation until other men had accepted it. Sir Robert Peel submitted to the neologism, as he had done to the Corn-Law repeal and Roman Catholic emancipation, with so good a grace that his policy became identified with the word. To this day many believe that he originated its present signification; just as, abroad, many suppose that he originated Free Trade. To originate was not his forte.

The word became thus popular and triumphant because it supplied a want. The members of a powerful party were without a distinct party name. By a very slight effort of the imagination the word Conservative conveyed an idea of the attributes they desired to claim, and of the new position in which circumstances had placed them. The word came at the right moment, and was at once received as the watch-cry and inscribed on the standard. Long previously to the appearance of this fortunate

neologism another stranger of foreign origin had been naturalized amongst us. The word Liberal, wrested from its plain English signification, and borrowing its sense from the factions of France, had become the generic title of a great proportion of the political population. Henceforth, then, these two substantives, replacing the elder dynasty of "Whigs" and "Tories," have fought for mastery at elections and decided the empire of Parliament.

When we look back we find that Necessity was indeed the mother of these inventions, and Liberal was naturally her elder-born.

The Tories, under their own venerable title, were the paramount party of the state. They had conducted to a glorious issue a mighty war; they monopolized the power of legislation in the peace that succeeded; they had the confidence of the sovereign, the prestige of lengthened authority, the fears of popular license which the first French Revolution had bequeathed to the educated classes; and Parliament had adapted its boroughs to the accommodation of the politicians who had long been dispensers of the rewards of ambition. It was in vain to oppose to the moral power and numerical force of this great party the ancient antithesis of "Whigs." That title had become identified with the idea of a small minority: to the people it represented an aristocratic clique which had never during the reign of George III. made itself national. With a kind of intellectual haughtiness it had rather gone against the national prejudices. When most affecting popular principles it had been rather French than English. It had welcomed the French Revolution; it had apologized for excesses which shook the foundation of property, and for crimes which had shocked the humanity so rooted in English habits of

\* This essay is undated, but I believe it to have been written about 1858.—L.

thought; it had grieved or caviled at the success of British arms; it had sympathized in each triumph of the enemy; it had seemed indifferent to Protestantism when Roman Catholic emancipation was unpopular at the hustings; it had assailed the constitution at a time when Parliamentary Reform was, even by the statesmen who afterward effected it, connected with the most extravagant changes and defended by the most Jacobin arguments. The Whigs were not a national party; they did not represent the national feeling; even Charles Fox himself is not at this day a popular name with the masses. They were regarded not as hearty soldiers in the popular cause, but as a discontented section of the aristocracy, which, in spite of its ability, was unsafe on account of its ambition.

Yet there was a large mass of politicians who, if they did not sympathize with the Whigs, desired some bond of union against the Tories. Comprising various shades of opinion, they could not be denoted by any name then existing. All popular names, such as Friends of the People, had become discreditable and revolutionary. At this season there arrived from the Continent the word "Liberal:" it had not the immediate vogue that attended the subsequent appearance of its eminent adversary, Conservative; it was adopted at first only by an enthusiastic few, and rather to denote sympathy with foreign insurrection against despotism than adherence to any definite domestic policy. Gradually it was recognized by a wider circle, but its career was suddenly stopped: for a while it became dormant. Lord Grey introduced the Reform Bill: Reformers became the popular party word—no one talked of Liberals. Reform carried, there broke out a schism in the host that achieved the victory. The Whigs were the minority in the camp that divided the spoils: the vast majority were the Radicals, to whom nothing was assigned but the gratifying spectacle of the trophies. Reformers thus split into two divisions—the Whigs and the Radicals; the Whigs being those that naturally remained satisfied with a reform that gave them the

monopoly of office—the Radicals being those who quite as naturally pushed onward to other reforms, that might compel the Whigs to open that monopoly to themselves.

Afterward came the cry of the Corn-Laws: Reform was laid on the shelf; Radicals and Whigs compounded their distinctions and accepted the common appellation of Free-Traders—a title which swelled their numbers by the admission of many respectable gentlemen who had been Tories from the cradle, but who, by accepting Free Trade, became generally metamorphosed. But as Free Trade was virtually carried when Manchester prevailed over the country party, and as Free-Trader was a name that would become very inconvenient after that date, since it would imply a rigid adoption of an impossible practice (Free Trade being still as remote from our laws as the millennium, continually approached, but indefinitely postponed, is from our social system), so suddenly the word "Liberal" has been again taken up, furbished anew, in the service of a coalition which, appealing for support to all who call themselves "Liberals," embraces all diversities of politics, from the colleague of Castlereagh to the pupil of Bentham. Thus words owe their origin or their vogue to the want that their usage supplies.

On the other hand, the Tories, well satisfied with their historical name, so long as that name rallied numbers around them, suddenly woke to find that the name which had been their tower of strength was converted into their pillory of shame. The desire of political enfranchisement had naturally grown up amongst the new communities of manufacturing towns. The desire was allowed to be just and natural by the country at large. The duke of Wellington had granted Roman Catholic emancipation. When one party-cry is satisfied, another succeeds—when a minister makes one popular concession, he is expected to follow it by another. All men expected that the duke of Wellington would extend the franchise to the great towns not yet represented. He sturdily refused to

do so, and having lost much support from the Tories by the enactment of Roman Catholic emancipation, he lost all chance of support from those who had favored the administration of Caning. His government fell. Parliamentary Reform became the rage of the day. Approved by the sovereign, proposed by the executive, supported by many of the malcontent members of the aristocracy, it is no wonder that it seized hold of the people, and blended its image with all fantastic chimeras of national regeneration.

The Tories, as a body, opposed Reform, and the people gave them the hateful title of Anti-Reformers. The new Parliament once chosen, the Tories shrank into a small minority, as the result of the first election under the altered system. It was certainly not desirable to retain a name which no longer signified anything it had signified before. In the reign of George I. the more eminent of the Tories had been distinguished for their attachment to Parliamentary Reform. From the reign of George III. to that of William IV. they had been no less distinguished for their opposition to all popular plans for effecting this object. Parliamentary Reform disposed of, one salient historical feature of Toryism was effaced. Again, the Tories, from having in the reign of Anne been supposed not inimical to papacy, had become the especial advocates of the Protestant establishment, and the most united body against all popish claims; but Roman Catholic emancipation carried, another great bond of their union and another great characteristic of their policy as Tories were swept away. Thus the word Tory no longer denoted a fixed political theory, while the enemies of the party naturally sought to pin it to a position that had ceased to be tenable. With the usual unfair ingenuity of faction, the triumphant Reformers sought to identify their opponents with everything most hateful in the ancient system, and to represent them as hostile to every object of future hope. The corruption first introduced by Walpole, the archimandrite of the Whigs, was imputed solely to Tory practices.

Wars, cheered on by the populace, were the creations of Tory prejudice. Every abuse that time had sanctioned was laid to their door: to every reform that wisdom might suggest they were denounced as the inveterate obstacles.

Men who shared the general principle of Tories declined to accept the name. "I am for Sir Robert Peel," quoth a merchant, "but I am no Tory." "I go with Sir Edward Knatchbull," said a squire, "but I am no Tory." Then appeared that opportune neologism "Conservative." And the moment it was adopted the party widened in its range, increased in its influence, and continues at this day to constitute the largest single political section in the state. Nay, so much does the sense it has received embody the general sentiment of the country, that those opposed to the party that act under the appellation still grasp at the appellation itself. In his last speech, before acceding to his present office, Mr. Gladstone exclaims, "I am a Conservative." "I am a Conservative," says the earl of Aberdeen. Even the word "Liberal," popular though it be, does not suffice for popularity unless it be flavored from the principle it opposes in act and flatters in theory. And the Cabinet that would by its new Reform Bill unsettle every base of the old constitution, and by its Oaths Bill would strike from the legislature the recognition of Christianity, still calls itself Liberal-Conservative. A word so much in the mouths of politicians must have taken deep root in the inclinations of the people. But the meaning of a word so contested and appropriated by opposite extremes should be fairly defined, or by attempting to mean too much it will soon fail to mean anything, and must fade from the language, as a circle, in widening, fades from the water. I propose, then, in the following chapters, to examine the nature of Conservatism, its political objects and social influence.

## II.—MEANING OF THE WORD "CONSERVATIVE" AS A POLITICAL PRINCIPLE.

In every political society there are certain organic principles more or less



peculiar to itself. If these principles be sapped, the society begins to decay, though the decay may be long unnoticed by the ordinary observer. If they be destroyed, the society itself will perish: it may be reconstructed in a new form, but its original identity is gone. The Roman republic was not the same society as the Roman empire.

The true Conservative policy is the conservation of these organic principles. It is not in itself either democratic or monarchical. It is one or the other, according as democracy or monarchy be the vital principle of the state in which it operates and exists. Conservatism would therefore be democratic in America, monarchical in England; but monarchical according to the form in which monarchy in this country has become tempered and admixed. It therefore differs essentially from the old spirit of Toryism, which inclined in the abstract toward the predominance of the kingly element, and abhorred popular government in itself, no matter in what country it was established by law and interwoven with sentiment and custom. All that Conservatism regards is duration for the body politic. It is not averse to change—change may be healthful—but it is averse to that kind of change which tends to disorganization. Whatever there be most precious to the vitality of any particular state becomes its jealous care. As but one thing is more precious to a state than liberty, so where liberty is established Conservatism is its stubborn guardian, and never yields the possession save for that which it is more essential to conserve. But liberty is diffused throughout a people by many varieties of constitution—the monarchical, the aristocratic, the democratic—or through nice and delicate combinations of each. Conservatism tends to the conservation of liberty in that form and through those media in which it has become most identified with the customs and character of the people governed. And if it seems at times opposed to the extension of freedom, it is not on the ground of extension, but from the fear that freedom may be risked or lost altogether by an incautious

transfer of the trust. Conservatism would thus have sided with Brutus and the patrician party against Cæsar and the plebeian, because with the former was the last hope of Roman liberty. It is what we should now call the popular party—that is, the common people (headed by demagogues who, it is true, commanded armies)—that destroyed the Republic. In the empire of Augustus democracy erected its own splendid tomb. We have said that there is one thing in a state more essential to conserve than political liberty: it is social order. Hence, if liberty and order are forced into mortal conflict, and one must destroy the other, order prevails by the ultimate decree of numbers. Life may be safe, property secure, arts may flourish, commerce extend under a Richelieu—not under that chaos of social elements in which Vergniauds and Marats, Dantons and Robespierres, struggle against each other. Despotism is often the effort of Nature to cure herself from a worse disease. Conservatism will thus, in certain crises of history, be found in union with the masses, when both, equally interested against anarchy, exchange political freedom for social order; as in physical diseases the physician encourages the effort of Nature, which in more healthful bodies he would strive to cure or prevent. The recent elevation of Louis Napoleon to the throne of France is an instance of this compelled and melancholy league.

And here, too, Conservatism in France was true to its hereditary attribute—viz., the conservation of those first principles of the state on which the national character has been formed. For the French are essentially by history and by temperament fitted to the government of a single executive authority—to the pomp which reflects the disposition of the nation from a height too remote for envy. They have been habituated to contemplate, through a long succession of imposing and brilliant kings, their own grandeur in the majesty of a throne. They must be ashamed of a sovereign before they rebel against him: littleness in their monarch wounds their own *amour propre*. Regal authority in some form

or other seems one of the necessary conditions of political society in France, and all attempts to do without it have been unsuccessful, because a violence to the national character. The policy, therefore, that coincided with the choice of millions in substituting an emperor for a turbulent and jarring democracy, liable at every moment to dissolution, was indisputably conservative; and the ruler selected was a more conservative choice than would have been the heir of the Bourbons, because veneration for Napoleon and contempt for the Bourbons had, whether right or wrong, become ideas so fixed in the mind of the nation that the best chance for monarchy was with the one, and the worst chance with the other.

But suppose that French politicians had at the same time abruptly sought to restore what Conservatives maintain in England—the principle of hereditary aristocracy: they would have erred against the principle of Conservatism; for hereditary aristocracy is, perhaps unfortunately, the principle of all others with which the French character has no sympathy, and upon which the French people would at present refuse to reconstruct society. Aristocracy, in the proper political sense of the word, would be an innovation totally foreign not only to the existent habits, but to the previous history, of the French. They have had a feudal nobility—they have never had a political aristocracy. For the word aristocracy includes the idea of government, and under their kings the nobles had no share in the government of the general state. Tyrants they might be in their petty fiefs, but they were ciphers in the corporate administration. They had no legislative chamber: they had *entrées* at court instead. After the wars of the Fronde they were destitute even of political influence: they exercised a very small share in the administration of practical affairs. The Colberts and D'Aguiseaus were not found amongst the *noblesse d'épée*, the ancient vassals of the Crown. Observe, then, this distinction between nobility and aristocracy: Nobility is an idea inherent in France—it

reappears whenever it has been formally abolished. In vain have titles been twice proscribed by law—society hastens to restore them. But titles are no symbols of legislative authority: in their political and social fabric the Corinthian columns may adorn the wings—they do not support the building. Aristocracy is foreign to the French.

Conservatism, therefore, which is necessarily adherence to what actually exists, could not establish in France an aristocracy of which the foundations were wanting: its tendency has been to obtain the best available substitutes for it, as a barrier between autocracy and mob-rule. Hence its passion for military command, its long array of prefects and mayors, provincial and municipal authorities—its national guard at one time, its standing armies (so enlisted as to preserve a certain sympathy with civilians) at another. All these have been efforts to interpose something or other between the force of one and the force of many. But the want of a powerful and popular class of gentlemen, accustomed to public affairs, and obtaining rewards of ambition through influence over public opinion, based upon the solid foundation of transmitted and permanent property, and continually receiving new blood by accessions from the ranks of the people, is the paramount cause of insecurity to all the forms of government established in France, and of the quick and violent changes from ochlocracy to despotism. The invention prompted by necessity has hitherto failed to find effective substitutes for the natural objects fulfilled by such a class; and until either the class be created *de novo*, or the substitute practically found, the essential guarantees for the maintenance of any established constitution will be wanting. Conservatism in France is thus driven to the choice of temporary expedients: it cannot attempt a heroic cure of the evils it deplores, there being an organic defect in the constitution of society—it can only deal in palliatives, which it varies from time to time according as the disease shows itself in exhibiting new symptoms.

Hence, perhaps, of all the nations of

civilized Europe, France is that of which it is least possible to predicate the future. A popular despot in all states is but a lucky accident. In France, when the despotism loses popularity, the system it embodies is sure to perish. A democratic republic, on the other hand, in all old states soon culminates into a dictatorship. Nothing in France interposes between the dictatorship and the democracy. Hitherto the astonishing natural resources of the country—depending little upon foreign trade—have enabled the material prosperity of France to recover from shocks upon capital and credit the least of which would have destroyed for ever the more artificial greatness of England. And throughout all vicissitudes the French have hitherto preserved one of the most vital elements of social duration—viz., a passionate love of country and of all which can embellish and elevate their native land. As long as France retains its territorial integrity, one and indivisible, it is probable, therefore, that, whatever the vices of its successive constitutions, it will keep its organization together by its native strength and its nervous energy, although subjected from time to time to fierce disorders, infecting the civilized world by their own virulence. But France is liable sooner or later to that which is more fatal than such disorders—it is liable to subdivision, the death which comes from the dissolution of the parts. It narrowly escaped that fate in the First Revolution; and it is at least probable that if the Allies had not been pledged to the restoration of the Bourbons, and therefore to the maintenance of an integral throne, the fall of Napoleon would have been followed by a dismemberment of his empire.

The ultimate danger to France of dissolution, as the leading state of continental Europe, is twofold, arising from two causes always at work within the national character: 1st, That rooted passion for equality which under all forms of government, accepted for the time, tends toward republican democracy; 2dly, That warlike and ambitious spirit which, whatever the seeming change on

the surface produced by the greater ascendancy of the *bourgeois* class, is still ready to ignite in the very core of the nation, and is kept inflammable by the laws of property itself, which in every rising generation throw loose upon the world a large number of well-born, well-educated men, with no vent for ambition and energy save in the press which despotism stifles, or the army upon which despotism must depend.

If republicanism could exist fifty years in France, at the end of fifty years Marseilles would be the capital of one commonwealth, Paris of another.

If a military empire were compelled to maintain itself in power by perpetually administering to the popular desire of glory and conquest, all Europe would soon become enlisted by a common interest in destroying the power of France to molest its neighbors—a power that could only be destroyed by splitting up its dominions. These are the contingent perils to France as a body politic.

On the other hand, with the increasing power of the trading classes a new element of Conservatism is developing itself, and may, by a fortunate combination of circumstances, become the salvation of the state.

The time for such combination seems at present far distant. It can only arrive when the habits of thought amongst the people bring naturally about the political revolution which converts habits into laws. No class can retain power without union and without legislative influence. To give union and legislative influence to the commercial class, it must become a recognized and represented order in the state.

It is a question, therefore, whether a commercial aristocracy on a very extensive basis may not naturally grow out of the wants and conditions of French society, as it grew out of those of the Genoese. The French would not tolerate the creation of a feudal aristocracy: they would not repeal the laws that enforce testamentary subdivision of property for the sake of the ancient nobles. Possibly they might do so hereafter for the creation of an order to which they

might all advance an equal claim; and the grave inconveniences and perils of a compulsory dispersion of capital, which must increase with the increase of population, may at length permit the man who has accumulated a fortune the freedom to dispose of it as he pleases. Until then, not only the soil cannot produce a third of what it is capable of producing, but there can be no permanence in the capital of any commercial house. Territorial rights once lost are ever difficult to recover—commercial inconveniences are likely sooner or later to be repaired. A commercial aristocracy appears, therefore, to be the only form of intermediate authority left to France; and it cannot be created until the commercial body is fitted to claim, and the habits of the population prepared to accord it. No doubt such contingencies are remote and precarious, and to human foresight seem more dim and improbable than the evils which they would be calculated to meet.

### III.—ELEMENTS OF CONSERVATISM IN THE ENGLISH COMMONWEALTH.

We come now to apply Conservatism to Great Britain, the empire in which the principle is stronger, with the exception of the Swiss republics, than in all ancient communities, from the obvious reason that in Great Britain liberty and order are alike established, according to the habits of the people, on surer foundations and in a higher degree than in any other ancient political community, except that of the Swiss republics. In these republics Conservatism is so predominant that it is difficult to conceive any internal causes that could lead to the decay of the body politic. Of all commonwealths in Europe, the Swiss federations present the greatest likelihood of durability, provided only that foreign force be not brought to bear against them.

In examining the vital principles of the English state, the characteristic that will most strike an intelligent observer is the prevalence of aristocracy. But it is an aristocracy very peculiar in practice, and realizing to a considerable extent the ideal *αριστοκρατία* of the Greeks. It is the government of the best in the polit-

ical sense of that superlative, in which property, birth, intellectual energy and moral character have each their respective share. Aristocracy with us embraces nobility, but is yet distinct from it. Every provincial town, every rural village, has its aristocracy, though perhaps it cannot boast of a single person whom in our language we call noble. Nobility with us is extremely restricted—aristocracy is ubiquitous. And it is noticeable that everywhere this aristocracy presents much the same combinations. In the rural district, in the manufacturing town, the men who are most influential unite—if not individually, yet collectively as a class; and in similar averages—energy and character with property and station. Of course here, as in all communities, wealth alone is power; and a mill-owner employing several hundred hands, or a landed proprietor with a numerous tenantry, exercises a certain influence in right of that power which his capital bestows, whatever the grade of his intelligence or repute. But that power will be considerably augmented or diminished according to his individual capacities and merits. And many very inferior to him in fortune will exceed him in influence (that is, in the political ascendancy which is comprehended in the word aristocracy) if his fortune be his sole title to respect. A tyrannical mill-owner, an unpopular landlord, will often indeed injure the political party that he serves, by reflecting on it his own odium, to a degree more than equivalent to the votes that he brings to it. In all elections, legislative or municipal, down to the officers of a parish, the workings of the aristocratic tendencies of the English are visible: the best persons are thrown uppermost, not from one attribute of aristocracy alone, such as birth, property or intellect, without reference to the other components, but in a fair proportion collectively of each several attribute.

This is not the case in other countries that have adopted the representative system. In America the opposite democratic principle is almost as evidently marked as at one time it was in Florence. Men of large property and ancient de-

scent in the United States have a less chance of the popular suffrage than those who unite poverty with ambition, and in whom the electors think they will find the most supple delegates or the most vehement talkers. The man whom in an English borough the candidate would employ to address the audience from an open window or at a public-house, in America would himself be the popular candidate. There, in fact, the higher orders in property and station, as a body, shrink from the contest, and the members of these orders are found in very small proportion amidst the representatives of the state. In the new constitution which exists in the kingdom of Sardinia few of the larger landed proprietors find, or indeed can stand for, seats in the national chamber. In the Germanic states the representative system did not advance the ambition of the *Edelmann* or well-born, but of the professor and the lawyer. In France the Chamber, when free, had a larger sprinkling from the ancient *noblesse* and the great mercantile families than in the states referred to. But still the aristocratic proportion was not for a moment to be compared to the relative members in the English House of Commons; and the essential attribute of aristocracy as it prevails in England—viz., the weight of unblemished public character—was almost unknown. The *homme d'esprit* of France, like the smart man of America, was in no degree mulcted of the influence due to his cleverness by a reputation not favorable to his honesty. But character with us is not only indispensable to the man who aspires to high command in the state, but sometimes, if accompanied with very ordinary business-like capacities, obtains an ascendancy denied to the largest possessions and the most eminent abilities. In no other country but England could an Althorp have acquired an ascendancy denied to the vast possessions of — and the brilliant eloquence of —.

This spirit of aristocracy pervades the interior sentiment of all parties, even those which aim at the destruction of its legislative foundations. The mob is ac-

customed to be addressed by the title of "Gentlemen," and is extremely alive to all that realizes or offends the ideal which the peer and the cobbler alike comprehend under that national appellation. The popular candidate lowers himself in the eyes of the populace if he exhibit rudeness or vulgarity, utter a mean and sordid sentiment, or indulge, unprovoked by attack, in personal abuse of some decorous opponent. On the other hand, the populace is proud of a champion in proportion as he represents in his birth, his station, his chivalrous bearing, his courteous manners, his fearless spirit, his spotless honor, the distinguishing features of the English aristocrat. The reasons that have grafted the aristocratic propensity in our habits of thought lie deep and spread far. Their germs are in the first rude commonwealth of the Anglo-Saxons. Aristocracy was the essential character of their polity, and aristocracy of the most popular and durable character. Property and service were then as now qualifications, as well as hereditary birthright; and every man, whatever his origin, had an interest in the preservation of the ranks to which he himself might aspire. This principle rose gradually again as the distinction of race between Norman and Saxon became effaced, and it is still one of the main reasons why aristocracy has taken root amongst the people, whom it has not excluded from the sun. Another cause for the strength and endurance of aristocracy has been its incorporation with the legislature from the remotest period; and in proportion as the people have become more powerful, so aristocracy, relaxing its hold on the hereditary chamber, has widened its authority in the elective, the greatest noble desiring to conciliate electors as he anciently desired to attract retainers, his sons canvassing their votes and contending for the most laborious offices of state. Thus, perhaps, the highest class is the one which interest and ambition render the most sensitive to public opinion; and of all aristocracies that have existed, the English is perhaps the most remarkable for its identity with the tastes



and habits, the social life and the moral doctrines of the general population. Hence arises a third cause for the prevalence of the aristocratic sentiment amongst us—viz., in the great epochs of national liberty it is amongst the aristocracy that the leaders or idols of the people have been found, so that history itself is made their title-deed to popular affection.

Much of these benefits, whether to the higher class or to the general condition of English society, must be ascribed to the felicitous commixture of the hereditary with the elective principle that pervades the constitution. Were there no hereditary chamber, there would have been those constant shocks to public security in the ambition of the great which finally destroyed the commonwealth of ancient Rome. If men of colossal fortunes and lofty ancestral names had no influence on public affairs except through popular elections or court favor, they would become the most terrible of demagogues or the most servile of courtiers. The House of Peers, independent by theory both of the hustings and the throne, yet in practice reflecting the shadow of both, has been the great safety-valve of those evils that otherwise result from the existence of an opulent patrician order. For the security of the people it answers the purpose of the Greek ostracism, which was justified on the necessity of expelling the men who possessed a disproportionate influence over the state; while in presenting a fair field for the exercise of manly intellect, and offering honors derived yet more from the esteem of the people than the favor of the Crown, it has preserved the British nobles as a class from that indolence and effeminacy which have corrupted the nobility of other countries, when civilization destroyed their martial attributes without proffering in substitute a civil career for energies rusted by disuse. In fine, perhaps we cannot better sum up the advantages effected by an hereditary chamber than in the concise and pregnant sentences of Bentham.

\* \* \* \* \*

† The manuscript of this essay contains no indica-

#### IV.—THE ARISTOCRATIC PRINCIPLE FURTHER EXPLAINED.

It seems clear, then, that the principle and the sentiment of aristocracy are deeply imbedded in the various strata of our political and social system; that aristocracy, in short, is inseparable from the organization of the English commonwealth; and that if it were to be destroyed, the destruction would necessitate an entire change in the national character as well as the political system. It would be a new people under a new polity, no more resembling the existing race than the contemporaries of the Horatii resembled those of Tiberius. It is unnecessary at this moment to argue the question whether such a change would be for the better or the worse. We are now but discussing the true genius of Conservatism, and it is sufficient to show why Conservatism, ever adhering to the original elements of the commonwealth in which it exists, must inevitably tend to conserve aristocracy, as the condition which has, through all vicissitudes of government, maintained the identity of the English people.

But if Conservatism were to seek by direct laws to strengthen the outward power of aristocracy, it would instantly defeat its own object. For the influence of our aristocracy consists not in its demarcation from, but its fusion with, the people. Like Sparta, its real strength is in the absence of fortified walls. If it were possible to give an English peer the tion of the passage here referred to. But Bentham's testimony to the advantages of an hereditary chamber must have been as reluctant as Balaam's benediction upon Israel. He was the vehement and invariable opponent of second chambers, and especially of hereditary ones. He exhorted the Portuguese and his "fellow-citizens" of France on no account to incorporate such a deformity as a second chamber into their new and model constitutions; and in reiterated denunciations of the English House of Lords he "rid his bosom of much perilous stuff." The only passage in all Bentham's works to which the words of this essay appear applicable occurs in the *Essay on Political Tactics*. In the section of that treatise which discusses the "division of the legislative body into two assemblies," the advantages of a second chamber, as illustrated by the hereditary branch of the British legislature, are summed up in sentences both "concise and pregnant." But I believe these sentences to have been written, not by Bentham, but by Dumont. —*Vide* Sir John Bowring's edition of Bentham's *Works*, vol. ii., p. 308-310.—L.

French *droits du seigneur*, that aristocracy which the English peer represents would become feeble in proportion as it became odious. Such privileges as peers now possess are not accorded to them as nobles, but as legislators. It is not a question of caste, it is a question of political expediency affecting the whole empire, whether the members of a senate, which could maintain no authoritative character if it lost the weight of personal and corporate dignity, should be free from arrest by civil process (as are the representatives of the people while Parliament is sitting), and in criminal cases should be tried by their own body. Did they inherit such privileges, not as legislators, but as nobles, the privileges would be shared by their sons, who by blood and race are equally noble with themselves. What Conservatism aims at is not the maintenance of nobility, except so far as nobility forms an element in the grander organization of aristocracy: it aims at preserving the general influence, both on laws and on society, of the chief men or the best, whether in character, intelligence, property or birth; taking property as one of the guarantees, but only as one, that give to a citizen a stake in the welfare of his country and the preservation of order; taking birth as one of the guarantees, but only as one, of that attachment to reputation for honor and integrity which is the natural sentiment of men brought up to respect an ancestral name, and aware that the more conspicuous their station the more they become exposed to censure.

To the merely political influence of birth and property alone in the conduct of affairs the adherents to Conservatism have been always more indifferent than the party opposed to them. No party in the state has had leaders so frequently selected from the ranks of the people. The ideal aim of Conservatism in its relation to popular liberty would be to elevate the masses in character and feeling to that standard which Conservatism seeks in aristocracy—in other words, to aristocratize the community—so that the greatest liberty to the greatest number might not be the brief and hazardous

effect of a sudden revolutionary law, but the gradual result of that intellectual power to which liberty is indispensable. This brings us to the vexed question of popular education.

#### V.—NATIONAL EDUCATION.

It is scarcely satirical to say that the first persons whom we should like to see duly educated are those who have ranked the loudest on our national deficiencies in education. That which tests the amount and quality of national education is the general intellectual standard of a nation. This standard is higher in Great Britain than in any country in Europe. They who have sought to institute comparisons unfavorable to us with Prussia or Holland have relied on statistics as to the relative proportions of population that can read or write or that have received school instruction. But the education of a people does not depend solely on reading and writing, and only a small portion of intellectual ideas are derived from schools. Education is derived from four sources: 1st, the example and precepts of home; 2d, the lessons acquired at school; 3d, the knowledge obtained in practical life from observation and converse; 4th, those additions to wisdom which reflection and experience enable the individual to make for himself. School education is therefore but one of four sources of national and individual instruction. Of all instruction for a community, that which inculcates in early childhood a clear sense of moral obligations is the most valuable. This is, for the most part, acquired at home. Parents may be unable to read and write, but their lives may teach their children to be honest and industrious, faithful to trust and patient under trial. Honesty, industry, fidelity, fortitude—these are ideas that preserve a commonwealth, and secure the superiority of races more than a general diffusion of the elements of abstract science. No doubt schools at Athens were more numerous, and scholars more instructed in doctrinal learning, at the time of Demosthenes than in the age of Themistocles. But the moral qualities of the Athenians

were immeasurably deteriorated. The ideas prevalent in the latter age were less valuable to the state than those of a generation with hardier virtues and ruder culture. There was more learning amongst the Romans at the time of Petronius than at the time of Cato the Censor, but who would prefer the ideas prevalent amongst the contemporaries of Petronius to those which formed the contemporaries of Cato? "I have learned but three things," said Cyrus—"to ride, to bend the bow and to speak the truth." The Medes, whom Cyrus subdued, had listened to the learning of the Magi, and the learning had not fitted them to cope with the comparative handful of mountaineers trained to activity and valor. Some ten thousand of English sailors, who may never have read a page of one of our great authors, might perhaps suffice to overturn the empire of China, in which education is universally diffused, and in which the great officers of state pass through college examinations.

National instruction comprehends, therefore, those national ideas which, in the emulation or contest between one people and another, secure a superiority which the schoolmaster alone does not bestow. The qualities essential to the freedom or hardihood of a people are sometimes, from the mere habit of association, dependent on what appear to the ordinary observer trivial peculiarities or antiquated prejudices. Thus Cyrus was advised to change the dress of the Lydians for the loose robes worn by the Medes. The womanly garments were supposed to affect the manly spirit of those who wore them; but it is more probable that the sense of subjugation and desire of liberty were kept alive by the mere distinction in dress between the conquerors and conquered, and the idiosyncrasy of the people became gradually lost as the outward and hereditary signs of it became abolished. For the same reason the Highlanders were forbidden their ancient Celtic costume.

Ideas very unphilosophical in themselves often exercise a salutary influence over human actions. Lord Nelson deem-

ed it the first article of belief in his naval catechism that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen. A physiologist would certainly be unable to prove by any course of lectures that there was just foundation for this dogma; but if the unreasoning belief in it made the Englishman face, cheerful and undaunted, three times his own numbers, it was a prejudice that his country would not have thanked any physiologist for correcting. A celebrated philosopher justly says that the belief in our own force is the secret of force itself.

The ideas that Englishmen in general acquire at home from the talk, life and example even of uneducated parents form a considerable portion of their eminence among races. It would be invidious to institute a comparison between ourselves and the members of other civilized communities in the various details of social morality. Perhaps in each individual detail we are excelled or equalled by others. The Italian and the Spaniard are more sober and abstemious; the Frenchman is more sensitive on the point of honor—more affectionate, too, in the relationship between parent and child; the American unites the same fidelity in the conjugal relations with a more enterprising desire of improving his condition. The German, on the other hand, if more slothful, is more mild. But, in the aggregate, the English are remarkable for their attachment to the domestic ties; for charity, less in their judgment of each other than in their active sympathy with material ills; for a strong sense of justice, which creates in the remotest village a public opinion to counteract oppression; for plain honesty and for dogged patience; and, except in rare cases of excitement, for a singular respect to established law, which does not in any way lead to inert submission, or chill their active efforts to alter the law whenever they deem its operations iniquitous or injurious. All these characteristics are insensibly transmitted from parent to child, and are almost wholly irrespective of formal scholastic tuition. The liberty of opinion which has prevailed amongst us since the Reformation

has also engendered an element of Conservatism in what at first glance may appear wholly anti-Conservative—viz., the influences of religious dissent. In a company such as France, in which, with the comparatively small exception of the Huguenots, one theological creed alone stands between religion and infidelity, there is always this practical evil—that when an individual rejects that single creed he passes at once to infidelity. This evil is greatest in large populations, especially manufacturing towns. In rural districts the priest there, as the clergyman of the Establishment here, does not lose his spiritual authority unless he has the misfortune to become personally unpopular. But, as in all congregations of men in which old thoughts are constantly brought into collision with new ideas, in which the mental operations of skilled labor lead the mind to question whatever exists, while they do not leave sufficient leisure for dispassionate and profound inquiry, the disturbing element is necessarily introduced into religious faith. Here in England, as in America, the varieties of dissent become of inestimable value to the great bond of modern civilization—Christianity itself. They present safety-valves for minds dissatisfied with Church doctrine: they open a field within the pale of the gospel for that pride of reason and love of casuistry which came with awakened knowledge. The dissenting clergyman has the advantage of being more on familiar terms with his flock than the state pastor. His flock adhere to him from a spirit of partisanship, as well as from religious convictions. It is rarely that a dissenter, in England at least, quits his communion—still more rarely that he becomes an avowed skeptic. The scandal which indecorum of life would entail upon a whole sect not too numerous and too

ancient to disregard single instances of frailty conduces to a certain austerity of morals. And even if this be sometimes accompanied by hypocrisy, hypocrisy is still the salutary homage paid by vice to virtue. Thus, while in Paris, Lyons and Marseilles those who are not Roman Catholics may be said to have no religion at all, in our great urban and manufacturing communities—though of course there are proportions of the population which are infidel—the Baptists, the Wesleyans, the Independents, the Unitarians themselves, preserve a common reverence still for the broad morality of the gospel.

It is obvious that this respect for Christianity is not valuable only upon sacred grounds, nor only for that influence on individual conduct which conduces to the safety of the state in its control over individual crime and vice, but also in its check upon such social and political theories as the various ministers of religion would discountenance as inimical to Christianity. Thus the Socialism and Communism which have had proselytes so numerous in France, and indeed in the Germanic states—and which, though now awed into silence, are liable at any time to rise again into formidable force whenever the popular mind in those countries is again free to unlock all the stormy ideas that lie within its prison-house—have never been much favored by the leaders of English democracy. And all the virtues and energies of Mr. Owen have failed to lift into the dignity of danger those theories that tend to emancipate the human race from the golden chain which, in linking man to his Maker, effects the surest bond of society, by associating the natural aspirations to perpetual progress with that faith in immortality above which enforces the sense of responsibilities below.

## "LITTLE JOE."

TOM WISE, a great big, handsome fellow, with a heart of the same order, was standing at the corner talking to a friend. He held a cigar to his mouth with his left hand, and with his right had just struck a match against the lamp-post when at—or rather under—his elbow a voice exclaimed cheerily, "Busted agin, Mas' Tom!"

Tom threw a glance over his shoulder, and there stood "Little Joe," a small misshapen negro about fifteen years old, with crutches under his arms and feet all twisted out of shape, his toes barely touching the ground as he hopped along. He had on an old straw hat with only a hint of brim. There must be some law of cohesive attraction between straw and wool, for Little Joe's cranium was large, while the hat was small, and set back much nearer the nape of his neck than the crown of his head, yet held its place like a natural excrescence or a horrible bore. Joe had met with very few people mean enough to laugh at him; for, though he possessed all the brightness and cheerfulness and pluck of deformed people generally, there was a wistful look about his eyes which his want of height and his position on crutches intensified (indeed perhaps created), by keeping them upturned while talking with any one taller than himself; and this was generally the case, for there were no grown people so small as Little Joe. His shirt was torn and his pantaloons ragged, but to gild these faded glories he wore a swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons which some one had given him, whether from a sense of humor or a sentiment of charity let the gods decide.

"Busted agin, Mas' Tom!"

"What 'busted' you this time, Joe?" asked Mr. Wise.

"Lumber, Mas' Tom. I was in de lumber bizness las' week, buyin' ole shingles an' sellin' em for kindlin'; but my pardner, he maked a run on de bank—leas' ways on my breeches pocket—an'

den runned away hisse'f. Ain't you gwine to sot me up agin, Mas' Tom?"

"What business are you going into this week?"

"'Feckshunerry," replied Joe, taking the quarter Mr. Wise handed him. "Dis 'll do to buy de goods, but 'twon't rent de sto', Mas' Tom."

"What store?" asked Mr. Wise.

"Dat big sto' Hunt an' Manson is jes' moved outen. Mr. Manson say I may hab it for sebben hundred dollars ef you'll go my skoorty."

Tom laughed: "Well, Joe, I was thinking I wouldn't go security for anybody this week. Don't you think you can do business on a smaller scale?"

Joe's countenance fell, and he suffered visibly, but a cheering thought presently struck him, and he exclaimed disdainfully, "Anyhow, I ain't a-keerin' 'bout Hunt an' Manson's ole sto'—der ole sebben-hunderd-dollar sto'! I can git a goods box an' turn it upside down, an' stan' it up by de Cap'tol groun's, an' more folks 'll pass 'long an' buy goobers dan would come in dat ole sto' all de year. Dey ain't spitin' *me*!"

As Joe limped off to invest his money, his poor little legs swinging and his swallow-tails flapping, Tom's friend asked who he was.

"Belonged to us before the war," said Tom. "Poor little devil! the good Lord and the birds of the air seem to take care of him. I set him up in business with twenty-five cents every week, and look after him a little in other ways. Sometimes he buys matches and newspapers, and sells them again, sometimes he buys ginger-cakes, and eats them all; but he is invariably 'busted,' as he calls it, by Saturday night.—Joe! o-oh, Joe!"

Joe looked back, and, with perfect indifference to the fact that he was detaining Mr. Wise, answered that he would "be dar torectly," continuing his negotiations for an empty goods box lying at the door of a neighboring dry-goods



store. "What you want, Mas' Tom?" he asked on his return.

"Miss Mollie is going to be married week after next, Joe, and you may come up to the house if you like. I was afraid I might forget it."

"Whoop *you*, sir! Thanky, Mas' Tom. I boun' to see Miss Mollie step off de car-pit. But, Lord-a-mussy! dem new niggers you all got ain't gwine to lemme in."

"Come to the front door and ask for me. Cut out now, and don't get busted this week, because I shall need all my money to buy a breastpin to wait on my sister in.—Come, John, let's register."

Joe's glance followed Mr. Wise and his friend till they were out of sight: then he turned and paused no more till he reached an out-of-the-way grocery store, in the window of which were displayed samples of fish and soap and calico and kerosene lamps and dreadful brass jewelry, among which was a frightful breastpin in the shape of a crescent set with red and green glass, and further ornamented by a chain of the most atrocious description conceivable. Before this thing of beauty, which to him had been a joy for weeks, Joe paused and lingered, and smote his little black breast and sighed the sigh of poverty. Then he went in. "What mout be de price o' dat gent's pin in de corner ob de winder?" he inquired.

"I don't see any gent in the corner of the window," said the proprietor of the store.

Joe took the mild pleasantry, and inquiring "What mout be de price o' de pin?" was told that it might be anything—from nothing up—but it could go for seventy-five cents.

He stood again outside the window, looking sadly and reflecting at the attractive bijou, then seated himself on the curbstone, his crutches resting in the gutter, and thoughtfully smoothed between his finger and thumb the twenty-five-cent note Mr. Wise had given him: "Ef I takes dis, an' de one Mas' Tom gwine to gimme nex' week, dat'll be fifty cents, but it won't be seventy-five, so I got to make a quarter on de two. Ef Miss Mollie knowed, I 'spec' she would wait anoder week to git married, an' den

I wouldn't run no resk o' dese; but I ain't gwine to tell her, cos I know she couldn't help tellin' Mas' Tom, an' I want to s'prise him. Mas' Tom is made me feel good a many a time: I want to make him feel good wunst. He don't nuvvur come dis way, an' ain't seed dat pin, or he would ha' had it 'fore now."

Then Little Joe bestirred himself, and, obtaining the assistance of a friend, took his dry-goods box up to Capitol Square. There he turned it upside down, spread a newspaper over the top, and proceeded to display his wares.

A pyramid of three apples stood in one corner; a small stack of peppermint candy was its *vis-à-vis*; a tiny glass of peanuts graced the third, and was confronted by a lemon that had seen life, and was now more sere than yellow. But the crowning glory was the centre-piece—an unhappy-looking pie of visage pale and thin physique, yet how beautiful to Joe! He stepped back on his crutches, turning his head from side to side as he surveyed the effect, took up a locust branch he had brought with him to brush away the flies, and, leaning against the iron railing, with calm dignity awaited coming events.

His glance presently fell on the figure of a negro boy, who stood gazing with longing eyes on the delicacies of his table, and it was with a strange feeling of kinship that Little Joe continued to regard the new-comer, for he too had been branded by misfortune. He appeared about Joe's age, and should have been taller, but his legs had been amputated nearly up to the knee, and as he stood on the pitiful stumps, supported by a short cane in one hand, his head was hardly as high as the iron railing. He had none of Joe's brightness, but looked ragged and dirty and hungry, and evidently had no Mas' Tom to help the good Lord and the birds of the air to take care of him. His skin was of a dull ashen hue, and the short wool which clung close to his scalp was sunburnt till it was red and crisp, and formed a curious contrast to his black face. One arm was bare, only the ragged remains of a sleeve hanging over the shoulder,

and it seemed no great misfortune that his legs had been shortened, for he had hardly pantaloons enough to cover what he had left.

He looked at the pie, and Joe looked at him. Presently the latter inquired seriously, "Whar yo' legs?"

"Cut off," was the answer.

"How come dey cut off?"

"Feet was fros'-bit. Like ter kill me."

"What yo' name?" asked Joe.

"Kiah."

"What were yo' ole mas' name?"

"Didn't have no ole mas'."

"Was you a natchul free nigger?"

"Dunno what you mean," said Kiah.

"Fore we was all *sof* free," explained Little Joe. "Was you born wid a ole mas' an' a ole mis', or was you born free?—jes' natchully free."

"Free," said Kiah, thus placing himself, as every Southerner knows, under the ban of Joe's contempt. "Umph! my Lor'! Dat pie sholy do smell good!"

"You look hongry," said Joe gravely.

"I is," said Kiah—"hongry as a dog!"

Negroes are generous creatures, and Joe's mind was fully made up to give Kiah a piece of pie; but before he signified this benevolent intention he rested his crutches under his shoulders and swung his misshapen feet almost in Kiah's face. He leered at him; he grinned at him; he stuck his chin in his face, and made a dart at him with the crown of his head; finally snapping his eyes and slapping his sides and swinging his heels to the following edition of "Juba," repeated with incredible rapidity and indescribable emphasis:

Ruby-eyed 'simmon-seed  
See Billy hoppin' jes' in time:  
Juba dis an' Juba dat,  
Juba killed de yaller cat,  
Roun' de kittle o' 'possum-fat,  
Whoop a-hoy! whoop a-hoy!  
Double step o' Juba!  
Forty pound o' candle-grease  
Settin' on de mantelpiece.  
Don't you see ole Granny Grace!  
She look so homely in de face.  
Up de wall an' down de 'tition,  
Gimme axe sharp as sickle,  
Cut de nigger's woosen pipe  
What eat up all de snassengers!  
Git up dar, you little nigger!  
Can't you pat Juba?

He stopped suddenly and grinned ferociously at Kiah. Kiah gazed stolidly back at Joe. Then Joe stepped to the table, took up a rusty old pocket-knife, and cutting out a piece of the pie handed it to Kiah. Kiah bit off a point of the triangle with his eyes fixed on Joe as if in doubt whether he would be allowed to proceed, but finding that the liberty was not resented, he eagerly devoured the remainder, drew his coat-sleeve across his mouth, and said "Thanky." And thus their friendship commenced.

It was very touching and beautiful, the attachment which was formed between these two unfortunate creatures. Neither could perform the labor or join in the sports incident to his age, and they seemed drawn together by the attraction of a common misery. Every day some little service, pitiful in its insignificance except to themselves, some little humble office from one to the other, some little act of self-denial—perhaps the saving of a few cold potatoes that had been given to Kiah, or the sacrifice of a buttered roll that Joe had got at Mr. Wise's,—every day some little thing served to cement this friendship which gave to each a companion who did not mortify him; and they became inseparable, Joe taking Kiah to the little shed where he spent his nights, and making him an equal partner in business during the day.

The next time Joe came to be set up he gave Mr. Wise a knowing wink and said mysteriously, "Don't you go buyin' no bres'pin to w'ar to de weddin', Mas' Tom."

"Why not, Joe?"

"Cos ain't no use in two bres'pins, an' dar ain't no tellin' what mout happen 'fore dat weddin' come off."

Mr. Wise laughed, but he had no remonition that Joe had entered into a successful negotiation for the grocer's execrable crescent, and the shock was therefore unbroken when on the evening of the marriage Joe entered his dressing-room and presented it to him with an air of pride so pitiful that it would have made a woman cry.

Tom was fully as much surprised as Joe had anticipated, and affected to be

as greatly delighted; and when he had completed his toilet of faultlessly quiet tone he pinned the horrible thing in his shirt-bosom, and thanked Little Joe for the gift with all the gracious courtesy of his fine nature.

Mr. Wise was to "stand" with a friend of his sister's who was a guest in the house, and, as they fancied themselves very much in love with each other, they had agreed to meet in the parlor an hour before that appointed for the ceremony, that they might enjoy a quiet *tête-à-tête* before the assembling of the guests. Having finished his toilet, he accordingly went down, and was soon joined by the lady.

They promenaded up and down the parlors, and again and again her eyes rested curiously on the pin, but she made no allusion to it till her feelings had become entirely irrepressible, when she interrupted him in the middle of a sentence to inquire what on earth it was, and where he got it, and why he wore it.

Then he sat down by her side, with lace curtains shimmering in the twilight, and long mirrors reflecting alabaster vases and oil paintings, and the air heavy with the perfume of flowers, and told her about Little Joe—of his shapeless feet and forlorn life, his empty pocket and grateful heart. And she agreed that it must be dreadful to be so poor and deformed, and all that, and of course he ought to be grateful, but really she thought Mr. Wise rather morbid in his philanthropy when he could wear that brass moon before five hundred people only to please a little deformed negro.

"Perhaps you do not understand," said Tom gently, "that I have given Joe permission to witness the ceremony (I believe I told you that he was the personal property of my mother, and a favorite with her), and he will certainly know whether I wear this pin that he has worked for, and gone in debt for, and probably starved himself for. Will there be any one here—save yourself—whose laugh I dread enough to induce me to mortify and disappoint him?"

"It will make us both ridiculous," said she haughtily.

Tom quietly unfastened the pin and placed it in his vest-pocket, and with it disappeared Miss Annan's prospect of becoming Mrs. Wise, enviable as she deemed the position.

"I have no right to include you in my sacrifice, if sacrifice there be," said he with grave courtesy, and referred no more to the matter, but as soon as he could leave her he sought his sister and requested that the honor of standing with Miss Annan might be conferred on Mr. Marshall, and himself allowed to take Mr. Marshall's partner, she being a little girl on whose pluck and good-nature he could alike rely. His sister had no time to enter into particulars, but made the desired change, and Mr. Wise said to Miss Annan, "I could not sacrifice Joe, Miss Emily, I could not sacrifice you, so I have sacrificed myself, and am a volunteer in the noble army of martyrs."

When, however, as the bridal cortège passed through the hall, he saw Joe nudge a fellow-servant with his elbow and point out the pin, he felt repaid, though Miss Annan was holding her head very high indeed.

The next morning Little Joe came by the office: "What did de folks say 'bout yo' bres'pin, Mas' Tom?"

"Say? Why they did not know what to say, Joe. They could not take their eyes off me. That pin knocked the black out of everything there. The bridegroom couldn't hold a candle to me," said Mr. Wise; and Joe laughed aloud with delight. "Did they give you your supper?"

"Did dat, Mas' Tom; an' I tuk home a snowball an' a orange to Kiah," said Little Joe.

Late on the evening of the same day Mr. Wise was about leaving his office when Little Joe's crutches sounded in the doorway, and little Joe himself appeared, sobbing bitterly, tears streaming down his face: "Oh, Lordy, Mas' Tom! oh, Lordy!"

"What is the matter, Joe?"

"Oh, Lordy, Mas' Tom! Kiah's done dead!"

"Kiah! Is it possible? What was the matter?" asked Mr. Wise.

"Oh, Lordy! oh, Lordy!" sobbed Lit-

tle Joe. "Me an' him went down to de creek, an' was playin' babtizin', an' I'd done babtized Kiah, an'—oh, Lordy! Lordy!—an' Kiah was jes' gwine to babtize me, an' he stepped out too fur, an' his legs was so short he lost his holt on me an' drowned; an' I couldn't ketch him cos I couldn't stan' up widout nothin' to hold on to. Oh, Lordy! I wish I nuvvur had ha' heerd o' babtizin'! I couldn't git him out, an' I jes' kep' on a-hollerin', but nobody didn't come till Kiah was done drowned."

"I am sorry for you, Joe: I wish I had been there. But, as far as Kiah is concerned, he is better off than he was before," said Mr. Wise.

"No he ain't, Mas' Tom," said Joe stoutly: "leas'ways, Kiah didn't think so hisse'f, cos ef he had a-wanted to die he could ha' done it long an' merry ago. I don't b'leve in no sech fool-talk as dead folks bein' better off dan dey was befo'."

Tom was silent, and Little Joe went on with renewed tears: "I come up to ax you to gimme a clean shirt an' a par o' draw's to put on Kiah. You needn't gimme no socks, cos he ain't got no feet. Oh, Lordy! oh, Lordy!" sobbed Little Joe: "ef me an' Kiah had jes' had feet like some folks, Kiah wouldn't ha' been drowned!"

"Take this up to the house," said Mr. Wise, handing him a note, "and Miss Mollie will give you whatever you want."

"Thanky, sir," said Joe. "I know you ain't got no coffin handy, but you can gimme de money an' I can git one. I don't reckon it will take much, cos Kiah warn't big."

Then Mr. Wise wrote a note for the undertaker, and directed Joe what to do with it.

The next day was cold and dark and misty, and the paupers' hearse that conveyed Kiah to the graveyard was driven so fast that poor little Joe, the only mourner, could hardly keep up as he hopped along behind it on his crutches.

The blast grew keener and the mist heavier, and before Kiah was buried out of sight the rain was falling in torrents that drenched the poor little cripple sob-

bing beside the grave, and the driver of the hearse, a good-hearted Irishman, said to him, "In wid ye, or get up here by me, an' ye're a mind to. I'll tak ye back."

But Joe shook his head, and prepared to hop back as he had hopped out. "Thanky, sir," said he, "but I'd ruther walk. I feels like I would be gittin' a ride out o' Kiah's funeral."

The wind blew open his buttonless shirt, and the rain beat heavily on his loyal little breast, but he struggled against the storm, and paused only once on his way home. That was beside the goods box that he and Kiah had had for a stall. Now it was drenched with rain and the sides bespattered with mud, and the newspaper that had served for a cloth had blown over one corner and was soaked and torn, but clung to its old companion, though the wind tried to tear it away and the rain to beat it down. Little Joe stood a minute beside it, and cried harder than ever.

For several days Little Joe drooped and shivered and refused to eat, and at length he grew ill and sent for Mr. Wise, but Mr. Wise was 'out of town, and did not return for a week; and though, when he got home, the first thing he did was to visit Little Joe, he came too late, for Joe would never again rise from the straw pallet on which he lay, nor use the crutches that now stood idle in the corner.

His eyes brightened and he smiled faintly as Tom entered like a breath of fresh air—so strong and fresh and vigorous that it made one feel better only to be near him.

"Why, Joe! how is this?"

The little cripple paused to gather up his strength; then he said, "Busted agin, Mas' Tom, and you can't nuvvur sot me up no mo'."

"Oh, stuff! Dr. North can if I can't. Why didn't you send for him when you found I was away?"

"I dunno, sir: I nuvvur thought 'bout it."

Turning to the woman with whom Joe lived, "And why the d——I didn't *you* do it?" said Tom angrily.

"I didn't know Joe was so sick," said

she. "'Tain't no use sen'in' for no doctor now. I jes' been tellin' Joe he better not put off makin' peace wid de Lord."

"I don't reckon de Lord is mad wid me, Nancy. What is I done to Him? I didn't use to cuss, an' I didn't play marbles on Sunday, cos I couldn't play 'em *no* time, like de boys dat had feet."

"Ef you don't take keer you'll be too late, like Kiah. I ain't a-sayin' whar Kiah is now—'tain't for me to jedge," said Nancy—"but you better be a-tryin' to open de gate o' Paradise."

Piping the words out slowly and painfully, Little Joe replied, "I don't b'leve I keer 'bout goin' 'less Kiah can git in too; but I 'spec' he's dar, cos I don't see what de good Lord could ha' had agin him. He oughtn't to thought hard o' nothin' Kiah done, cos he warn't nuvvur nothin' but a free nigger, an' didn't hav no ole

mas' to pattern by. Maybe He'll let us bofe in. I know Kiah's waitin' for me somewhar, but I dunno what to say to Him. You ax Him, Mas' Tom."

He spoke more feebly, and his eyes were getting dull, but the old instinct of servitude remained, and he added, "Ain't you got nothin' to spread on de flo', Nancy, so Mas' Tom won't git his knees dirty?"

Immediately and reverently Tom knelt on the clay floor, and, as nearly as he remembered it, repeated the Lord's Prayer.

"Thanky, Mas' Tom," said Little Joe feebly. "What was dat—ole mis'—used to—sing? 'Oh, Lam o'—God—I come—I—'" The words ceased and the eyes remained half closed, the pupils fixed.

Little Joe was dead.

JENNIE WOODVILLE.

#### THE NATURALIST IN BUZZARD'S BAY.

FROM Martha's Vineyard, one of the most attractive summer resorts on our coast, we embarked in a little craft for a cruise among the islands of Buzzard's Bay. A well-known marine artist, a medical student, the skipper and the writer, these were the men. A dredge, a tub, a bucket, jars, vials, nets, these were the outfit.

Our skipper knew the island and the sea about it as a man knows his garden. He remembered when Lyell was here, and had strolled with him along the beach while the great geologist was observing the habits of the king crab. He knew the island and sister islands as they are, and his mind was stored with legendary lore reaching back to what they were even in the Stone Age. "Long ago," he told us, "an old man owned all these islands. He had three daughters—Elizabeth, Martha, and Nancy, whose nickname was Nan. To Elizabeth he gave the group which separates the bay from

the sound, and which to this day is called 'Elizabeth Islands.' 'To Martha he gave *this*, and, as it was covered with vines, they called it 'Martha's Vineyard,' and it is still the Vineyard, although it has not a vine. There remained one more, and *Nan took it*, and so it was called 'Nantucket.'"

A pleasure-seeker in his yacht, plus a sportsman with his gun, plus a student in his study, equals a naturalist at sea. All the exhilaration which comes from yachting is his; all the suspense and expectation which attend the hunter are his; and his, too, are the higher pleasures of the student.

When we were fairly out on the sound the eye of the artist was first to report a flock of floating crimson. As we neared it the skipper cried out, "A man-of-war! I know it. They call it Portuguese man-of-war. It's only a kind of bladder. I've seen 'em on the beach at Cuttyhunk and Squibnocket and Chappaquiddick."



"If that is a man-of-war," we said, "we must capture it. Your Portuguese man-of-war—we had better call it *Physalia*—is at home in tropical seas, and this must have journeyed northward on the Gulf Stream—perhaps against its will, or perhaps with no will in the matter. To decide this question of will we must observe it, capture it and dissect it. There now! we can see it well."

A thin membrane, woven into a sac and inflated with air, formed a float six or eight inches long, pointed at one end and oval at the other; attached to this float below were a great many threads of jelly which were streaming through the water, some no longer than your finger, others thirty, forty, or even fifty feet long; on the opposite side the membrane rose into a crest which answers for a sail, now purple and now crimson. "You see, skipper," we said, "that *Physalia* is as good a sailor as you. It can 'tack' and 'luff' and 'douse its peaks,' and all that. When a slight breeze is stirring, and it wants to change its course, it raises or lowers the pointed end of the crest and turns it to right or left."

But *Physalia* is too frail a craft to weather a storm. While we loitered a stiffer breeze began to blow, and as the sea roughened we observed our man-of-war in action. The painted crest would rise and fall, the inflated sac would bend and veer, now to the left and then to the right, and the long gelatinous strings would reach out over the waves as if for anchorage, and every fibre seemed struggling to avert impending ruin. How often the struggle is unavailing the wrecks we have seen strewn along the beach at Gay Head attest.

"Skipper"—the word of command was given—"let us prepare for action. Fill the tub with sea-water and out with the nets." While the doctor got a net under the sac we gathered up in another the gelatinous threads, and our man-of-war was transferred from the ocean to a tub. Some of the threads we found tipped with mouths, others pitted with little cells containing coiled lassos. We had felt these before we saw them: the threads had stung us like nettles. The

little stings are coiled up and concealed in pits, and the least pressure is enough to set them off. The smallest rover in the sea touching one of *Physalia*'s threads dislodges a poisoned dart, which shoots forth and smites it to the death. A terrible man-of-war to the ocean's small fry is *Physalia*.

Each of these gelatinous threads is an animal, and altogether they form a sort of community with mutual interdependencies. To what class do they belong? Here in the tub *Physalia* seems to stand apart, a creature with no kinship. But Huxley has been so fortunate as to see it in babyhood and to investigate its laws of growth. At first *Physalia* is a simple hydroid. The hydroid—an animal in the guise of a flower—loses its tentacles, expands and becomes a crested float. Buds grow out from the side opposite the crest and develop into gelatinous strings. *Physalia* must be regarded, then, as a community of hydroids, the family likeness, obvious in infancy, being strangely veiled in maturity. We shall find the cousins of *Physalia* under a very different guise.

A little while ago we saw *Physalia* in seeming struggle against the wind and waves. Seemingly, the crest and tentacles were under the guidance of will. "Doctor," we said to the medical student, "we will have a dissection. Put your knife into the inflated sac. You see there are no muscles here, only cells; but the cells, you observe, are arranged just as Nature arranges her cells when setting out to form muscles. The cells are not packed away and changed into fibre, so as to lose their identity. They are arranged in bundles, *fusiform*, or spindle-shaped. Now, if you were dissecting an embryo, and were to put your knife into a muscle outlined like that, you would say that, although the embryo might develop, that muscle could never come under the guidance of will. For you have learned that *fusiform* muscles are not controlled by the will. Their action is merely *reflex*, and has no more to do with mind or will than a sail bellying in the wind. Now, the entire membrane of *Physalia* is composed of *fusi-*

form cell-bundles, and we are to infer that the animal has no will, no mind, no consciousness."

"There is certainly no place in the anatomy for the lodgment of consciousness, but your conclusions are sweeping. Think of all the complicated movements we saw a little while ago—movements which seemed to be co-ordinated by a will—and it seems impossible there should be no more conscious life there than in the flapping sail."

"Very true, but the movements which build up a crystal or a tree are complicated, and would seem to be co-ordinated by a will, either within or without—"

"No more of that," cried the skipper, "or out goes the tub. See! there's Cuttyhunk, and they say the first house in New England was built on that. 'Tis a heap of ruins now."

The fact may be as the skipper said, for Gosnold wintered on one of these islands eighteen years before the Pilgrims came to Plymouth. Veering round Cuttyhunk, and not caring enough for antiquities to make a landing, we approached Penikese. The artist was in familiar waters. Bred on a neighboring island, he knew every reef, every rock, every winding of island coast. We proposed to put down the dredge. "Anywhere," he said, "you will find sandy bottom. The sea-bed here is a sandy flat, a sort of submerged Nantucket."

The dredge brought up many treasures—"sea-daisies," "sea-peaches," "dead man's hand," and crabs many and various. "Well!" said the skipper, "that's the strangest crab I ever saw. I know a soldier and a shedder and a buster and a Cape Cod preacher,\* but I don't know that." We had dredged a scavenger, which, for want of a common name, we will call *Squinado*. He goes into the tub, and from the tub into the aquarium, and is before me now while I write.

From Squinado's head and back and limbs grows a forest of mimic shrubs and weeds. Here, rooted to the head, is a stem of pale yellow bearing atop a scarlet, many-petaled flower. The pistil

\* The fiddler crab.

is represented by a pendent tube terminating in a mouth. So our flower is an animal in disguise. It is a hydroid, a member of the same family with Physalia. The miniature shrubs are all hydroids, beautiful themselves and beautifully named—Coryne, Eudendrium, Penaria, Campanularia.

In the sea or the aquarium Squinado is an important functionary, and his ministers, his aids, are these whom he carries on his back. His office is—we cannot put a fine phrase on it—to remove nuisances. He will keep "the political waters" pure. He does not dally a moment with corruption. In the administration of affairs he is prompt and vigorous. If an evil exist, let it be removed immediately and radically. In my aquarium a case has just occurred. A fish has died. Squinado sees it, and prepares for action. How stately his coming! At every step the hydroid forest on his back sways to and fro like pines in the wind. Little Astyanax trembled when he saw the nodding plume over the brow of Hector: Squinado comes with nodding plumes of white and scarlet and ruby-red, but no child of ocean trembles before him. For he comes in peace, a minister of health and purity. The dead might taint the water: it must be removed. He tears away the flesh and eats it. The atoms which escape his clutch may float within reach of the hydroids. And now, if our vision were enlarged by the microscope, we might see the tentacles expand at their tips, and throw out, each, a bundle of gossamer threads, which interlace and form a net to trap these waifs of corruption. Thus the nuisance is abated, and the little people of the sea are saved from pestilence. What man can do imperfectly, by complicated machinery of government, is done here directly and perfectly. Oh, Squinado, if only you could leave your watery realm and bring your administrative genius to bear on New York or Philadelphia!

Very strange are the freaks of Nature among her crabs. The dredge brought up with Squinado a hermit ensconced in its shell. "I know all about him," said

the skipper. "He's a great fighter: he'll fight anything. But other crabs bite him in the tail, because it is soft and has no shell: so he pokes it into an empty whelk."

"Very well," we said, "as far as it goes, but do you know," turning to the artist, "that the hermit is a lover of beauty and the picturesque? You see this shell is covered here and there with a colony of pinkish hydroids. If we had put the dredge down in deeper water we might have brought up a hermit whose shell was enveloped in the spreading disk of a beautiful polyp. Foreign species are better connoisseurs. Off the coast of England lives a hermit whose shell is always adorned by a sea-anemone. The anemone, snow-white, mottled with brown and purple and crimson, adheres to the shell near its mouth, so that whenever the hermit looks out from his stronghold the first object that meets his eye is a thing of surpassing beauty. When the crab grows too large for his shell he ventures out warily and begins the task—unpleasant to crabs as well as men—of house-hunting. When he finds a suitable shell he does not forget his little friend, the anemone. He causes her to relinquish her hold on the old shell and to adhere to the under side of his throat. In this position he carries her off to the new home, slips the disk from his throat to the shell, holds it there till it adheres, and then takes possession—rich, contented and blessed. If the crab cannot *create* beauty, he can *choose* it. The root of the matter is in him."

"If I'm a developed crab," said the artist, "I understand why my affairs are going backward. But come, there is no Darwinism in a crab, and *there* is Agassiz's Penikese, which says there's no Darwinism anywhere."

"You mistake the teaching at Penikese, and I'm afraid you don't understand the crab. We are not talking Darwinism. But let us look at this crab more closely. You see, gentlemen—we had dislodged the hermit from his shell—that his head and fore parts are well protected by shelly armor, but his nether parts are naked. But when we examine

very closely we find in these nether parts the rudiments or vestiges of shelly armor. The hermit is like an ancient warrior with helmet and buckler, but no greaves. The analogy would be complete if we imagine the warrior to retain on his legs the shreds and patches of greaves. Now you could not think that such rudiments of armor were *made* for the soldier's legs. And do we not find it in like manner unreasonable to suppose that this rudimental armor was *made* so, by 'special creation,' in the extremities of a hermit? I wonder why Darwin or some other Darwinist has not written a chapter on the genesis of a hermit crab. Suppose a pugnacious crab—and all crabs are pugnacious—to have the shell of his extremities a little weaker than that on the rest of his body. He would not get into many broils or fight many battles before he would find out that his nether parts were vulnerable. The silly ostrich thinks that when his head is shielded his whole body is safe, but the wise crab would know that danger lurked at the other extremity. The crab is not a philosopher, but he would have sense enough to protect his vulnerable members. The most natural thing for him to do would be to pop his nether extremities into an empty shell. If he *were* a philosopher, and cherished large plans for posterity, this is the very thing he would not do. He would say, 'Nature has wronged me, it is true. I am sent into this great sea to fight for the life I have against many foes, chiefly of my own house. They are cased all over in shelly armor: my armor is a little defective about the tail and hind limbs. I see that I can protect these parts by inserting them in one of these empty shells. Suppose I take to the shell? What then? My poor extremities would be spared many a gash from tooth and claw. It would seem advantageous for me, as an individual crab, to pop my tail and posterior legs into the shell, but how would the act affect my children? They would inherit from me this propensity, and be popping their legs and tails into empty shells, which will only aggravate the evil. The armor will not develop so well over these parts

as it would if they were not protected by the shell. The case will be worse still with their children. They will inherit feeble legs and tail, and it will be part of their nature to thrust these enfeebled members into shells. This propensity will become what man will call an *instinct*. The process will go on, generation after generation—the armor on tail and legs growing weaker, and the shell-seeking propensity growing stronger. The end will be a race of fantastic crabs, with such pugnacious hearts and such vulnerable tails that they cannot live without fortifying themselves in empty shells.' But the statesmanship of our crab does not embrace in its scope a remote posterity. The temptation comes, Crab yields, pokes his tail into a shell and becomes the father of this fantastic race of hermits."

Night was coming on, and we cast anchor. John on Patmos had visions of an after-world where there was no sea and no night. We were content with our world, where nothing was *but* sea and night.

There was no moon on our sea, but it shone here and there as if itself were a liquid moon. Two hundred species of marine animals are known to be phosphorescent. In a dark night we have seen star-fishes shining with the splendors of a lamp. Now, although the night was not entirely dark, great globes of light and little sparkling spherules were rolling by our boat. As night wore on the pyrotechny changed. Once the phosphorescence was pale blue. Dipping our net into the sea, we found in its meshes a great number of minute Medusæ of a single species. Time passed, and we looked out on an expanse of olive-green: the meshes of the net revealed now another species of Medusa. In a little while the green had passed, and the sea appeared as a vast shimmer of white: a dip of the net revealed the cause. As the myriads of blue-shining Medusæ had given place to equal myriads of green-shining ones, so these, in turn, had floated on to be followed by myriads of white-shining shrimps. The scene was so weird that we gave ourselves up to the play of

the imagination, and fished in our memories for what the poets had said on scenes which poets only could describe. Scott, we all concluded, should be the night-sea's laureate:

Awaked before the rushing prow,  
The mimic fires of Ocean glow,  
Those lightnings of the wave.  
Wild spangles crest the broken tides,  
And flashing round, the vessel's sides  
With elfish lustre lave,  
While far behind their livid light  
To the dark billows of the night  
A gloomy splendor gave.  
It seems as if old Ocean shakes  
From his dark brow the lurid flakes,  
In envious pageantry,  
To match the meteor-light that streaks  
Grim Hecla's midnight sky.

Morning came, and our skipper set sail for Gay Head. We found it easy now to win the attention of our companions to the Medusæ. They were fitting by the boat in great numbers. A dip of the bucket, and we had a little gelatinous globe. "Nothing but a sun-jelly," said the skipper.

"Nothing? You shall see, then, how wonderful is the nothingness of a sun-jelly. It goes into the glass jar. Now look!" We had a globe as large as a plum, with eight bands reaching from pole to pole, and on each band a row of hair-like paddles. These paddles, striking the water with great rapidity, seemed to break the light into bands of prismatic color which rippled over the animal's surface. Two long gelatinous threads, attached each to a cell along the vertical axis, pierced the body and streamed through the water in graceful curves.

Our captive was the very image of grace. Every motion seemed to imply a spectator. Now the paddles were playing on one, two or three bands, and the living sphere was spinning around like a world. Now the paddles were playing on every band, gleams of prismatic light were flashing from their strokes, and our jelly-sphere rolled through the water belted with zones of ever-changing color. In its wake the ripples flowed back in measured cadence.

"That's worth looking at," said the young doctor.

"'Worth looking at!' Can't you say more than that? Why, Agassiz once

said that he had gazed on this animal by the hour, and found in every movement an intellectual repast."

"What could he find to think about for an hour, that he should call it an intellectual repast?"

"Well, I do not know the movements of Agassiz's mind, but let us see what thoughts our captive might kindle in our own. You see the measured cadence of these ripples. You have cast a pebble into still water and seen the surface break into ripples which followed each other in rhythmic succession. And you have seen a pond or river fretted by the wind, and noticed the wavelets flowing in cadence, wavelet crossing wavelet in infinite confusion, and yet each wavelet moving with the rhythm of a vibrating chord. Now, Chazalon has shown that the ebb and flow of the tide obey the same law as a vibrating chord. This is the music of the spheres we have heard so much about. The moon and sun harp their music on the sea. From the ripples, almost imperceptible, which follow the wake of *Pleurobrachia* to the great storm-billows and the tides is one law—the same which you read in the rhythmic pulses of a musical chord. But the great naturalist, I suppose, looked at *Pleurobrachia* from another point of view. You see a tube reaching from pole to pole. That is the stomach. It throws off eight trunks, which penetrate the body to the surface, and communicate, each, with a band of locomotive paddles. These answer for veins, but as they do not carry blood they are called 'chyme-bearing tubes.' We clip off the feathery threads, but the globe seems not to heed the mutilation. We put the knife into the globe itself, and find not a muscle and not a nerve. The motion of the paddles, then, is not the result of muscular action. The motive-power is so ethereal the knife cannot reveal its seat—can hardly stop its manifestations. Cleave the globe in twain, and each hemisphere will live on for hours. Cleave the hemispheres, and the paddles on each segment still play, and flashes of prismatic light still follow their play till the jelly vanishes into air and water.

Remember, now, that the sparkling spherules we saw last night were creatures like this, and its name to marine artists and young doctors shall be *Pleurobrachia rhododactyla*, but to skippers it shall be 'lung-armed red-finger,' which is simply the English of the first."

"Well," said the artist, "there is something in a bit of jelly, form and color which I understand, but men of your pursuits are all enthusiasts. Like Blake, the mystic, you can see a world in a grain of sand. What, now, could you say about that?" thrusting the net under one of the largest and most common *Medusæ* of our waters.

"Its life-history has been carefully studied, and the story is better reading than Swift's *Tale of a Tub*."

Under assurances that I should not lull my little audience to sleep, I told them, in words something like these which follow, "*The Romance of a Medusa*. If you skim the surface of the ocean with a gauze net in October, you may find a globular body about one-third of an inch in diameter. It is fringed with vibrating cilia, by means of which it rows itself about as if it were a thing of brains and eyes. It rows hither and thither till it finds a stone or floating spar or wharf-post. It now leaves off its rowing ways and becomes a citizen. It adheres to the rock or wood, grows rapidly, becomes cylindrical in form, gains a mouth at the top, and around the mouth a fringe of tentacles. It looks now like a hydra, and as a hydra it lives till February. Then, as if tired of the hydra life, it throws off its crown of tentacles and becomes something else—something it is hard to define. In science we call it *Strobila*, but I am afraid the word will bring to your mind no image at all. *Strobila* is little else than a cylindrical column of jelly, wrinkled on the surface.

"*Strobila* soon tires of itself. Who has not felt an ambition to break through his limitations, and be in many places and do many things at the same time? It would seem as if such an ambition enters the jelly-cells of *Strobila*. It would cast itself again on the bounteous sea where it roved in childhood, but the



navigation is perilous, and it will not trust its hopes to a single venture. It will break up and throw itself on the wave in *many* lives. The column begins to divide by strictures, and to swell out between the strictures into rings. The strictures deepen, and the rings assume the form of disks with scalloped edges. The lobes of the scallops grow longer and the strictures deepen, till at last the disks break loose and swim away, each an independent animal.

"It is in April or May when this new life begins, and the disks may be seen, not more than an inch in diameter, trying their new-gained liberty and flitting restlessly through the sea. Each disk grows rapidly, and in June reaches maturity. You see it now eight or ten inches in diameter, the common Atlantic sun-fish. It is shaped like an umbrella, and has eight indentations along the margin. Eye-dots are set in each of these marginal indentations, and a pendent purple veil stretches from eye to eye throughout the undulating circuit of the umbrella.

"The mouth is in the centre, and four lance-shaped arms, deeply frilled, hang down from its four angles. Above the mouth, and extending from its angles toward the umbrella's periphery, are four plaited ruffles lying in the form of crescents. They are the reproductive organs, and science has called them *ovaries* and *spermaries*. The spermaries are rose or purple, and the ovaries are yellow. So, by observing the color of these frilled crescents you may always know the male from the female. And you will observe that the female is the more richly endowed. The frills and furbelows pendent from her mouth are longer and stronger than those of the male.

"Such is Aurelia—the name which science has chosen—as you see it in the summer months. Such it has grown from that ciliated ball committed to the October sea. In April it was social, seeking the companionship of its kind: in June and July it is solitary. It loves to bask in the sun. When the sea is still and the sun is shining it comes to the surface. A gust of wind or a passing cloud sends it down.

As you see it then, flitting through the deep water, you will think of a wan, unquiet sea-ghost. Late in August it will feel the social instinct again. That is the spawning season, and Aurelias congregate in dense masses.

"When the spawning season has passed Aurelia again becomes solitary. Old age comes with September. The pulses of the umbrella are slower now; the eye is dimmed; the purple veil between eye and eye is rent; the mouth-frills are torn away. Old, alone and blind, Aurelia is at the mercy of every wind. Capsized at last, it floats like a dismantled ship, stripped of mast and sail and pennon, and little shrimps, like wreckers, pounce upon the helpless hulk of jelly and seek refuge in the empty stomach and torn mouth-folds. *Sic transit.*"

We were nearing Gay Head. A little promontory jutting into the sea, it stands sentinel over Vineyard Sound, the highway of our coast-trade. Ninety thousand vessels, the keeper of the lighthouse told me, had passed Gay Head in a single year.

We made a landing and ascended the cliff. A hundred and sixty feet below lay the ocean we had left. Into this hundred and sixty feet of cliff are crowded bands of colored clay. To the right, as you face the sea, stretches a broad belt of blood-red; below lies a band of black; to the left the cliff rises in zones of white and yellow and brown. These bands of clay carry fossils. A very short search was rewarded by the finding of quahaugs, vertebrae of whales and teeth of sharks. The species are extinct, but not geologically old. The sharks were gigantic, as some of the teeth found here are nearly five inches long. We had left the sea only to find ourselves amid the monuments of an older sea, for these bands of clay are dried sea-bottom, and these bones of shark and whale, dropped into the sea-mud and petrifying, have endured longer than the race of man has lived.

"What do the people who live here think about these things?" we asked the skipper, who is authority on all that pertains to Martha's Vineyard.

"Think?" he said. "Nobody lives here but a few pensioned Indians, and just look at them! But there is a story handed down among the Indians, which accounts for Gay Head."

I repeat in my own words the Indian legend of Gay Head.

Long before the pale face had come an Indian lived here whose name was Maushop. Maushop was a great Indian. The long moss which hangs from the oak beyond the cliff is like Maushop's hair; the tall oak is like Maushop's legs; that great hollow in the cliff—a hundred feet deep it is, and two hundred feet in diameter—was Maushop's bowl.

When Maushop hungered, on his long

legs he strode out into the sea. All fishes, and even the great whales, trembled at his tread. Far out he strode, disdainingly fishes, to the home of the whale. Into the sea he thrust his great arms, locked them around a whale, up-lifted the monster to his shoulder and strode back to the cliff. Here he feasted, and the blood of his victim flowed down and stained the clay—stained that broad zone into blood-red. The bones Maushop turned into stone and threw into the earth, and when the pale-face digs them out the spirit of the great Maushop comes back in the wind and drives the sea far up on the cliff.

W. D. GUNNING.

#### FALLEN LEAVES.

THE dying summer had spilled its blood,  
Oh, the beautiful weather!  
On all the oak-leaves in the wood  
As we went out together.

The partridge sprang from the yellowing corn,  
Oh, the beautiful weather!  
And sang the song of a bridal morn  
As we went out together.

The wind came gathering up his bands,  
Oh, the changeful weather!  
And a shadow settled on all the lands  
As we went out together.

The red leaves tumbled among the rocks,  
The cruel, cruel weather!  
Like birds shot bleeding out of flocks,  
As we went out together.

I made your bed beneath the pines,  
Where we had walked together:  
I hid you under the sheltering vines  
From the cruel, cruel weather.

But a cold rain sobbing on all the leaves,  
And the dry grass on the heather,  
The silent heart that aches and grieves,  
Know it is wintry weather.

WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

## MALCOLM.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD,"  
"ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

## CHAPTER LI.

## THE LAIRD'S BURROW.

ANNIE MAIR had a brother, a carpenter, who, following her to Scaurnose, had there rented a small building next door to her cottage, and made of it a workshop. It had a rude loft, one end of which was loosely floored, while the remaining part showed the couples through the bare joists, except where some planks of oak and mahogany, with an old door, a boat's rudder and other things that might come in handy, were laid across them in store. There also during the winter hung the cumulus-clouds of Blue Peter's herring-nets, for his cottage, having a garret above, did not afford the customary place for them in the roof.

When the cave proved to be no longer a secret from the laird's enemies, Phemy, knowing that her father's garret could never afford him a sufficing sense of security, turned the matter over in her active little brain until pondering produced plans, and she betook herself to her uncle, with whom she was a great favorite. Him she found no difficulty in persuading to grant the hunted man a refuge in the loft. In a few days he had put up a partition between the part which was floored and that which was open, and so made for him a little room, accessible from the shop by a ladder and a trap-door. He had just taken down an old window-frame to glaze for it, when the laird, coming in and seeing what he was about, scrambled up the ladder, and a moment after all but tumbled down again in his eagerness to put a stop to it: the window was in the gable, looking to the south, and he would not have it glazed.

In blessed compensation for much of the misery of his lot the laird was gifted with an inborn delicate delight in Nature and her ministrations such as few poets even possess; and this faculty was sup-

plemented with a physical hardness which, in association with his weakness and liability to certain appalling attacks, was truly astonishing. Though a rough hand might cause him exquisite pain, he could sleep soundly on the hardest floor; a hot room would induce a fit, but he would lie under an open window in the sharpest night without injury; a rude word would make him droop like a flower in frost, but he might go all day wet to the skin without taking cold. To all kinds of what are called hardships he had readily become inured, without which it would have been impossible for his love of Nature to receive such a full development. For hence he grew capable of communion with her in all her moods, undisturbed either by the deadening effects of present or the aversion consequent on past suffering. All the range of earth's shows, from the grandeurs of sunrise or thunderstorm down to the soft unfolding of a daisy or the babbling birth of a spring, was to him an open book. It is true, the delight of these things was constantly mingled with—not unfrequently broken, indeed, by—the troublous question of his origin, but it was only on occasions of jarring contact with his fellows that it was accompanied by such agonies as my story has represented. Sometimes he would sit on a rock murmuring the words over and over, and dabbling his bare feet, small and delicately formed, in the translucent green of a tide-abandoned pool. But oftener in a soft dusky wind he might have been heard uttering them gently and coaxingly, as if he would wile from the evening zephyr the secret of his birth; which surely Mother Nature must know. The confinement of such a man would have been in the highest degree cruel, and must speedily have ended in death. Even Malcolm did not know how absolute was the laird's need, not simply of air and freedom, but

of all things accompanying the enjoyment of them.

There was nothing, then, of insanity in his preference of a windowless bedroom: it was that airs and odors, birds and sunlight, the sound of flapping wing, of breaking wave and quivering throat, might be free to enter. Cool clean air he must breathe or die: with that, the partial confinement to which he was subjected was not unendurable; besides, the welcome rain would then visit him sometimes, alighting from the slant wing of the flying blast, while the sun would pour in his rays full and mighty and generous, unsifted by the presumptuous glass—green and gray and crowded with distorting lines—and the sharp flap of pigeon's wing would be mimic thunder to the flash which leapt from its whiteness as it shot by.

He not only loved but understood all the creatures, divining, by an operation in which neither the sympathy nor the watchfulness was the less perfect that both were but half conscious, the emotions and desires informing their inarticulate language. Many of them seemed to know him in return—either recognizing his person and from experience deducing safety, or reading his countenance sufficiently to perceive that his interest prognosticated no injury. The maternal bird would keep her seat in her nursery and give back his gaze; the rabbit peeping from his burrow would not even draw in his head at his approach; the rooks about Scaurnose never took to their wings until he was within a yard or two of them: the laird, in his half-acted utterance, indicated that they took him for a scarecrow, and *therefore* were not afraid of him. Even Mrs. Catanach's cur had never offered him a bite in return for a caress. He could make a bird's nest of any sort common in the neighborhood, so as to deceive the most cunning of the nest-harrying youths of the parish.

Hardly was he an hour in his new abode ere the sparrows and robins began to visit him. Even strange birds of passage flying in at his hospitable window would espy him unscared, and sometimes partake of the food he had always

at hand to offer them. He relied, indeed, for the pleasures of social intercourse with the animal world on stray visits alone: he had no pets—dog nor cat nor bird—for his wandering and danger-haunted life did not allow such companionship.

He insisted on occupying his new quarters at once. In vain Phemy and her uncle showed reason against it. He did not want a bed: he much preferred a heap of *spales*—that is, wood-shavings. Indeed, he would not have a bed, and whatever he did want he would get for himself. Having by word and gesture made this much plain, he suddenly darted up the ladder, threw down the trap-door, and, lo! like a hermit-crab he had taken possession. Wisely they left him alone.

For a full fortnight he allowed neither to enter the little chamber. As often as they called him he answered cheerfully, but never showed himself except when Phemy brought him food, which, at his urgent request, was only once in the twenty-four hours—after nightfall, the last thing before she went to bed: then he would slide down the ladder, take what she had brought him and hurry up again. Phemy was perplexed, and at last a good deal distressed, for he had always been glad of her company before.

At length one day, hearing her voice in the shop, and having peeped through a hole in the floor to see that no stranger was present, he invited her to go up, and lifted the trap-door. "Come, come," he said hurriedly when her head appeared and came no farther.

He stood holding the trap-door, eager to close it again as soon as she should step clear of it, and surprise was retarding her ascent.

Before hearing his mind the carpenter had already made for him, by way of bedstead, a simple frame of wood, crossed with laths in the form of lattice-work: this the laird had taken and set up on its side opposite the window, about two feet from it, so that, with abundant passage for air, it served as a screen. Fixing it firmly to the floor, he had placed on the top of it a large pot of the favorite cot-

tage-plant there called *humility*, and trained its long pendent runners over it. On the floor between it and the window he had ranged a row of flower-pots—one of them with an ivy-plant, which also he had begun to train against the trellis—and already the humility and the ivy had begun to intermingle.

At one side of the room, where the sloping roof met the floor, was his bed of fresh pine shavings, amongst which, their resinous, half-aromatic odor apparently not sweet enough to content him, he had scattered a quantity of dried rose-leaves. A thick tartan plaid for sole covering lay upon the heap.

"I wad hae likit hay better," he said, pointing to this lair rather than couch, "but it's some ill to get, an' the spales are at han', an' they smell unco clean."

At the opposite side of the room lay a correspondent heap, differing not a little, however, in appearance and suggestion. As far as visible form and material could make it one it was a grave—rather a short one, but abundantly long for the laird. It was in reality a heap of mould, about a foot and a half high, covered with the most delicate grass and bespangled with daisies.

"Laird," said Phemy half reproachfully as she stood gazing at the marvel, "ye hae been oot at nicht!"

"Ay—a' nicht whiles, whan naebody was about 'cep' the win'"—he pronounced the word with a long-drawn, imitative sigh—"an' the clouds an' the splash o' the watter."

Pining under the closer imprisonment in his garret which the discovery of his subterranean refuge had brought upon him, the laird would often have made his escape at night but for the fear of disturbing the Mairs; and now that there was no one to disturb, the temptation to spend his nights in the open air was the more irresistible that he had conceived the notion of enticing Nature herself into his very chamber. Abroad, then, he had gone as soon as the first midnight closed around his new dwelling, and in the fields had with careful discrimination begun to collect the mould for his mound, a handful here and a

handful there. This took him several nights, and when it was finished he was yet more choice in his selection of turf, taking it from the natural grass growing along the roads and on the earthen dykes or walls, the outer sides of which feed the portionless cows of that country. Searching for miles in the moonlight, he had, with eye and hand, chosen out patches of this grass, the shortest and thickest he could find, and with a pocket-knife, often in pieces of only a few inches, removed the best of it and carried it home, to be fitted on the heap, and with every ministration and blandishment enticed to flourish. He pressed it down with soft firm hands, and beshowered it with water first warmed a little in his mouth; when the air was soft he guided the wind to blow upon it; and as the sun could not reach it where it lay, he gathered a marvelous heap of all the bright sherds he could find—of crockery and glass and mirror—so arranging them in the window that each threw its tiny reflex upon the turf. With this last contrivance Phemy was specially delighted, and the laird, happy as a child in beholding her delight, threw himself in an ecstasy on the mound and clasped it in his arms. I can hardly doubt that he regarded it as representing his own grave, to which in his happier moods he certainly looked forward as a place of final and impregnable refuge.

As he lay thus, foreshadowing his burial—or rather his resurrection—a young canary which had flown from one of the cottages flitted in with a golden shiver and flash, and alighted on his head. He took it gently in his hand and committed it to Phemy to carry home, with many injunctions against disclosing how it had been captured.

His lonely days were spent in sleep, in tending his plants or in contriving defences, but in all weathers he wandered out at midnight, and roamed or rested among fields or rocks till the first signs of the breaking day, when he hurried like a wild creature to his den.

Before long he had contrived an ingenious trap, or man-spider web, for the catching of any human insect that might



seek entrance at his window: the moment the invading body should reach a certain point a number of lines would drop all about him, making his way through which he would straightway be caught by the barbs of countless fish-hooks; the whole strong enough at least to detain him until its inventor should have opened the trap-door and fled.

## CHAPTER LII.

## CREAM OR SCUM?

OF the new evil report abroad concerning him nothing had as yet reached Malcolm. He read and pondered, and wrestled with difficulties of every kind; saw only a little of Lady Florimel, who, he thought, avoided him; saw less of the marquis; and, as the evenings grew longer, spent still larger portions of them with Duncan—now and then reading to him, but oftener listening to his music or taking a lesson in the piper's art. He went seldom into the Seaton, for the faces there were changed toward him. Attributing this to the reports concerning his parentage, and not seeing why he should receive such treatment because of them, hateful though they might well be to himself, he began to feel some bitterness toward his early world, and would now and then repeat to himself a misanthropical thing he had read, fancying he too had come to that conclusion. But there was not much danger of such a mood growing habitual with one who knew Duncan MacPhail, Blue Peter and the schoolmaster, not to mention Miss Horn. To know one person who is positively to be trusted will do more for a man's moral nature—yes, for his spiritual nature—than all the sermons he has ever heard or ever can hear.

One evening Malcolm thought he would pay Joseph a visit, but when he reached Scaurnose he found it nearly deserted: he had forgotten that this was one of the nights of meeting in the Bailies' Barn. Phemy, indeed, had not gone with her father and mother, but she was spending the evening with the mad laird. Lifting the latch, and seeing no one in

the house, he was on the point of withdrawing when he caught sight of an eye peeping through an inch opening of the door of the bed-closet, which the same moment was hurriedly closed. He called, but received no reply, and left the cottage wondering. He had not heard that Mrs. Mair had given Lizzy Findlay shelter for a season. And now a neighbor had observed and put her own construction on the visit, her report of which strengthened the general conviction of his unworthiness.

Descending from the promontory and wandering slowly along the shore, he met the Scaurnose part of the congregation returning home. The few salutations dropped him as he passed were distant and bore an expression of disapproval. Mrs. Mair only, who was walking with a friend, gave him a kind nod.

Blue Peter, who followed at a little distance, turned and walked back with him. "I'm exerceeded i' my min'," he said as soon as they were clear of the stragglers, "about the turn things hae taen doon-by at the Barn."

"They tell me there's some gey queer customers taen to haudin' furth," returned Malcolm.

"It's a fac'," answered Peter. "The fowk 'll hardly hear a word noo frae any o' the aulder an' soberer Christi-ans. They haena the gift o' the Speerit, they say. But in place o' sterrin' them up to tak hold upo' their Maker, their new lights set them up to luik doon upo' ither fowk, propheseein' an' denuncin' as gien the Lord had committit jeedgment into their han's."

"What is 't they tak haud o' to misca' them for?" asked Malcolm.

"It's no sae muckle," answered Peter, "for onything they du, as for what they believe or dinna believe. There's an 'uman frae Clamrock was o' their pairty the nicht. She stude up an' spak weel, an' weel oot, but no to muckle profit, as 't seemed to me; only I'm maybe no a fair jeedge, for I cudna be rid o' the notion 'at she was lattin' at mysel' a' the time: I dinna ken what for. An' I cudna help wonnerin' gien she kent what fowk used to say about hersel' whan she

was a lass; for gien the sma' half o' that was true, a body micht think the new grace gien her wad hae driven her to hide her head, i' place o' exaltin' her horn on high. But maybe it was a' lees: she kens best hersel'."

"There canna be muckle worship gaein' on wi' ye by this time, than, I'm thinkin'," said Malcolm.

"I dinna like to say 't'," returned Joseph; "but there's a speerit o' speerit-ooal pride abroad amang 's, it seems to me, 'at 's no fawvorable to devotion. They hae taen 't intill their heids, for ae thing—an that's what Dilse's Bess lays on at—'at 'cause they're fisher-fowk they hae a special mission to convert the warl'."

"What foon' they that upo'?" asked Malcolm.

"Ow, what the Saviour said to Peter an' the lave o' them, 'at was fishers—to come wi' Him an' He wad mak them fishers o' men."

"Ay, I see. What for dinna ye bide at hame, you an' the lave o' the douce anes?"

"There ye come upo' the thing 'at 's troublin' me. Are we 'at begude it to brak it up? Or are we to stan' aside an' lat it a' gang to dirt an' green bree? Or are we to bide wi' them an' warsle aboot holy words till we tyne a' stamach for holy things?"

"Cud ye brak it up gien ye tried?" asked Malcolm.

"I doobt no. That's ane o' the considerations 'at hings some sair upo' me: see what we hae dune!"

"What for dinna ye gang ower to Maister Graham an' speir what he thinks?"

"What for sud I gang till him? What 's *he* but a fine mōaral man? I never h'ard 'at he had ony discernment o' the min' o' the Speerit."

"That's what Dilse's Bess frae Clamrock wad say aboot yersel', Peter."

"An' I doobt she wadna be far wrang."

"Ony gait, she kens nae mair aboot you nor ye ken aboot the maister. Ca' ye a man wha cares for naething in h'aven or in earth but the wull o' 's Creator—ca' ye sic a man no speeritual? Jist gang ye till 'im, an' maybe he'll lat in a glent upo' ye 'at 'll astonish ye."

"He's taen unco little enterest in ony-thing 'at was gaein' on."

"Arena ye some wissin' ye hadna taen muckle mair yersel', Peter?"

"Deed am I! But gien he be giftit like that ye say, what for didna he try to haud 's richt?"

"Maybe he thought ye wad mak yer mistaks better wantin' him."

"Weel, ye dinna ca' that freenly?"

"What for no? I hae h'ard him say fowk canna come richt 'cep' by haein' room to gang wrang. But jist ye gang till him noo: maybe he'll open mair een i' yer heids nor ye kent ye had."

"Weel, maybe we nicht du waur. I s' mention the thing to Bow-o'-meal an' Jeames Gentle, an' see what *they* say. There's nae guid to be gotten o' gaein' to the minister, ye see: there's naething in him, as the saw says, but what the spune pits intill him."

With this somewhat unfavorable remark Blue Peter turned homeward. Malcolm went slowly back to his room, his tallow candle and his volume of Gibbon.

He read far into the night, and his candle was burning low in the socket. Suddenly he sat straight up in his chair, listening: he thought he heard a sound in the next room—it was impossible even to imagine of what, it was such a mere abstraction of sound. He listened with every nerve, but heard nothing more; crept to the door of the wizard's chamber and listened again; listened until he could no longer tell whether he heard or not, and felt like a deaf man imagining sounds; then crept back to his own room and went to bed—all but satisfied that if it was anything it must have been some shaking window or door he had heard.

But he could not get rid of the notion that he had smelt sulphur.

#### CHAPTER LIII.

##### THE SCHOOLMASTER'S COTTAGE.

THE following night three of the Scaurnose fishermen—Blue Peter, Bow-o'-meal and Jeames Gentle—called at

the schoolmaster's cottage in the Alton, and were soon deep in earnest conversation with him around his peat-fire in the room which served him for study, dining-room and bed-chamber. All the summer a honeysuckle outside watched his back window for him; now it was guarded within by a few flowerless plants. It was a deep little window in a thick wall, with an air of mystery, as if thence the privileged might look into some region of strange and precious things. The front window was comparatively commonplace, with a white muslin curtain across the lower half. In the middle of the sanded floor stood a table of white deal much stained with ink. The green-painted doors of the box-bed opposite the hearth stood open, revealing a spotless white counterpane. On the wall beside the front window hung by red cords three shelves of books, and near the back window stood a dark old-fashioned bureau, with pendent brass handles as bright as new, supporting a bookcase with glass doors crowded with well-worn bindings. A few deal chairs completed the furniture.

"It's a sair vex, sir, to think o' what we a' jeeledged to be the wark o' the Speerit takin' sic a turn. I'm feart it 'll lie heavy at oor door," said Blue Peter after a sketch of the state of affairs.

"I don't think they can have sunk so low as the early Corinthian church yet," said Mr. Graham, "and Saint Paul never seems to have blamed himself for preaching the gospel to the Corinthians."

"Weel, maybe," rejoined Mair. "But, meantime, the practical p'int is, Are we to tyauve (*struggle*) to set things richt again, or are we to lea' them to their ain devices?"

"What power have you to set things richt?"

"Nane, sir. The Baillies' Barn's as free to them as to oorsel's."

"What influence have you, then?"

"Unco'-little," said Bow-o'-meal, taking the word. "They're afore the win'. An' it's plain eneuch 'at to stan' up an' oppose them wad be but to breed strife an' debate."

"An' that micht put mony a waukent

conscience soon' asleep again—maybe no to be waukent ony mair," said Blue Peter.

"Then you don't think you can either communicate or receive benefit by continuing to take a part in those meetings?"

"We dinna think it," answered all three.

"Then the natural question is, 'Why should you go?'"

"We're feart for the guilt o' what the minister ca's shism," said Blue Peter.

"That might have occurred to you before you forsook the parish church," said the schoolmaster with a smile.

"But there was nae speeritoal noorishment to be gotten i' that houff (*haunt*)," said Jeames Gentle.

"How did you come to know the want of it?"

"Ow, that cam fra the Speerit himsel'—what else?" replied Gentle.

"By what means?"

"By the readin' o' the word an' by prayer," answered Gentle.

"By His ain v'ice i' the hert," said Bow-o'-meal.

"Then a public assembly is not necessary for the communication of the gifts of the Spirit?"

They were silent.

"Isn't it possible that the eagerness after such assemblies may have something to do with a want of confidence in what the Lord says of his kingdom—that it spreads like the hidden leaven, grows like the buried seed? My own conviction is, that if a man would but bend his energies to *live*, if he would but try to be a true—that is, a godlike—man in all his dealings with his fellows, a genuine neighbor and not a selfish unit, he would open such channels for the flow of the Spirit as no amount of even honest and so-called successful preaching could."

"Wha but Ane was ever fit to lead sic a life's that?"

"All might be trying after it. In proportion as our candle burns it will give light. No talking about light will supply the lack of its presence either to the talker or the listeners."

"There's a heap made o' the preachin'

o' the word i' the buik itsel'," said Peter with emphasis.

"Undoubtedly. But just look at our Lord: He never stopped living amongst his people—hasn't stopped yet; but He often refused to preach, and personally has given it up altogether now."

"Ay, but ye see He kent what He was duin'."

"And so will every man in proportion as he partakes of his Spirit."

"But dinna ye believe there *is* sic a thing as gettin' a call to the preachin'?"

"I do; but even then a man's work is of worth only as it supplements his life. A network of spiritual fibres connects the two, makes one of them."

"But surely, sir, them 'at 's o' the same min' ought to meet an' stir ane anither up? 'They that feart the Lord spak aften thegither,' ye ken."

"What should prevent them? Why should not such as delight in each other's society meet and talk and pray together—address each the others if they like? There is plenty of opportunity for that, without forsaking the Church or calling public meetings. To continue your quotation—'The Lord hearkened and heard:' observe, the Lord is not here said to hearken to sermons or prayers, but to the *talk* of his people. This would have saved you from false relations with men that oppose themselves, caring nothing for the truth—perhaps eager to save their souls, nothing more at the very best."

"Sir! sir! what wad ye hae? Daur ye say it's no a body's first duty to save his ain sowl alive?" exclaimed Bow-o'-meal.

"I daur't, but there's little daur in-till 't," said Mr. Graham, breaking into Scotch.

Bow-o'-meal rose from his chair in indignation, Blue Peter made a grasp at his bonnet, and Jeames Gentle gave a loud sigh of commiseration.

"I allow it to be a very essential piece of prudence," added the schoolmaster, resuming his quieter English, "but the first duty?—no. The Catechism might have taught you better than that. To mind his chief end must surely be man's first duty, and the Catechism says, 'Man's chief end is to glorify God.'"

"And to enjoy him for ever," supplemented Peter.

"That's a safe consequence: there's no fear of the second if he does the first. Any how, he cannot enjoy Him for ever this moment, and he can glorify Him at once."

"Ay, but hoo?" said Bow-o'-meal, ready to swoop upon the master's reply.

"Just as Jesus Christ did—by doing his will, by obedience."

"That's no faith—it's works! Ye'll never save yer sowl that gait, sir."

"No man can ever save his soul: God only can do that. You can glorify Him by giving yourself up heart and soul and body and life to his Son. Then you shall *be* saved. That you must leave to *Him*, and *do what He tells you*. There will be no fear of the saving then, though it's not an easy matter—even for *Him*, as has been sorely proved."

"An' hoo are we to gie oorsel's up till Him? for ye see we're practical kin' o' fowk, huz fisher-fowk, Maister Graham," said Bow-o'-meal. The tone implied that the schoolmaster was not practical.

"I say again, in doing *his* will and not your own."

"An' what may his will be?"

"Is He not telling you himself at this moment? Do you not know what his will is? How should *I* come between Him and you! For anything I know, it may be that you pay your next-door neighbor a crown you owe him, or make an apology to the one on the other side. *I* do not know: you do."

"Dinna ye think aboot savin' yer ain sowl, noo, Maister Graham?" said Bow-o'-meal, returning on their track.

"No, I don't. I've forgotten all about that. I only desire and pray to do the will of my God, which is all in all to me."

"What say ye, than, aboot the sowls o' ither fowk? Wadna ye save them—no?"

"Gladly would I save them, but according to the will of God. If I were, even unwittingly, to attempt it in any other way, I should be casting stumbling-blocks in their path and separating myself from my God—doing that which is

not of faith, and therefore is sin. It is only where a man is at one with God that he can do the right thing or take the right way. Whatever springs from any other source than the Spirit that dwelt in Jesus is of sin, and works to thwart the Divine will. Who knows what harm may be done to a man by hurrying a spiritual process in him?"

"I doobt, sir, gien your doctrine was to get a hearin', there wad be unco little dune for the glory o' God i' this place," remarked Bow-o'-meal with sententious reproof.

"But what was done would be of the right sort, and surpassingly powerful."

"Weel, to come back to the business in han', what would be yer advice?" said Bow-o'-meal.

"That's a thing none but a lawyer should give. I have shown you what seem to me the principles involved: I can do no more."

"Ye dinna ca' that neeborly, whan a body comes speirin' 't!"

"Are you prepared, then, to take my advice?"

"Ye wadna hae a body du that aforehan'? We micht as weel a' be papists an' believe as we're tauld."

"Precisely so. But you can exercise your judgment upon the principles whereon my opinion is founded, with far more benefit than upon my opinion itself; which I cannot well wish you to adopt, seeing I think it far better for a man to go wrong upon his own honest judgment than to go right upon anybody else's judgment, however honest also."

"Ye hae a heap o' queer doctrines, sir."

"And yet you ask advice of me?"

"We haena ta'en muckle, ony gait," returned Bow-o'-meal rudely, and walked from the cottage.

Jeames Gentle and Blue Peter bade the master a kindly good-night, and followed Bow-o'-meal.

The next Sunday evening Blue Peter was again at the Alton, accompanied by Gentle and another fisherman; not Bow-o'-meal, and had another and longer conversation with the schoolmaster. The following Sunday he went yet again, and from that time, every Sunday even-

ing, as soon as he had had his tea, Blue Peter took down his broad bonnet and set out to visit Mr. Graham. As he went, one and another would join him as he passed, the number increasing every time, until at last ten or twelve went regularly.

But Mr. Graham did not like such a forsaking of wives and children on the Sunday. "Why shouldn't you bring Mrs. Mair with you?" he said one evening, addressing Joseph first. Then turning to the rest, "I should be happy to see any of your wives who can come," he added; "and some of you have children who would be no trouble. If there is any good in gathering this way, why shouldn't we have those with us who are our best help at all other times?"

"Deed, sir," said Joseph, "we're sae used to oor wives 'at we're ower ready to forget hoo ill we cud du wantin' them."

Mrs. Mair and two other wives came the next night. A few hung back from modesty and dread of being catechised, but ere long about half a dozen went when they could.

I need hardly say that Malcolm, as soon as he learned what was going on, made one of the company. And truly, although he did not know even yet all the evil that threatened him, he stood in heavy need of the support and comfort to be derived from such truths as Mr. Graham unfolded. Duncan also, although he took little interest in what passed, went sometimes, and was welcomed.

The talk of the master not unfrequently lapsed into monologue, and sometimes grew eloquent. Seized occasionally by the might of the thoughts which arose in him—thoughts which would, to him, have lost all their splendor as well as worth had he imagined them the offspring of his own faculty, meteors of his own atmosphere, instead of phenomena of the heavenly region manifesting themselves on the hollow side of the celestial sphere of human vision—he would break forth in grand poetic speech that roused to aspiration Malcolm's whole being, while in the same instant calming him with the summer peace of profoundest faith.



To no small proportion of his hearers some of such outbursts were altogether unintelligible—a matter of no moment—but there were of them who understood enough to misunderstand utterly: interpreting his riches by their poverty, they misinterpreted them pitifully, and misrepresented them worse. And, alas! in the little company there were three or four men who, for all their upward impulses, yet remained capable of treachery, because incapable of recognizing the temptation to it for what it was. These by and by began to confer together and form an opposition—in this at least ungenerous, that they continued to assemble at his house and show little token of dissension. When, however, they began at length to discover that the master did not teach that interpretation of atonement which they had derived they little knew whence, but delivered another as the doctrine of Saint Paul, Saint Peter and Saint John, they judged themselves bound to take measures toward the quenching of a dangerous heresy. For the more ignorant a man is, the more capable is he of being absolutely certain of many things—with such certainty, that is, as consists in the absence of doubt. Mr. Graham, in the mean time, full of love and quiet solemn fervor, placed completest confidence in their honesty and spoke his mind freely and faithfully.

#### CHAPTER LIV.

##### ONE DAY.

THE winter was close at hand—indeed in that northern region might already have claimed entire possession—but the trailing golden fringe of the skirts of Autumn was yet visible behind him as he wandered away down the slope of the world. In the gentle sadness of the season Malcolm could not help looking back with envy to the time when labor, adventure and danger, stormy winds and troubled waters, would have helped him to bear the weight of the moral atmosphere which now from morning to night oppressed him. Since their last conversation Lady Florimel's behavior

to him was altered. She hardly ever sent for him now, and, when she did, gave her orders so distantly that at length, but for his grandfather's sake, he could hardly have brought himself to remain in the house even until the return of his master, who was from home, and contemplated proposing to him as soon as he came back that he should leave his service and resume his former occupation, at least until the return of summer should render it fit to launch the cutter again.

One day, a little after noon, Malcolm stepped from the house. The morning had broken gray and squally, with frequent sharp showers, and had grown into a gully, gusty day. Now and then the sun sent a dim yellow glint through the troubled atmosphere, but this was straightway swallowed up in the volumes of vapor seething and tumbling in the upper regions. As he crossed the threshold there came a moaning wind from the west, and the water-laden branches of the trees all went bending before it, shaking their burden of heavy drops on the ground. It was dreary, dreary, outside and in. He turned and looked at the house. If he might have but one peep of the goddess far withdrawn! What did he want of her? Nothing but her favor—something acknowledged between them—some understanding of accepted worship. Alas! it was all weakness, and the end thereof dismay. It was but the longing of the opium-eater or the drinker for the poison which in delight lays the foundations of torture. No: he knew where to find food—something that was neither opium nor strong drink, something that in torture sustained, and when its fruition came would, even in the splendors of delight, far surpass their short-lived boon. He turned toward the schoolmaster's cottage.

Under the trees, which sighed aloud in the wind, and like earth-clouds rained upon him as he passed, across the churchyard, bare to the gray, hopeless-looking sky, through the iron gate he went, and opened the master's outer door. Ere he reached that of his room he heard his voice inviting him to enter.

"Come to condole with me, Malcolm?" said Mr. Graham cheerily.

"What for, sir?" asked Malcolm.

"You haven't heard, then, that I'm going to be sent about my business? At least, it's more than likely."

Malcolm dropped into a seat and stared like an idol. Could he have heard the words? In his eyes Mr. Graham was the man of the place—the real person of the parish. He dismissed! The words breathed of mingled impiety and absurdity.

The schoolmaster burst out laughing at him.

"I'm feart to speyk, sir," said Malcolm. "Whatever I say, I'm bun' to mak a fule o' mysel'. What, in plain words, div ye mean, sir?"

"Somebody has been accusing me of teaching heresy—in the school to my scholars, and in my own house to the fisher-folk: the presbytery has taken it up, and here is my summons to appear before them and answer to the charge."

"Guid preserve 's, sir! An' is this the first ye hae h'ard o' 't?"

"The very first."

"An' what are ye gaun' to du?"

"Appear, of course."

"An' what'll ye say to them?"

"I shall answer their questions."

"They'll condemn ye."

"I do not doubt it."

"An' what neist?"

"I shall have to leave Scotland, I suppose."

"Sir, it's awfu'!"

The horror-stricken expression of Malcolm's face drew a second merry laugh from Mr. Graham. "They can't burn me," he said: "you needn't look like that."

"But there's something terrible wrang, sir, whan sic men hae pooer ower sic a man."

"They have no power but what's given them. I shall accept their decision as the decree of Heaven."

"It's weel to be you, sir, 'at can tak a thing sae quaiet."

"You mustn't suppose I am naturally so philosophical. It stands for five-and-forty years of the teaching of the Son

of Man in this wonderful school of his, where the clever would be destroyed but for the stupid, where the Church would tear itself to pieces but for the laws of the world, and where the wicked themselves are the greatest furtherance of godliness in the good."

"But wha ever cud hae been baze eneuch to du 't?" said Malcolm, too much astounded for his usual eager attention to the words that fell from the master.

"That I would rather not inquire," answered Mr. Graham. "In the mean time, it would be better if the friends would meet somewhere else, for this house is mine only in virtue of my office. Will you tell them so for me?"

"Surely, sir. But will ye no mak ane?"

"Not till this is settled. I will after, so long as I may be here."

"Gien onybody had been catecheesin' the bairns, I wad surely hae h'ard o' 't—" said Malcolm, after a pause of rumination: "Poochy wad hae tellt me. I saw him thestreen (*yester-even*). Wha 'ill ever say again a thing 's no poassible?"

"Whatever doctrine I may have omitted to press in the school," said Mr. Graham, "I have inculcated nothing at variance with the Confession of Faith or the Shorter Catechism."

"Hoo can ye say that, sir," returned Malcolm, "whan, in as well 's oot o' the schuil, ye hae aye insistit 'at God 's a just God—abune a' thing likin' to gie fair play?"

"Well, does the Catechism say anything to the contrary?"

"No in sae many words, doobtless, but it says a sicht o' things 'at wad mak God oot the maist oonrichteous tyrant 'at ever was."

"I'm not sure you can show that logically," said Mr. Graham. "I will think it over, however—not that I mean to take up any defence of myself. But now I have letters to write, and must ask you to leave me. Come and see me again to-morrow."

Malcolm went from him

like one that hath been stunned,  
And is of sense forlorn.

Here was trouble upon trouble! But what had befallen him compared with what had come upon the schoolmaster? A man like him to be so treated! How gladly he would work for him all the rest of his days! and how welcome his grandfather would make him to his cottage! Lord Lossie would be the last to object. But he knew it was a baseless castle while he built it, for Mr. Graham would assuredly provide for himself, if it were by breaking stones on the road and saying the Lord's Prayer. It all fell to pieces just as he lifted his hand to Miss Horn's knocker.

She received him with a cordiality such as even she had never shown him before. He told her what threatened Mr. Graham.

She heard him to the end without remark, beyond the interjection of an occasional "Eh, sirs!" then sat for a minute in troubled silence. "There's a heap o' things an' 'uman like me," she said at length, "canna unnerstan'. I dinna ken whether some fowk mair nor preten' to unnerstan' them. But set Sandy Graham doon upo' ae side, an' the presbytery doon upo' the ither, an' I hae wit enuch to ken whilk I wad tak my eternal chance wi'. Some o' the presbytery's guid enuch men, but haena ower muckle gumption; an' some o' them has plenty o' gumption, but haena ower muckle grace, to jeedge by the w'y 'at they glower 'an rair, layin' doon the law as gien the Almichty had been driven to tak coonsel wi' them. But look at Sandy Graham! Ye ken whether he has gumption or no; an' gien he be a stickit minister, he stack by the grace o' moadesty. But, haith! I winna peety him, for, o' a' things, to peety a guid man i' the richt gait is a fule's folly. Troth! I'm a hantle mair concernt aboot yersel', Ma'colm."

Malcolm heard her without apprehension. His cup seemed full, and he never thought that cups sometimes run over. But perhaps he was so far the nearer to a truth: while the cup of blessing may and often does run over, I doubt if the cup of suffering is ever more than filled to the brim.

"Onything fresh, mem?" he asked,

with the image of Mrs. Stewart standing ghastly on the slopes of his imagination.

"I wadna be fit to tell ye, laddie, gien 't warna, as ye ken, 'at the Almichty's been unco mercifu' to me i' the maitter o' feelin's. Yer freen's i' the Seaton an' ower at Scaurnose hae feelin's, an' that 's hoo nane o' them a' has pluckit up hert to tell ye o' the waggin' o' slanderous tongues against ye."

"What are they sayin' noo?" asked Malcolm with considerable indifference.

"Naither mair nor less than that ye're the father o' an oonborn wean," answered Miss Horn.

"I dinna freely unnerstan' ye," returned Malcolm, for the unexpectedness of the disclosure was scarcely to be mastered at once.

I shall not put on record the plain form of honest speech whereby she made him at once comprehend the nature of the calumny. He started to his feet and shouted, "Wha daur say that?" so loud that the listening Jean almost fell down the stair.

"Wha *sud* say 't but the lassie hersel'?" answered Miss Horn simply. "*She* maun hae the best richt to say wha's wha."

"It wad better become *onybody* but her," said Malcolm.

"What mean ye there, laddie?" cried Miss Horn, alarmed.

"'At nane cud ken sae weel 's hersel' it was a damned lee. Wha is she?"

"Wha but Meg Partan's Lizzy?"

"Poor lassie! is that it? Eh, but I'm sorry for her! *She* never said it was me. An' whae'er said it, surely ye dinna believe 't o' me, mem?"

"*Me* believe 't! Ma'colm MacPhail, wull ye daur insult a maiden wuman 'at's stude clear o' reproach till she's lang past the danger o' 't? It's been wi' unco sma' diffeeclety, I maun allow, for I haena' been led into ony temptation."

"Eh, mem," returned Malcolm, perceiving by the flash of her eyes and the sudden halt of her speech that she was really indignant, "I dinna ken what I hae said to anger ye."

"Anger me! quo' he? What though I hae nae feelin's! Will he daur till imagine 'at he wad be sittin' there, an' me

haudin' him company, gien I believe him cawpable o' turnin' oot sic a meeserable, contemptible wratch? The Lord come atween me an' my wrath!"

"I beg yer pardon, mem. A body canna aye put things thegither afore he speyks. I'm richt sair ableeged till ye for takin' my pairt."

"I tak nobody's pairt but my ain, laddie. Obleeged to me for haein' a wheen coommon sense—a thing 'at I was born wi'! Toots! Dinna haiver."

"Weel, mem, what wad ye hae me du? I canna sen' my auld daddie roon' the toon wi' his pipes to procleem 'at I'm no the man. I'm thinkin' I'll hae to lea' the place."

"Wad ye sen' yer daddy roon' wi' the pipes to say 'at ye *was* the man? Ye micht as weel du the tane as the tither. Mony a better man has been waur misca'd, an' gart fowk forget 'at ever the lee was lee'd. Na, na, niver rin frae a lee. An' never say, naither, 'at ye didna du the thing, 'cep' it be laid straucht to yer face. Lat a lee lie i' the dirt. Gien ye pike it up, the dirt 'll stick till ye, though ye fling the lee ower the dyke at the warl's en'. Na, na! Lat a lee lie, as ye wad the deevil's tail 'at the laird's Jock took aff wi' the edge o' 's spaud."

"A' thing's agane me the noo," sighed Malcolm.

"Auld Jobb ower again!" returned Miss Horn almost sarcastically. "The deil had the warst o' 't, though, an' wull hae i' the lang hinner en'. Meantime ye maun face him. There's nae airmor for the back either i' the Bible or the Pilgrim's Progress."

"What wad ye hae me du, than, mem?"

"Du! Wha said ye was to du onything? The best duin whiles is to bide still. Lat ye the jaw (*wave*) gae ower ohn joukit (*without ducking*)."

"Gien I binna to du onything I maist wiss I hadna kent," said Malcolm, whose honorable nature writhed under the imputed vileness.

"It's aye better to ken in what licht ye stan' wi' ither fowk. It hauds ye ohn lippent ower muckle, an' sae dune things or made remarks 'at wad be misread till ye. Ye maun haud an open ro'd, 'at

the trowth when it comes oot may hae free coorse. The ae thing 'at spites me is, 'at the verra fowk 'at was the first to spread yer ill report 'll be the first to wuss ye weel whan the trowth's kent; ay, an' they'll persuaud their verra sel's 'at they stack up for ye like born brithers."

"There *maun* be some jeedgment upo' leein'."

"The warst wuss I hae agane ony sic backbiter is that he may live to be affrontit at himsel'. Efter that he'll be guid enouch company for me. Gang yer wa's, laddie—say yer prayers an' haud up yer heid. Wha wadna rather be accused o' a' the sins i' the comman'ments nor be guilty o' ane o' them?"

Malcolm did hold up his head as he walked away.

Not a single person was in the street. Far below the sea was chafing and tossing—gray-green broken into white. The horizon was formless with mist, hanging like thin wool from the heavens down to the face of the waters, against which the wind, which had shifted round considerably toward the north and blew in quicker-coming and more menacing gusts, appeared powerless. He would have gone to the sands and paced the shore till nightfall, but that he would not expose himself thus to unfriendly eyes and false judgments. He turned to the right instead, and walked along the top of the cliffs eastward. Buffeted by winds without and hurrying fancies within, he wandered on until he came near Colonsay Castle, at sight of which the desire awoke in him to look again on the scene of Lady Florimel's terror. He crossed the head of the little bay and descended into the heart of the rock. Even there the wind blew dank and howling through all the cavernous hollows. As he approached the last chamber, out of the Devil's Window flew, with clanging wing, an arrow-barbed sea-gull down to the gray-veiled tumult below, and the joy of life for a moment seized his soul. But the next the dismay of that which is forsaken was upon him. It was not that the once lordly structure lay abandoned to the birds and the gusts, but that *she* would never think of the place

without an instant assay at forgetfulness. He turned and reascended, feeling like a ghost that had been wandering through the forlorn chambers of an empty skull.

When he rose on the bare top of the ruin a heavy shower from the sea was beating slant against the worn walls and the gaping clefts. Myriads of such rains had, with age-long inevitableness, crumbled away the strong fortress till its threatful mass had sunk to an abject heap. Thus all-devouring Death—Nay, nay! it is all-sheltering, all-restoring Mother Nature receiving again into her mighty matrix the stuff worn out in the fashioning toil of her wasteful, greedy and slatternly children. In her genial bosom the exhausted gathers life, the effete becomes generant, the disintegrate returns to resting and capable form. The rolling, oscillating globe dips it for an æon in growing sea, lifts it from the sinking waters of its thousand-year bath to the furnace of the sun, remodels and remoulds, turns ashes into flowers and divides mephitis into diamonds and breath. The races of men shift and hover like shadows over her surface, while, as a woman dries her garment before the household flame, she turns it by portions now to and now from the sun-heart of fire. Oh, joy that all the hideous lacerations and vile gatherings of refuse which the worshipers of Mammon disfigure the earth withal, scoring the tale of their coming dismay on the visage of their mother, shall one day lie fathoms deep under the blessed ocean, to be cleansed and remade into holy because lovely forms! May the ghosts of the men who mar the earth, turning her sweet rivers into channels of filth, and her living air into irrespirable vapors and pestilences, haunt the desolations they have made, until they loathe the work of their hands and turn from themselves with a divine repudiation!

It was about half tide, and the sea coming up, with the wind straight from the north, when Malcolm, having descended to the shore of the little bay and scrambled out upon the rocks, be-thought him of a certain cave which he had not visited since he was a child, and,

climbing over the high rocks between, took shelter there from the wind. He had forgotten how beautiful it was, and stood amazed at the richness of its color, imagining he had come upon a cave of the serpentine marble which is found on the coast; for sides and roof and rugged floor were gorgeous with bands and spots and veins of green and rusty red. A nearer inspection, however, showed that these hues were not of the rock itself, but belonged to the garden of the ocean, and when he turned to face the sea, lo! they had all but vanished, the cave shone silvery gray with a faint moony sparkle, and out came the lovely carving of the rodent waves. All about, its sides were fretted in exquisite curves and fantastic yet ever-graceful knots and twists, as if a mass of gnarled and contorted roots, first washed of every roughness by some ethereal solvent, leaving only the soft lines of yet grotesque volutions, had been transformed into mingled silver and stone. Like a soldier crab that had found a shell to his mind, he gazed through the yawning mouth of the cavern at the turmoil of the rising tide as it rushed straight toward him through a low jagged channel in the rocks. But straight with the tide came the wind, blowing right into the cave, and, finding it keener than pleasant, he turned and went farther in. After a steep ascent some little way the cavern took a sharp turn to one side, where not a breath of wind, not a glimmer of light reached, and there he sat down upon a stone and fell a-thinking.

He must face the lie out, and he must accept any mother God had given him; but with such a mother as Mrs. Stewart, and without Mr. Graham, how was he to endure the altered looks of his old friends? Faces indifferent before had grown suddenly dear to him, and opinions he would have thought valueless once had become golden in his eyes. Had he been such as to deserve their reproaches, he would doubtless have steeled himself to despise them, but his innocence bound him to the very people who judged him guilty. And there was that awful certainty slowly but steadily



drawing nearer—that period of vacant anguish in which Lady Florimel must vanish from his sight, and the splendor of his life go with her, to return no more.

But not even yet did he *cherish* any fancy of coming nearer to her than the idea of absolute service authorized. As often as the fancy had, compelled by the lady herself, crossed the horizon of his thoughts, a repellent influence from the same source had been at hand to sweep it afar into its antenatal chaos. But his love rose ever from the earth to which the blow had hurled it, purified again, once more all devotion and no desire, careless of recognition beyond the acceptance of his offered service, and content that the be-all should be the end-all.

The cave seemed the friendliest place he had yet found. Earth herself had received him into her dark bosom, where no eye could discover him, and no voice reach him but that of the ocean as it tossed and wallowed in the palm of God's hand. He heard its roar on the rocks around him, and the air was filled with a loud noise of broken waters, while every now and then the wind rushed with a howl into the cave, as if searching for him in its crannies: the wild raving soothed him, and he felt as if he would gladly sit there, in the dark torn with tumultuous noises, until his fate had unfolded itself.

The noises thickened around him as the tide rose, but so gradually that, although at length he could not have heard his own voice, he was unaware of the magnitude to which the mighty uproar had enlarged itself. Suddenly something smote the rock as with the hammer of Thor, and as suddenly the air around him grew stiflingly hot. The next moment it was again cold. He started to his feet in wonder and sought the light. As he turned the angle the receding back of a huge green, foam-spotted wave, still almost touching the roof of the cavern, was sweeping out again into the tumult. It had filled the throat of it, and so compressed the air within by the force of its entrance as to drive out for the moment a large portion of its latent heat. Looking then at his

watch, Malcolm judged it must be about high tide: brooding in the darkness, he had allowed the moments to lapse unheeded, and it was now impossible to leave the cavern until the tide had fallen. He returned into its penetral, and, sitting down with the patience of a fisherman, again lost himself in reverie.

The darkness kept him from perceiving how the day went, and the rapidly increasing roar of the wind made the diminishing sound of the tide's retreat less noticeable. He thought afterward that perhaps he had fallen asleep: anyhow, when at length he looked out the waves were gone from the rock, and the darkness was broken only by the distant gleam of their white defeat. The wind was blowing a hurricane, and even for his practiced foot it was not easy to surmount the high, abrupt spines he must cross to regain the shore. It was so dark that he could see nothing of the castle, though it was but a few yards from him, and he resolved therefore, the path along the top of the cliffs being unsafe, to make his way across the fields and return by the highroad. The consequence was, that, what with fences and ditches, the violence of the wind and his uncertainty about his direction, it was so long before he felt the hard road under his feet that with good reason he feared the house would be closed for the night ere he reached it.

#### CHAPTER LV.

##### THE SAME NIGHT.

WHEN he came within sight of it, however, he perceived, by the hurried movement of lights, that instead of being folded in silence the house was in unwonted commotion. As he hastened to the south door the prince of the power of the air himself seemed to resist his entrance, so fiercely did the wind, eddying round the building, dispute every step he made toward it; and when at length he reached and opened it a blast, rushing up the glen straight from the sea, burst wide the opposite one and roared through the hall like a torrent. Lady Florimel, flitting

across it at the moment, was almost blown down, and shrieked aloud for help. Malcolm was already at the north door, exerting all his strength to close it, when she spied him, and bounding to him with white face and dilated eyes, exclaimed, "Oh, Malcolm! what a time you have been!"

"What's wrang, my leddy?" cried Malcolm with respondent terror.

"Don't you hear it?" she answered. "The wind is blowing the house down. There's just been a terrible fall, and every moment I hear it going. If my father were only come! We shall be all blown into the burn."

"Nae fear o' that, my leddy," returned Malcolm. "The wa's o' the auld carcass are 'maist live rock, an' 'ill stan' the warst win' 'at ever blew—this side o' the tropics, ony gait. Gien 't war ance to get its nose in, I wadna say but it micht tirr (*strip*) the rufe, but it winna blaw 's intill the burn, my leddy. I'll jist gang and see what's the mischief."

He was moving away, but Lady Florimel stopped him. "No, no, Malcolm," she said. "It's very silly of me, I dare say, but I've been so frightened. They're such a set of geese—Mrs. Courthope and the butler, and all of them! Don't leave me, please."

"I *maun* gang and see what's amiss, my leddy," answered Malcolm; "but ye can come wi' me gien ye like. What's fa'en, div ye think?"

"Nobody knows. It fell with a noise like thunder, and shook the whole house."

"It's far ower-dark to see onything frae the ootside," rejoined Malcolm—"at least afore the mune's up. It's as dark 's pick. But I can sune saitisfee mysel' whether the de'il 's i' the hoose or no."

He took a candle from the hall-table and went up the square staircase, followed by Florimel.

"What w'y is 't, my leddy, 'at the hoose is no lockit up, an' ilka body i' their beds?" he asked.

"My father is coming home to-night: didn't you know? But I should have thought a storm like this enough to account for people not being in bed."

"It's a fearfu' nicht for him to be sae far frae his. Whaur's he comin' frae? Ye never speyk to me noo, my leddy, an' naebody tellt me."

"He was to come from Fochabers to-night: Stoat took the bay mare to meet him yesterday."

"He wad never start in sic a win'. It's fit to blaw the saiddle aff o' the mear's back."

"He may have started before it came on to blow like this," said Lady Florimel.

Malcolm liked the suggestion the less because of its probability, believing, in that case, he should have arrived long ago. But he took care not to increase Florimel's alarm.

By this time Malcolm knew the whole of the accessible inside of the roof well—better far than any one else about the house. From one part to another, over the whole of it, he now led Lady Florimel. In the big-shadowed glimmer of his one candle all parts of the garret seemed to him frowning with knitted brows over resentful memories, as if the phantom forms of all the past joys and self-renewing sorrows, all the sins and wrongs, all the disappointments and failures of the house, had floated up, generation after generation, into that abode of helpless brooding, and there hung hovering above the fast fleeting life below, which now, in its turn, was ever sending up like fumes from heart and brain to crowd the dim, dreary, larva-haunted, dream-wallowing chaos of half-obiterated thought and feeling. To Florimel it looked a dread waste, a region deserted and forgotten, mysterious with far-reaching nooks of darkness, and now awful with the wind raving and howling over slates and leads so close to them on all sides, as if a flying army of demons were tearing at the roof to get in and find covert from pursuit.

At length they approached Malcolm's own quarters, where they would have to pass the very door of the wizard's chamber to reach a short ladder-like stair that led up into the midst of naked rafters, when, coming upon a small storm-window near the end of a long passage, Lady Florimel stopped and peeped out.

"The moon is rising," she said, and stood looking.

Malcolm glanced over her shoulder. Eastward a dim light shone up from behind the crest of a low hill. Great part of the sky was clear, but huge masses of broken cloud went sweeping across the heavens. The wind had moderated.

"Aren't we somewhere near your friend the wizard?" said Lady Florimel, with a slight tremble in the tone of mockery with which she spoke.

Malcolm answered as if he were not quite certain.

"Isn't your own room somewhere hereabouts?" asked the girl sharply.

"We'll jist gang till ae ither queer place," observed Malcolm, pretending not to have heard her, "and gien the rufe be a' richt there, I s' no bather my heid mair aboot it till the mornin'. It's but a few steps farther, an' syne a bit stair."

A fit of her not unusual obstinacy had, however, seized Lady Florimel.

"I won't move a step," she said, "until you have told me where the wizard's chamber is."

"Ahint ye, my leddy, gien ye wull hae 't," answered Malcolm, not unwilling to punish her a little—"jist at the far en' o' the transe there."

In fact, the window in which she stood lighted the whole length of the passage from which it opened.

Even as he spoke there sounded somewhere as it were the slam of a heavy iron door, the echoes of which seemed to go searching into every cranny of the multitudinous garrets. Florimel gave a shriek, and laying hold of Malcolm clung to him in terror. A sympathetic tremor, set in motion by her cry, went vibrating through the fisherman's powerful frame, and almost involuntarily he clasped her close. With wide eyes they stood staring down the long passage, of which, by the poor light they carried, they could not see a quarter of the length. Presently they heard a soft footfall along its floor, drawing slowly nearer through the darkness, and slowly out of the darkness grew the figure of a man, huge and dim, clad in a long flowing garment and coming

straight on to where they stood. They clung yet closer together. The apparition came within three yards of them, and then they recognized Lord Lossie in his dressing-gown.

They started asunder. Florimel flew to her father, and Malcolm stood expecting the last stroke of his evil fortune. The marquis looked pale, stern and agitated. Instead of kissing his daughter on the forehead as was his custom, he put her from him with one expanded palm, but the next moment drew her to his side. Then approaching Malcolm, he lighted at his the candle he carried, which a draught had extinguished on the way.

"Go to your room, MacPhail," he said, and turned from him, his arm still round Lady Florimel.

They walked away together down the long passage, vaguely visible in flickering fits. All at once their light vanished, and with it Malcolm's eyes seemed to have left him. But a merry laugh, the silvery thread in which was certainly Florimel's, reached his ears and brought him to himself.

## CHAPTER LVI.

### SOMETHING FORGOTTEN.

I WILL not trouble my reader with the thoughts that kept rising, flickering and fading, one after another, for two or three dismal hours as he lay with eyes closed but sleepless. At length he opened them wide and looked out into the room. It was a bright moonlit night; the wind had sunk to rest; all the world slept in the exhaustion of the storm. He only was awake; he could lie no longer: he would go out, and discover, if possible, the mischief the tempest had done.

He crept down the little spiral stair used only by the servants, and knowing all the mysteries of lock and bar was presently in the open air. First he sought a view of the building against the sky, but could not see that any portion was missing. He then proceeded to walk round the house, in order to find what had fallen.

There was a certain neglected spot nearly under his own window, where a wall across an interior angle formed a little court or yard: he had once peeped in at the door of it, which was always half open, and seemed incapable of being moved in either direction, but had seen nothing except a broken pail and a pile of brushwood. The flat arch over this door was broken, and the door itself half buried in a heap of blackened stones and mortar. Here was the avalanche whose fall had so terrified the household. The formless mass had yesterday been a fair-proportioned and ornate stack of chimneys.

He scrambled to the top of the heap, and sitting down on a stone carved with a plaited Celtic band, yet again he fell a-thinking. The marquis must dismiss him in the morning: would it not be better to go away now, and spare poor old Duncan a terrible fit of rage? He would suppose he had fled from the pseudo-maternal net of Mrs. Stewart, and not till he had found a place to which he could welcome him would he tell him the truth. But his nature recoiled both from the unmanliness of such a flight and from the appearance of conscious wrong it must involve, and he dismissed the notion. Scheme after scheme for the future passed through his head, and still he sat on the heap in the light of the high-gliding moon, like a ghost on the ruins of his earthly home, and his eyes went listlessly straying like servants without a master. Suddenly he found them occupied with a low iron-studded door in the wall of the house which he had never seen before. He descended, and found it hardly closed, for there was no notch to receive the heavy latch. Pushing it open on great rusty hinges, he saw within what in the shadow appeared a precipitous descent. His curiosity was roused: he stole back to his room and fetched his candle, and having, by the aid of his tinder-box, lighted it in the shelter of the heap, peeped again through the doorway, and saw what seemed a narrow cylindrical pit, only, far from showing a great yawning depth, it was filled with stones and rubbish nearly to

the bottom of the door. The top of the door reached almost to the vaulted roof, one part of which, close to the inner side of the circular wall, was broken. Below this breach fragments of stone projected from the wall, suggesting the remnants of a stair. With the sight came a foresight of discovery.

One foot on the end of a long stone sticking vertically from the rubbish, and another on one of the stones projecting from the wall, his head was already through the break in the roof, and in a minute more he was climbing a small, broken, but quite passable spiral staircase, almost a counterpart of that already described as going like a huge auger-bore through the house from top to bottom—that indeed by which he had just descended. There was most likely more of it buried below, probably communicating with an outlet in some part of the rock toward the burn, but the portion of it which, from long neglect, had gradually given way had fallen down the shaft, and cut off the rest with its ruins.

At the height of a story he came upon a built-up doorway, and again, at a similar height, upon another, but the parts filled in looked almost as old as the rest of the wall. Not until he reached the top of the stair did he find a door. It was iron-studded and heavily hinged, like that below. It opened outward—noiselessly he found, as if its hinges had been recently oiled—and admitted him to a small closet, the second door of which he opened hurriedly with a beating heart. Yes; there was the check-curtained bed: it must be the wizard's chamber! Crossing to another door, he found it both locked and further secured by a large iron bolt in a strong staple. This latter he drew back, but there was no key in the lock. With scarce a doubt remaining, he shot down the one stair and flew up the other to try the key that lay in his chest. One moment and he stood in the same room, admitted by the door next his own.

Some exposure was surely not far off. Anyhow, here was room for counterplot on the chance of baffling something underhand—villainy most likely where Mrs.

Catanach was concerned. And yet, with the control of it thus apparently given into his hands, he must depart, leaving the house at the mercy of a low woman, for the lock of the wizard's door would not exclude her long if she wished to enter and range the building. He would not go, however, without revealing all to the marquis, and would at once make some provision toward her discomfiture.

Going to the forge, and bringing thence a long bar of iron to use as a lever, he carefully drew from the door-frame the staple of the bolt, and then replaced it so that while it looked just as before, a good push would now send it into the middle of the room. Lastly, he slid the bolt into it, and having carefully removed all traces of disturbance, left the mysterious chamber by its own stair, and once more ascending to the passage, locked the door and retired to his room with the key.

He had now plenty to think about beyond himself. Here certainly was some small support to the legend of the wizard earl. The stair which he had discovered had been in common use at one time: its connection with other parts of the house had been cut off with an object, and by degrees it had come to be forgotten altogether: many villainies might have been effected by means of it. Mrs. Catanach must have discovered it the same night on which he found her there, had gone away by it then, and had certainly been making use of it since. When he smelt the sulphur she must have been lighting a match.

It was now getting toward morning, and at last he was tired. He went to bed and fell asleep. When he woke it was late, and as he dressed he heard the noise of hoofs and wheels in the stable-yard. He was sitting at his breakfast in Mrs. Courthope's room when she came in full of surprise at the sudden departure of her lord and lady. The marquis had rung for his man, and Lady Florimel for her maid, as soon as it was light; orders were sent at once to the stable; four horses were put to the traveling carriage; and they were gone, Mrs. Courthope could not tell whither.

Dreary as was the house without Florimel, things had turned out a shade or two better than Malcolm had expected, and he braced himself to endure his loss.

#### CHAPTER LVIII.

##### THE LAIRD'S QUEST.

THINGS were going pretty well with the laird: Phemy and he drew yet closer to each other, and as he became yet more peaceful in her company, his thoughts flowed more freely and his utterance grew less embarrassed, until at length, in talking with her, his speech was rarely broken with even a slight impediment, and a stranger might have overheard a long conversation between them without coming to any more disparaging conclusion in regard to him than that the hunchback was peculiar in mind as well as in body. But his nocturnal excursions continuing to cause her apprehension, and his representations of the delights to be gathered from Nature while she slept at the same time alluring her greatly, Phemy had become, both for her own pleasure and his protection, anxious in these also to be his companion.

With a vital recognition of law, and great loyalty to any utterance of either parent, she had yet been brought up in an atmosphere of such liberty that except a thing were expressly so conditioned, or in itself appeared questionable, she never dreamed of asking permission to do it; and, accustomed as she had been to go with the laird everywhere, and to be out with him early and late, her conscience never suggested the possibility of any objection to her getting up at twelve, instead of four or five, to accompany him. It was some time, however, before the laird himself would consent; and then he would not unfrequently interpose with limitations, especially if the night were not mild and dry, sending her always home again to bed. The mutual rule and obedience between them was something at once strange and lovely.

At midnight Phemy would enter the



shop and grope her way until she stood under the trap-door. This was the nearest she could come to the laird's chamber, for he had not only declined having the ladder stand there for his use, but had drawn a solemn promise from the carpenter that at night it should always be left slung up to the joists. For himself he had made a rope-ladder, which he could lower from beneath when he required it, invariably drew up after him, and never used for coming down.

One night Phemy made her customary signal by knocking against the trap-door with a long slip of wood: it opened, and, as usual, the body of the laird appeared hung for a moment in the square gap, like a huge spider, by its two hands, one on each side, then dropped straight to the floor, when without a word he hastened forth, and Phemy followed.

The night was very still, and rather dark, for it was cloudy about the horizon and there was no moon. Hand in hand the two made for the shore, here very rocky—a succession of promontories with little coves between. Down into one of these they went by a winding path, and stood at the lip of the sea. A violet dimness—or rather a semi-transparent darkness—hung over it, through which came now and then a gleam where the slow heave of some Triton shoulder caught a shine of the sky: a hush also, as of sleep, hung over it, which not to break the wavelets of the rising tide carefully stilled their noises; and the dimness and the hush seemed one. They sat down on a rock that rose but a foot or two from the sand, and for some moments listened in silence to the inarticulate story of the night.

At length the laird turned to Phemy, and taking one of her hands in both of his very solemnly said, as if breaking to her his life's trouble, "Phemy, I dinna ken whaur I cam frae."

"Hoot, laird! ye ken weel eneuch ye cam frae Go-od," answered Phemy, lengthening out the word with solemn utterance.

The laird did not reply, and again the night closed around them and the sea hushed at their hearts. But a soft light air

began to breathe from the south, and it waked the laird to more active thought. "Gien He wad but come oot an' shaw himsel'!" he said. "What for disna He come oot?"

"Wha wad ye hae come oot?" asked Phemy.

"Ye ken wha, weel eneuch. They say He 's a' gait at ance: jist hearken. What for will He aye bide in, an' *never* come oot an' lat a pair body see Him?"

The speech was broken into pauses, filled by the hush rather than noise of the tide, and the odor-like wandering of the soft air in the convolutions of their ears.

"The lown win' maun be his breath—sae quaiet! He 's no hurryin' himsel' the nicht. There 's never naeboddy rins efter *Him*.—Eh, Phemy! I jist thought He was gauin' to speyk."

This last exclamation he uttered in a whisper as the louder gush of a larger tide-pulse died away on the shore.

"Luik, Phemy, luik!" he resumed.

"Luik oot yonner. Dinna ye see something 'at micht grow to something?"

His eyes were fixed on a faint spot of steely blue out on the sea, not far from the horizon. It was hard to account for, with such a sky overhead, wherein was no lighter part to be seen that might be reflected in the water below; but neither of the beholders was troubled about its cause: there it glimmered on in the dimness of the wide night—a cold, faint splash of blue-gray.

"I dinna think muckle o' that, sir," said Phemy.

"It micht be the mark o' the sole o' his fut, though," returned the laird. "He micht hae jist setten 't doon, an' the water hae lowed (*flamed*) up about it, an' the low no be willin' to gang oot. Luik sharp, Phemy! there may come anither at the neist stride—anither futmark. Luik ye that gait an' I'll luik this. What for willna He come oot? The lift maun be fu' o' Him, an' I'm hungert for a sicht o' Him. Gien ye see onything, Phemy, cry oot."

"What will I cry?" asked Phemy.

"Cry 'Father o' lights!'" answered the laird.

"Will He hear to that, div ye think, sir?"

"Wha kens? He micht jist turn his heid, an' ae luik wad sair me for a hunner year."

"I s' cry gien I see anything," said Phemy.

As they sat watching, by degrees the laird's thoughts swerved a little. His gaze had fixed on the northern horizon, where, as if on the outer threshold of some mighty door, long low clouds, with varied suggestion of recumbent animal forms, had stretched themselves, like creatures of the chase watching for their lord to issue.

"Maybe He's no oot o' the hoose yet," he said. "Surely I canna be but He comes oot ilka nicht. He wad never hae made sic a sicht o' bonny things to lat them lie wi'oot onybody to gaither them. An' there's nae ill fowk the furth at this time o' nicht to mak an oogly din or disturb Him wi' the sicht o' them. He maun come oot i' the quaiet o' the nicht, or else what's 't a' for? Ay, He keeps the nicht till himsel', an' lea's the day to hiz (*us*). That'll be what the deep sleep fa's upo' men for, doobtless—to haud them oot o' his gait. Eh! I wuss He wad come oot when I was by. I micht get a glimpo' Him. Maybe He wad tak the hump aff o' me, and set things in order i' my heid, an' make me like ither fowk. Eh me! that wad be gran'! Naebody wad daur to touch me syne. Eh, Michty! come oot! Father o' lights! Father o' lights!"

He went on repeating the words till, growing softer and softer, his voice died away in silence, and still as his seat of stone he sat, a new Job, on the verge of the world-waters, like the old Job on his dunghill when he cried out, "Lo, He goeth by me, and I see Him not; He passeth on also, but I perceive Him not. Call Thou, and I will answer; or let me speak, and answer Thou me. Oh that I knew where I might find Him! that I might come even to his seat! Behold I go forward, but He is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive Him: on the left hand, where He doth work, but I cannot behold Him; He hideth

himself on the right hand, that I cannot see Him."

At length he rose and wandered away from the shore, his head sunk upon his chest. Phemy rose also, and followed him in silence. The child had little of the poetic element in her nature, but she had much of that from which everything else has to be developed—heart. When they reached the top of the brae she joined him, and said, putting her hand in his, but not looking at or even turning toward him, "Maybe He'll come oot upo' ye afore ye ken some day—whan ye're no luikin' for Him."

The laird stopped, gazed at her for a moment, shook his head and walked on.

Grassy steeps everywhere met the stones and sands of the shore, and the grass and the sand melted, as it were, and vanished each in the other. Just where they met in the next hollow stood a small building of stone with a tiled roof. It was now strangely visible through the darkness, for from every crevice a fire-illuminated smoke was pouring. But the companions were not alarmed, or even surprised. They bent their way toward it without hastening a step, and coming to a fence that enclosed a space around it, opened a little gate and passed through. A sleepy watchman challenged them.

"It's me," said the laird.

"A fine nicht, laird," returned the voice, and said no more.

The building was divided into several compartments, each with a separate entrance. On the ground in each burned four or five little wood fires, and the place was filled with smoke and glow. The smoke escaped partly by openings above the doors, but mostly by the cranies of the tiled roof. Ere it reached these, however, it had to pass through a great multitude of pendent herrings. Hung up by the gills, layer above layer, nearly to the roof, their last tails came down as low as the laird's head. From beneath nothing was to be seen but a firmament of herring-tails. These fish were the last of the season, and were thus undergoing the process of kipper-

ing. It was a new venture in the place, and its success as yet a question.

The laird went into one of the compartments, and searching about a little amongst the multitude within his reach, took down a plump one, then cleared away the blazing wood from the top of one of the fires, and laid his choice upon the glowing embers beneath.

"What are ye duin' there, laird?" cried Phemy from without, whose nostrils the resulting odor had quickly reached. "The fish is no yours."

"Ye dinna think I wad tak it wantin' leave, Phemy?" returned the laird. "Mony a supper hae I made this w'y, an' mony anither I houp to mak. It'll no be this sizzon, though, for this lot 's the last o' them. They're fine aitin', but I'm some feart ye winna keep."

"Wha gae ye leave, sir?" persisted Phemy, showing herself the indivertible guardian of his morals as well as of his freedom.

"Ow, Mr. Runcie himsel', of coorse," answered the laird. "Wull I pit ane on to you?"

"Did ye speir leave for me tu?" asked the righteous maiden.

"Ow, na, but I'll tell him the neist time I see him."

"I'm nae for ony," said Phemy.

The fish wanted little cooking. The laird turned it, and after another half minute of the fire took it up by the tail, sat down on a stone beside the door, spread a piece of paper on his knees, laid the fish upon it, pulled a lump of bread from his pocket, and proceeded to make his supper. Ere he began, however, he gazed all around with a look which Phemy interpreted as a renewed search for the Father of lights, whom he would fain thank for his gifts. When he had finished he threw the remnants into one of the fires, then went down to the sea, and there washed his face and hands in a rock-pool, after which they set off again, straying yet farther along the coast.

One of the peculiarities in the friendship of the strange couple was that, although so closely attached, they should maintain such a large amount of mu-

tual independence. They never quarrelled, but would flatly disagree, with never an attempt at compromise: the whole space between midnight and morning would sometimes glide by without a word spoken between them, and the one, or the other would often be lingering far behind. As, however, the ultimate goal of the night's wandering was always understood between them, there was little danger of their losing each other.

On the present occasion the laird, still full of his quest, was the one who lingered. Every few minutes he would stop and stare, now all around the horizon, now up to the zenith, now over the wastes of sky, for any moment, from any spot in heaven, earth or sea, the Father of lights might show foot or hand or face. He had at length seated himself on a lichen-covered stone with his head buried in his hands, as if, wearied with vain search for Him outside, he would now look within and see if God might not be there, when suddenly a sharp exclamation from Phemy reached him. He listened.

"Rin! rin! rin!" she cried, the last word prolonged into a scream.

While it yet rang in his ears the laird was halfway down the steep. In the open country he had not a chance, but knowing every cranny in the rocks large enough to hide him, with anything like a start near enough to the shore for his short-lived speed he was all but certain to evade his pursuers, especially in such a dark night as this.

He was not in the least anxious about Phemy, never imagining she might be less sacred in other eyes than in his, and knowing neither that her last cry of loving solicitude had gathered intensity from a cruel grasp, nor that while he fled in safety she remained a captive.

Trembling and panting like a hare just escaped from the hounds, he squeezed himself into a cleft, where he sat half covered with water until the morning began to break. Then he drew himself out and crept along the shore, from point to point, with keen circumspection, until he was right under the village and within hearing of its inhabitants, when he

ascended hurriedly and ran home. But having reached his burrow, pulled down his rope-ladder and ascended, he found with trebled dismay that his loft had been invaded during the night. Several of the hooked cords had been cut away, on one or two were shreds of clothing, and on the window-sill was a drop of blood.

He threw himself on the mound for a moment, then started to his feet, caught up his plaid, tumbled from the loft, and fled from Scaurnose as if a visible pestilence had been behind him.

#### CHAPTER LVIII.

##### MALCOLM AND MRS. STEWART.

WHEN her parents discovered that Phemy was not in her garret, it occasioned them no anxiety. When they had also discovered that neither was the laird in his loft, and were naturally seized with the dread that some evil had befallen him, his hitherto invariable habit having been to house himself with the first gleam of returning day, they supposed that Phemy, finding he had not returned, had set out to look for him. As the day wore on, however, without her appearing, they began to be a little uneasy about her as well. Still, the two might be together, and the explanation of their absence a very simple and satisfactory one: for a time, therefore, they refused to admit importunate disquiet. But before night anxiety, like the slow but persistent waters of a flood, had insinuated itself through their whole being—nor theirs alone, but had so mastered and possessed the whole village that at length all employment was deserted, and every person capable joined in a search along the coast, fearing to find their bodies at the foot of some cliff. The report spread to the neighboring villages. In Portlossie, Duncan went round with his pipes, arousing attention by a brief blast, and then crying the loss at every corner. As soon as Malcolm heard of it he hurried to find Joseph, but the only explanation of their absence he was prepared to suggest was one that had al-

ready occurred to almost everybody—that the laird, namely, had been captured by the emissaries of his mother, and that to provide against a rescue they had carried off his companion with him; on which supposition there was every probability that within a few days at farthest Phemy would be restored unhurt.

"There can be little doobt they hae gotten a grip o' 'm at last, puir fallow!" said Joseph. "But whatever's come till him, we canna sit doon an' ait oor mait ohn kent hoo Phemy's farin', puir wee lamb! Ye maun jist haud awa' ower to Kirkbyres, Ma'colm, an' get word o' yer mither, an' see gien onything can be made oot o' her."

The proposal fell on Malcolm like a great billow. "Blue Peter," he said, looking him in the face, "I took it as a mark o' yer freen'ship 'at ye never spak the word to me. What richt has ony man to ca' that wuman my mither? *I* hae never allooted it."

"I'm thinkin'," returned Joseph, the more easily nettled that his horizon also was full of trouble, "your word upo' the the maitter winna gang sae far 's John o' Groat's. Ye'll no be suppet for *your* witness upo' the pint."

"I wad as sune gang a mile intill the mou' o' hell as gang to Kirkbyres," said Malcolm.

"I hae my answer," said Peter, and turned away.

"But I s' gang," Malcolm went on. "The thing 'at maun be can be. Only I tell ye this, Peter," he added—"gien ever ye say sic a word 's yon i' my hearin' again—that is, afore the wuman has priven hersel' what she says—I s' gang by ye ever efter ohn spoken, for I'll ken 'at ye want nae mair o' *me*."

Joseph, who had been standing with his back to his friend, turned and held out his hand.

Malcolm took it. "Ae queston afore I gang, Peter," he said. "What for didna ye tell me what fowk was sayin' aboot me anent Lizzy Findlay?"

"'Cause I didna believe a word o' 't, an' I wasna gaen' to add onything to yer troubles."

"Lizzy never mootit sic a thing?"

"Never."

"I was sure o' that. Noo I'll awa' to Kirkbyres. God help me! I wad rather face Sawtan an' his muckle tyke! But dinna ye expect ony news. Gien yon ane kens, she's a' the surer no to tell. Only ye sanna say I didna du my best for ye."

It was the hardest trial of the will Malcolm had yet had to encounter. Trials of submission he had had, and tolerably severe ones, but to go and do what the whole feeling recoils from is to be weighed only against abstinence from what the whole feeling urges toward. He walked determinedly home, where Stoa saddled a horse for him while he changed his dress, and once more he set out for Kirkbyres.

Had Malcolm been at the time capable of attempting an analysis of his feeling toward Mrs. Stewart, he would have found it very difficult to effect. Satisfied as he was of the untruthful, even cruel, nature of the woman who claimed him, and conscious of a strong repugnance to any nearer approach between them, he was yet aware of a certain indescribable fascination in her. This, however, only caused him to recoil from her the more, partly from dread lest it *might* spring from the relation she asserted, and partly that, whatever might be its root, it wrought upon him in a manner he hardly disliked the less that it certainly had nothing to do with the filial. But his feelings were too many and too active to admit of the analysis of any one of them, and ere he reached the house his mood had grown fierce.

He was shown into a room where the fire had not been many minutes lighted. It had long, narrow windows, over which the ivy had grown so thick that he was in it some moments ere he saw through the dusk that it was a library—not half the size of that at Lossie House, but far more ancient and, although evidently neglected, more study-like.

A few minutes passed, then the door softly opened, and Mrs. Stewart glided swiftly across the floor with outstretched arms. "At last!" she said, and would have clasped him to her bosom.

But Malcolm stepped back. "Na, na, mem," he said: "it takes twa to that."

"Malcolm!" she exclaimed, her voice trembling with emotion—of some kind.

"Ye may ca' me your son, mem, but I ken nae gr'un' yet for ca'in' you my—" He could not say the word.

"That is very true, Malcolm," she returned gently, "but this interview is not of my seeking. I wish to precipitate nothing. So long as there is a single link, or half a link even, missing from the chain of which one end hangs at my heart—" She paused, with her hand on her bosom, apparently to suppress rising emotion. Had she had the sentence ready for use?—"I will not subject myself," she went on, "to such treatment as it seems I must look for from you. It is hard to lose a son, but it is harder yet to find him again after he has utterly ceased to be one." Here she put her handkerchief to her eyes. "Till the matter is settled, however," she resumed, "let us be friends—or at least not enemies. What did you come for now?—not to insult me, surely? Is there anything I can do for you?"

Malcolm felt the dignity of her behavior, but not the less, after his own straightforward manner, answered her question to the point: "I cam aboot naething concernin' mysel', mem. I cam to see whether ye kent onything aboot Phemy Mair."

"Is it a wo—? I don't even know who she is. You don't mean the young woman that—? Why do you come to me about her? Who is she?"

Malcolm hesitated a moment: if she really did not know what he meant, was there any risk in telling her? But he saw none. "Wha is she, mem?" he returned. "I whiles think she maun be the laird's guid angel, though in shape she's but a wee bit lassie. She maks up for a heap to the laird. Him an' her, mem, they've disappear't thegither, naebody kens whaur."

Mrs. Stewart laughed a low, unpleasant laugh, but made no other reply.

Malcolm went on: "An' it's no to be wonnert at gien fowk wull hae 't 'at ye maun ken something aboot it, mem."



"I know nothing whatever," she returned emphatically. "Believe me or not, as you please," she added with heightened color. "If I did know anything," she went on, with apparent truthfulness, "I don't know that I should feel bound to tell it. As it is, however, I can only say I know nothing of either of them. That I do say most solemnly."

Malcolm turned, satisfied at least that he could learn no more.

"You are not going to leave me so?" the lady said, and her face grew "sad as sad could be."

"There's naething mair atween 's, mem," answered Malcolm without turning even his face.

"You will be sorry for treating me so some day."

"Weel, than, mem, I will be, but that day's no the day (*to-day*)."

"Think what you could do for your poor witless brother if—"

"Mem," interrupted Malcolm, turning right round and drawing himself up in anger, "pruv' at I 'm your son, an' that meenute I speir at you wha was my father."

Mrs. Stewart changed color—neither with the blush of innocence nor with the pallor of guilt, but with the gray of mingled rage and hatred. She took a step forward with the quick movement of a snake about to strike, but stopped midway and stood looking at him with glittering eyes, teeth clenched and lips half open.

Malcolm returned her gaze for a moment or two. "Ye never was the mither, whaever was the father o' me," he said, and walked out of the room.

He had scarcely reached the door when he heard a heavy fall, and looking round saw the lady lying motionless on the floor. Thoroughly on his guard, however, and fearful both of her hatred and her blandishments, he only made the more haste down stairs, where he found a maid and sent her to attend o her mistress. In a minute he was mounted and trotting fast home, considerably happier than before, inasmuch as he was now almost beyond doubt convinced that Mrs. Stewart was not his mother.

## CHAPTER LIX.

## AN HONEST PLOT.

EVER since the visit of condolence with which the narrative of these events opened there had been a coolness between Mrs. Mellis and Miss Horn. Mr. Mellis's shop was directly opposite Miss Horn's house, and his wife's parlor was over the shop, looking into the street; hence the two neighbors could not but see each other pretty often: beyond a stiff nod, however, no sign of smouldering friendship had as yet broken out. Miss Horn was consequently a good deal surprised when, having gone into the shop to buy some trifle, Mr. Mellis informed her in all but a whisper that his wife was very anxious to see her alone for a moment, and begged her to have the goodness to step up to the parlor. His customer gave a small snort, betraying her first impulse to resentment, but her nobler nature, which was never far from the surface, constrained her compliance.

Mrs. Mellis rose hurriedly when the plumb-line figure of her neighbor appeared, ushered in by her husband, and received her with a somewhat embarrassed *empressment*, arising from the consciousness of good-will, disturbed by the fear of imputed meddlesomeness. She knew the inward justice of Miss Horn, however, and relied upon that, even while she encouraged herself by waking up the ever-present conviction of her own great superiority in the *petite morale* of social intercourse. Her general tendency, indeed, was to look down upon Miss Horn: is it not usually the less that looks down on the greater? I had almost said it must be, for that the less only *can* look down; but that would not hold absolutely in the kingdoms of this world, while in the kingdom of heaven it is all looking up.

"Sit ye doon, Miss Horn," she said: "it 's a lang time sin' we had a news thegither."

Miss Horn seated herself with a begrudged acquiescence.

Had Mrs. Mellis been more of a tactician, she would have dug a few approaches ere she opened fire upon the

fortress of her companion's fair-hearing; but instead of that she at once discharged the imprudent question: "Was ye at hame last nicht, mem, atween the hoors o' aucht an' nine?"

A shot which instantly awoke in reply the whole battery of Miss Horn's indignation: "Wha am I, to be speirt sic a question? Wha but yersel' wad hae daurt it, Mistress Mellis?"

"Huly (*softly*), huly, Miss Horn!" expostulated her questioner. "I hae no wuss to pry intill ony secrets o' yours, or—"

"Secrets!" shouted Miss Horn.

But her consciousness of good intent and all but assurance of final victory upheld Mrs. Mellis. "—or Jean's aither," she went on, apparently regardless; "but I wad fain be sure ye kent a' aboot yer ain hoose 'at a body micht chance to see frae the croon o' the caus'ay (*middle of the street*)."

"The parlor-blind's gane up crookit sin' ever that thoomb-fingered cratur, Watty Witherspail, made a new roller till 't. Gien 't be that ye mean, Mistress Mellis—"

"Hoots!" returned the other. "Hoo far can ye lippen to that Jean o' yours, mem?"

"Nae far'er nor the len'th o' my nose an' the breid o' my twa een," was the scornful answer.

Although, however, she thus manifested her resentment of Mrs. Mellis's catechetical attempts at introducing her subject, Miss Horn had no desire to prevent the free outcome of her approaching communication.

"In that case, I may speyk oot," said Mrs. Mellis.

"Use yer freedom."

"Weel, I wull. Ye was hardly oot o' the hoose last nicht afore—"

"Ye saw me gang oot?"

"Ay, did I."

"What gart ye speir, than? What for sud a body come screwin' up a straucht stair—noo the face an' noo the back o' her?"

"Weel, I nott (*needed*) na hae speirt. But that's naething to the p'int. Ye hadna been gane, as I was sayin', ower

a five meenutes whan in cam a licht intill the bedroom neist the parlor, an' Jean appear wi' a can'le in her han'. There was nae licht i' this room but the licht o' the fire—an' no muckle o' that, for 'twas maistly peat—sae I saw her weel eneuch ohn bein' seen mysel'. She cam straucht to the window and drew doon the blind, but lost hersel' a bit, or she wad never hae set doon her can'le whaur it cuist a shaidow o' hersel' an' her duin's upo' the blind."

"An' what was 't she was efter, the jaud?" cried Miss Horn, without any attempt to conceal her growing interest.

"She made naethin' o' 't, whatever it was; for doon the street cam the schuilmaister an' chappit at the door, an' gaed in an' waitit till ye cam hame."

"Weel?" said Miss Horn.

But Mrs. Mellis held her peace.

"Weel?" repeated Miss Horn.

"Weel," returned Mrs. Mellis, with a curious mixture of deference and conscious sagacity in her tone, "a' 'at I tak upo' me to say is, Think ye twice afore ye lippen to that Jean o' yours."

"I lippen naething till her. I wad as sune lippen to the dottle o' a pipe amo' dry strae. What saw ye, Mistress Mellis?"

"Ye needna speyk like that," returned Mrs. Mellis, for Miss Horn's tone was threatening: "I'm no Jean."

"What saw ye?" repeated Miss Horn, more gently, but not less eagerly.

"Whause is that kist o' mahogany drawers i' that bedroom, gien I may preshume to speir?"

"Whause but mine?"

"They're no Jean's?"

"Jean's!"

"Ye micht hae latten her keep her bit duds i' them, for onything I kent."

"Jean's duds in my Grizel's drawers! A lik'ly thing!"

"Hm! They war poor Miss Cam'el's, war they?"

"They war Grizel Cam'el's drawers as lang's she had use for ony; but what for ye sud say *poor* till her I dinna ken, 'cep' it be 'at she's gane whaur they haena muckle 'at needs layin' in drawers. That's neither here nor there. Div

ye tell me 'at Jean was intromittin' wi' thae drawers? They're a' lockit, ilk ane o' them; an' they're guid locks."

"No ower-guid to hae keyes to them, are they?"

"The keyes are i' my pooch," said Miss Horn, clapping her hand to the skirt of her dress. "They're aye i' my pooch, though I haena had the feelin's to mak use o' them sin' she left me."

"Are ye sure they war there last nicht, mem?"

Miss Horn seemed struck. "I had on my black silk last nicht," she answered vaguely, and was silent, pondering doubtfully.

"Weel, mem, jist ye put on yer black silk again the morn's nicht, an' come ower here aboot aucht o'clock, an' ye'll be able to jeedge by her ongang whan ye're no i' the hoose gien there be onything amiss wi' Jean. There canna be muckle ill dune yet, that's a comfort."

"What ill, by (*beyond*) meddlin' wi' what doesna concern her, cud the wuman du?" said Miss Horn, with attempted confidence.

"That ye sud ken best yersel', mem. But Jean's an awfu' gossip, an' a lady like yer cousin micht hae left dockiments ahint her 'at she wadna jist like to hear procleemt frae the hoosetap. No 'at *she* 'll ever hear onything mair, poor thing!"

"What mean ye?" cried Miss Horn, half frightened, half angry.

"Jist what I say, neither mair nor less," returned Mrs. Mellis. "Miss Cam'ell may weel hae left letters for enstance, an' hoo wad they fare in Jean's han's?"

"Whan I never had the hert to open her drawers!" exclaimed Miss Horn, enraged at the very notion of the crime. "I hae *nae* feelin's, thank God for the furnishin' o' me!"

"I doobt Jean has her full share o' a' feelin's belangin' to fallen human natur'," said Mrs. Mellis with a slow horizontal oscillation of her head. "But ye jist come an' see wi' yer ain een, an' syne jeedge for yersel': it's no business o' mine."

"I'll come the nicht, Mistress Mellis. Only lat it be atween 's twa."

"I can haud my tongue, mem—that is, frae a' but ane. Sae lang's merried fowk sleeps in ae bed, it's ill to haud onything till a body's sel'."

"Mr. Mellis is a douce man, an' I carena what he kens," answered Miss Horn.

She descended to the shop, and having bought bulk enough to account to Jean for her lengthened stay, for she had beyond a doubt been watching the door of the shop, she crossed the street, went up to her parlor and rang the bell. The same moment Jean's head was popped in at the door: she had her reasons for always answering the bell like a bullet.

"Mem?" said Jean.

"Jean, I'm gaein' oot the nicht. The minister oucht to be spoken till aboot the schuilmaister, honest man! Tak the lantren wi' ye to the manse aboot ten o'clock: that 'll be time eneuch."

"Verra weel, mem. But I'm thinkin' there's a mune the nicht."

"Naething but the doup o' ane, Jean. It's no to ca' a mune. It's a mercy we hae lantrens, an' sic a sicht o' cairds (*gypsies*) aboot!"

"Ay, the lantren lats them see whaur ye are, an' haud oot o' yer gait," said Jean, who happened not to relish going that night.

"Troth, wuman, ye 're richt there," returned her mistress with cheerful assent. "The mair they see o' ye, the less they 'll meddle wi' ye—caird or cadger. Haud ye the licht upo' yer ain face, lass, an' there 's feow 'ill hae the hert to luik again."

"Haith, mem, there 's twa sic-like o' 's," returned Jean bitterly, and bounced from the room.

"That's true tu," said her mistress; adding after the door was shut, "It's a peety we cudna haud on thegither."

"I'm gaein' noo, Jean," she called into the kitchen as she crossed the threshold at eight o'clock.

She turned toward the head of the street in the direction of the manse, but out of the range of Jean's vision made a circuit, and entered Mr. Mellis's house by the garden at the back.

In the parlor she found a supper pre-

pared to celebrate the renewal of old goodwill. The clear crystal on the table; the new loaf, so brown without and so white within; the rich, clear-complexioned butter, undebased with a particle of salt; the self-satisfied hum of the kettle in attendance for the guidman's toddy; the bright fire, the golden glow of the brass fender in its red light, and the dish of boiled potatoes set down before it under a snowy cloth; the pink eggs, the yellow haddock and the crimson strawberry jam, all combined their influences—each with its private pleasure wondrously heightened by the zest of a secret watch and the hope of discomfited mischief—to draw into a friendship what had hitherto been but a somewhat insecure neighborhood. From below came the sound of the shutters which Mr. Mellis was putting up a few minutes earlier than usual; and when presently they sat down to the table, and after prologue judged suitable proceeded to enjoy the good things before them, an outside observer would have thought they had a pleasant evening, if not Time himself, by the forelock.

But Miss Horn was uneasy. The thought of what Jean *might* have already discovered had haunted her all day long, for her reluctance to open her cousin's drawers had arisen mainly from the dread of finding justified a certain painful suspicion which had haunted the whole of her intercourse with Grizel Campbell—namely, that the worm of a secret had been lying at the root of her life, the cause of all her illness, and of her death at last. She had fought with, out-argued and banished the suspicion a thousand times while she was with her, but evermore it had returned; and now since her death, when again and again on the point of turning over her things, she had been always deterred by the fear not so much of finding what would pain herself as of discovering what Grizel would not wish her to know. Never was there a greater contrast between form and reality, between person and being, between manner and nature, than existed in Margaret Horn; the shell was rough, the kernel absolute delicacy. Not

for a moment had her suspicion altered her behavior to the gentle suffering creature toward whom she had adopted the relation of an elder and stronger sister. To herself, when most satisfied of the existence of a secret, she steadily excused her cousin's withholdment of confidence on the ground of her own lack of feelings: how could she unbosom herself to such as she? And now the thought of eyes like Jean's exploring Grizel's forsaken treasures made her so indignant and restless that she could hardly even pretend to enjoy her friends' hospitality.

Mrs. Mellis had so arranged the table and their places that she and her guest had only to lift their eyes to see the window of their watch, while she punished her husband for the virile claim to greater freedom from curiosity by seating him with his back to it, which made him every now and then cast a fidgety look over his shoulder—not greatly to the detriment of his supper, however. Their plan was to extinguish their own the moment Jean's light should appear, and so watch without the risk of counter-discovery.

"There she comes!" cried Mrs. Mellis; and her husband and Miss Horn made such haste to blow out the candle that they knocked their heads together, blew in each other's face, and the first time missed it.

Jean approached the window with hers in her hand and pulled down the blind. But, alas! beyond the form of a close-bent elbow moving now and then across a corner of the white field, no shadow appeared upon it!

Miss Horn rose.

"Sit doon, mem, sit doon! ye hae naething to gang upo' yet," exclaimed Mr. Mellis, who, being a baillie, was an authority.

"I can sit nae langer, Mr. Mellis," returned Miss Horn. "I hae enouch to gang upo' as lang's I hae my ain flure aneth my feet: the wuman has no business there. I'll jist slip across an' gang in as quaiet as a sowl intill a boady, but I s' warran' I s' mak a din afore I come oot again." With a grim diagonal nod she left the room.

Although it was now quite dark, she yet deemed it prudent to go by the garden-gate into the back lane, and so cross the street lower down. Opening her own door noiselessly — thanks to Jean, who kept the lock well oiled for reasons of Mrs. Catanach's — she closed it as silently, and, long-boned as she was, crept up the stair like a cat. The light was shining from the room: the door was ajar. She listened at it for a moment, and could distinguish nothing: then, fancying she heard the rustle of paper, could bear it no longer, pushed the door open and entered. There stood Jean, staring at her with fear-blanced face, a deep top-drawer open before her, and her hands full of things she was in the act of replacing. Her terror culminated and its spell broke in a shriek when her mistress sprang upon her like a tigress.

The watchers in the opposite house heard no cry, and only saw a heave of two intermingled black shadows across the blind, after which they neither heard nor saw anything more. The light went on burning until its final struggle with the darkness began, when it died with many a flickering throb. Unable at last to endure the suspense, now growing to fear, any longer, they stole across the street, opened the door and went in. Over the kitchen-fire, like an evil spirit of the squabby order, crouched Mrs. Catanach, waiting for Jean: no one else was to be found.

About ten o'clock the same evening, as Mr. Graham sat by his peat-fire, some one lifted the latch of the outer door and knocked at the inner. His invitation to enter was answered by the appearance of Miss Horn, gaunt and grim as usual, but with more than the wonted fire gleaming from the shadowy cavern of her bonnet. She made no apology for the lateness of her visit, but seated herself at the other side of the deal table, and laid upon it a paper parcel, which she proceeded to open with much deliberation and suppressed plenitude. Having at length untied the string with the long fingers of a hand which, notwithstanding its evident strength, trembled so as almost to defeat the attempt, she

took from the parcel a packet of old letters sealed with spangled wax, and pushed it across the table to the schoolmaster, saying, "Hae, Sandy Graham! Naebody but yersel' has a richt to say what's to be dune wi' *them*."

He put out his hand and took them gently, with a look of sadness, but no surprise.

"Dinna think I hae been readin' them, Sandy Graham. Na, na: I wad read nae honest man's letters, be they written to wha they micht."

Mr. Graham was silent.

"Ye're a guid man, Sandy Graham," Miss Horn resumed, "gien God ever took the pains to mak ane. Dinna think onything atween you an' her wad hae brocht me at this time o' nicht to disturb ye in yer ain chaumer. Na, na. Whatever was atween you twa had an honest man intill't, an' I wad hae taen my time to gie ye back yer dockiments. But there's some o' anither mark here."

As she spoke she drew from the parcel a small cardboard box broken at the sides and tied with a bit of tape. This she undid, and, turning the box upside down, tumbled its contents out on the table before him. "What mak ye o' sic like as thae?" she said.

"Do you want me to—?" asked the schoolmaster with trembling voice.

"I jist div," she answered.

They were a number of little notes—some of but a word or two, and signed with initials; others longer, and signed in full. Mr. Graham took up one of them reluctantly and unfolded it softly. He had hardly looked at it when he started and exclaimed, "God have mercy! What can be the date of this?"

There was no date to it. He held it in his hand for a minute, his eyes fixed on the fire, and his features almost convulsed with his efforts at composure; then laid it gently on the table, and said, but without turning his eyes to Miss Horn, "I cannot read this. You must not ask me. It refers doubtless to the time when Miss Campbell was governess to Lady Annabel. I see no end to be answered by *my* reading one of these letters."



"I daur say. Wha ever saw 'at wad-na luik?" returned Miss Horn with a glance keen as an eagle's into the thoughtful eyes of her friend.

"Why not do by the writer of these as you have done by me? Why not take them to him?" suggested Mr. Graham.

"That wad be but thoomb-fingert wark, to lat gang the en' o' yer hank," exclaimed Miss Horn.

"I do not understand you, ma'am."

"Weel, I maun gar ye un'erstan' me. There's things whiles, Sandy Graham, 'at 's no easy to speyk aboot, but I hae nae feelin's, an' we'll a' be deid or lang, an' that's a comfort. Man 'at ye are, ye're the only human bein' I wad open my moo' till aboot this maitter, an' that's 'cause ye lo'e the memory o' my puir lassie, Grizel Cam'ell."

"It is not her memory, it is herself I love," said the schoolmaster with trembling voice. "Tell me what you please: you may trust me."

"Gien I needit you to tell me that, I

wad trust ye as I wad the black dog wi' butter. Hearken, Sandy Graham!"

The result of her communication and their following conference was that she returned about midnight with a journey before her, the object of which was to place the letters in the safe-keeping of a lawyer friend in the neighboring county town.

Long before she reached home Mrs. Catanach had left—not without communication with her ally, in spite of a certain precaution adoped by her mistress, the first thing the latter did when she entered being to take the key of the cellar-stairs from her pocket and release Jean, who issued crestfallen and miserable, and was sternly dismissed to bed. The next day, however, for reasons of her own, Miss Horn permitted her to resume her duties about the house without remark, as if nothing had happened serious enough to render further measures necessary.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### BY MOONLIGHT.

WE wandered through the dim aisles of the wood,  
Whose clustered trees, like statues gray and hoary,  
Tall sculptured kings, in stately silence stood,  
Crowned with the broad moon's white and solemn glory.

Through leafy arches poured the liquid light,  
And bathed the earth in soft and lucent splendor:  
A dreamy sweetness filled the fragrant night,  
A peaceful ecstasy, serene and tender.

Between us walked the shadow of a Shade,  
Veiled in white moonlight, crowned with asphodel:  
Our close-linked hands within its clasp were laid,  
And all the air was throbbing with its spell.

"For ever!" then we heard the still voice say:

"With me can be no Past and no To-morrow!"

Swiftly the shrouding mystery swept away:

We dreamed it Love, and, lo! we knew it Sorrow.

KATE HILLARD.

## GALERA.

"LET us take a fine day and a carriage," said one of us as we were strolling one lovely afternoon on the high ground in the immediate neighborhood of Monte Maria at Rome, "and go to see Galera."

"With all my heart," said the person addressed; "and if I am not mistaken we shall have a fine day to-morrow. Let us go and see Galera by all means. But who is she? and where does she live?"

"She is the very type of the abomination of desolation. She dwells in the profoundest seclusion on a forest-covered knoll hard by the solitary shore of the melancholy Lago di Bracciano. All her children have deserted her. The air she breathes is pestiferous: disease and death are round about her. She is on the whole, perhaps, the most melancholy object to look on that I have anywhere met with in the course of my pilgrimages on the face of this earth," replied the first speaker.

"Your account can hardly be said to be an inviting one," returned his companion. "Why should we go to see Galera? Can we be of any service to the unhappy old creature?"

"We can render her no service whatever: no one can do so. Nevertheless, we will go and see her, for the sight of her is as curious as it is melancholy. In a word, Galera is a small city which has been deserted on account of the malaria. It has not only dwindled and become wretched like many another locality in the fever-stricken Campagna and in the Maremma, where decimated remnants of population continue to live on in what to the more fortunate seems a living death. At Galera the fiend has definitively conquered. There he has put forth his utmost strength, and man has either left his bones there or has fled before his power. The place is one the like of which you have never seen or imagined. It is worth a visit, I assure you."

It was on an afternoon in January that the foregoing conversation took place—one of those exquisitely delicious Roman winter evenings with a soft and gentle freshness in the air, but without the sensation of a nip in it: a climate the charm of which no other on the earth that I know can match. And at that season a visit even to Galera might be made without danger, provided that you went fortified by a good and substantial meal against the demon lurking there all the year round, that you were not seduced into sitting about in the picturesque environs, and that you took due care to start on your return before sunset. Even at that time it would very probably be fatal to sleep there. But the distance from Rome is not more than fifteen miles, and we could therefore count safely upon being ere nightfall within the shelter of the walls of the Eternal City.

But it appeared not to be the simplest thing in the world to hire a carriage and desire the driver to drive you to Galera. Some had never heard of such a place: others had heard of it as a place to which no human creature would willingly go, but had not the least idea as to its whereabouts. We must go to La Storta, a name very familiar in the ears of travelers in the old ante-railway days, for it is the first post-house on the road to Florence, and nine miles from Rome. There or thereabouts we must quit the high-road and turn to the left—toward the coast, that is, and in the direction of the Lake of Bracciano. Beyond this the course it behooved us to take was not so clear. At last, after consultation with every casual bystander, and lengthy expressions of opinion on the part of each, the proprietor of a "botte" (such is the Roman slang word for a cab) and of a right good horse—such as may often be found between Roman, and never between Florentine, shafts—engaged to take us to a spot not much more than a mile from the deserted walls of Galera,

and named from that hapless town Santa Maria di Galera.

Of our drive to La Storta in the crisp morning air of the next morning little need be said. As soon as the Tiber has been crossed at the Ponte Molle the road becomes very solitary and cheerless, but not more so than is pretty nearly every road out of Rome, save that the aspect of the post-house at La Storta had a melancholy about it characteristic of its having seen better days, when the stream of travel from the North passed that way. After leaving the great road at La Storta the appearance of desolation became more marked and the general aspect of the country wilder and more picturesque. Yet the road we were now following was once a famous Roman highway leading to cities of note—the Via Claudia, which branched off from the Via Flaminia in the near neighborhood of the modern post-station of La Storta. Some five miles' drive through a country gradually becoming more wooded brought us to Santa Maria di Galera, a solitary farm-house and *osteria*, with those huge outbuildings so common around the farm-houses in the Roman Campagna, which always look a world too wide for any uses the present occupier can have for them—one phase of the universal appearance of decadence which every department of life and every sight that meets the eye suggests to the most casual observer of Roman things and Roman surroundings. There is in the huge farm-yard a long inscription composed in choice lapidary Latin style, chiseled in uncial letters in the marble, and adorned with pretentious architectural ornamentation, which tells how some pope of two or three centuries ago caused the water, that still flows in resplendent purity into a dilapidated cattle-trough, to be conducted hither in underground pipes. The gaunt and meagre but large-framed and monstrous-horned cattle, seconded by the careless unthrift of Roman laziness, had made a loathsome slough of all the ground in front of this ostentatiously-recorded conduit, and the contrast between the past and present tenses of the scene contained, for those

who could read it, a sufficiently suggestive page of history and a whole disquisition on political economy.

We were on rather high ground, and could see farther than the object of our pilgrimage in various directions, but we could not see Galera. The face of the country is extremely *accidenté*, and much diversified with small coppices; so that it was intelligible enough that we might not discover it. We knew, however, the direction in which it was situated, and imagined that we could not fail to find it without difficulty. But such, we were assured by the people of the solitary *osteria*, would not be the case, and we were counseled to accept the services of a guide. Though strongly suspecting that the difficulties of the undertaking were exaggerated for the sake of the franc or two which might be the guide's fee, yet as the nature of the country seemed a puzzling one, and especially as our time was limited, we consented to place ourselves under the direction of a nondescript sort of individual answering to what would in Ireland be called "the odd boy." He was an exceedingly shaggy specimen of humanity, appearing to our Northern eyes to be about sixteen or seventeen, but, as we subsequently learned, more than nineteen years of age. He wore a ragged felt hat of that peculiar form which is so curiously common to the Irish and the Roman peasant. (Did the reader who may have traveled in Ireland, or has otherwise had an opportunity of observing the figures of the lower classes of Irish, ever remark the exceedingly singular and striking resemblance in clothing, bearing, gait and general appearance of the two above-mentioned classes?) The upper part of his person was clad in a white shirt of a texture resembling the sail of a fishing-smack, and the nether portion in huge sheepskin breeches tanned with the wool on. He was portentously ugly, which is not usual among the Roman peasantry, but his huge coarse, gawking mouth, great eyes and broad flat nose were free from that expression of malignity which so often characterizes the handsome faces of these people. His nose was Socratic,

but the condition of his intelligence did not appear to match it, for he seemed to be marvelously stupid. We thought, however, that he must have wit enough to serve the purpose in hand, and committed ourselves to his guidance nothing doubting.

The way by which he led us was one which a Newfoundland dog might have been expected to choose—nearly as straight as a bee-line, but taking us through thickets, up and down places almost precipitous, and through water-courses; whereas, as we suspected at the time, and found to be the case afterward, there was a very fair path in another direction, which would have taken us to the ancient gateway in the wall of the deserted town, instead of bringing us, as the pathless route taken by Shockhead did, to the outside of the walls on the opposite side of the place.

The ravine into which we plunged almost immediately after leaving Santa Maria would in Switzerland have assumed an aspect as cheerful as it was picturesque. The woodman's axe would have been heard in the forest; the cheerful call of herdsmen would have resounded from hill to hill; the rushing brook would have been made to do duty in some way for the well-being of man. How different were all the sights and sounds of the scene here! Everything that met the ear or the eye spoke of desolation, decay and death. All told of retrogression instead of progress. And this is the secret of that ineffable sense of melancholy which associates itself with the strange and still fascinating beauty of the Roman Campagna in all its phases. Malaria? Yes, the malaria demon was there, and indicated his baleful presence in a hundred forms. But malaria is the product of combined laziness and misgovernment. Transfer that desolate district into the centre of a Swiss canton, and its inhabitants would in a very few years find the means of exorcising the fiend. Here he reigns supreme. His victims die, or drag on lives in which death is chronically at odds with life, but no man raises a hand against him. The animals, which alone represent the

element of life in the forlorn scene, are suggestively contrasted with those which people the pastures of happier lands. The sleek, paunchy burgher of a Swiss town is not more unlike a ruffian mediæval baron of the Apennines than the smooth-skinned, well-fed, profitable, peaceful cow on a Swiss hillside is unlike the huge, gaunt, half-wild creatures, with their monstrous horns, the tips some four feet asunder, that roam drearily over these hills and valleys.

But withal there is a strangely fascinating beauty about the region, which increases as Galera is approached. We were leaving the Lake of Bracciano farther behind us, and following, though not accurately or entirely so, the direction of the valley of the Arrone, the stream which is the outlet of the lake taking its waters in a south-westerly direction toward the Mediterranean. The steep and deep ravine through which the little river runs is enclosed between precipices of basaltic lava, indicating the volcanic nature of the whole district. The ancient town stands on a bold and nearly-isolated promontory almost surrounded by the valley, with its stream at the bottom of it—a situation just such as a lawless noble bandit loved to select for his dwelling in the days when the inaccessibility of a residence was as valuable and as much sought a quality as is its exact reverse in our days. The sides of the ravine in the immediate neighborhood of the town are thickly and picturesquely covered by a luxuriant growth of coppice of the most varied description, the greater portion of it being evergreen. An artist might find subjects for a dozen sketches, each more enticing than the other, and work many a day in the combinations of rock, water, evergreen foliage and gray, ruinous, lichen- and ivy-grown wall.

Under the guidance of Shockhead we made our way up the ravine, crossing and recrossing the stream, and finding a path as best we might among the wood, till we came round to the southern side of the town. Here we saw the old gray walls emerging out of the sea of verdure high above us, and proceeded to clamber up the side of the ravine. It was a task

of some labor, for, January as it was, a blazing sun was shining fiercely, and the south-looking side of the ravine had the temperature of a hot-house. At last we found ourselves at the foot of the town-wall. It was not altogether in a condition that a Vauban or a Turenne would have deemed satisfactory, but it was still sufficient to oppose an apparently insurmountable obstacle to our entrance into the town, or indeed to our farther progress in any except a retrograde direction.

But, lo! Galera was not an utterly deserted city, after all! Niched in among the evergreens at the very foot of the wall we discovered a cottage. A cottage? Well, I hardly think that that term will enable any one of those likely to become my readers to picture to himself any semblance of the dwelling I would fain describe to him. It could not be called "detached," or even "semi-detached," for it was erected against the stout old town-wall, which indeed constituted a part of it. It was not constructed of stone or brick or timber or mud or rushes or canes, though all these materials seemed to have contributed something toward the edifice, which was of a more emphatically Composite order of architecture than any other I have ever met with. Of all the recognized materials for human building, mortar seemed to be the only one which the architect had entirely neglected. Ornamentation, of a somewhat costly kind too, could not be said to be entirely wanting, for fragments of sculptured stone might be seen here and there in strangely abnormal positions, a huge piece of heraldic blazonry, for instance, deeply cut in the stone supporting one corner of the foundations, while the carved capital of a column did duty as a seat on one side of what seemed the entrance. Bricks, innocent of mortar save such still adhering fragments as they had brought with them from their last place, entered largely into the composition of the structure, and might have done so to any larger extent had it been worth while to bring more of them from the ruined tenements within the town. Tiles, too, made a part of the roof, in combination with wattles of cane and

rushes, though tiles to any extent might have been had for the taking. Ready-made doors must have been abundant in the quarry from which the materials of that dwelling had mainly been taken, but the architect of it had not thought fit to utilize them. What did duty as such was merely a sort of hurdle swinging on a stake, and formed of canes and reeds.

Yet the place was evidently inhabited. Around it, and close under the wall of the town, there was some little attempt at gardening. Some potato-plants, a few heads of lettuce, a few onions, leeks and cabbages might be seen. How a Scotch gardener would have envied that bit of wall! Peaches and nectarines, or whatever required the choicest efforts of his art, might have been grown there in that January weather. It was all hot-house. Resting on some mutilated but still handsomely-carved stone brackets, once probably the support of choice specimens of the sculptor's genius, were some very rotten-looking planks, and on these were ranged a row of straw beehives: the bees were abroad in the sunshine, and were filling all the hot air with their humming. And, hot as it was, how pure the air seemed! how perfectly healthful seemed the gentle southern breeze that blew from the not distant Mediterranean! Who could have dreamed that while it caressingly fanned your cheek it was insidiously poisoning your blood? Who save those that had been victims of its treachery?

We had come upon the hut from the side opposite to that on which the entrance was, and stood gazing upon it with wonder and curiosity. Presently we advanced round the corner of the building, stepping carefully among the sparse vegetables which struggled for room to live in a soil where the fragments of man's ruined handiwork encumbered the space on one hand, and the encroachments of Nature's more active operations on the other. Sitting on the capital of the sculptured column on one side of the hurdle door was the figure of a female, evidently the mistress of the strange domain. Yes, a woman, and a young woman—under thirty, cer-



tainly; perhaps under twenty, for it is very difficult for Northern eyes to estimate age where the malaria fiend has left his hateful traces on the features. To one who looked on that figure with a sympathetic eye and imaginative fancy there would appear no exaggeration in saying that an entire poem could have been read in the pose, in the expression and in the appearance of it—a poem too clearly of a tragic sort, in which not only “sweet, solemn thoughts of death and of decay” would be mingled with human interests still so strangely lingering where no other thoughts might have been supposed capable of intruding, and with the aspects of a nature singularly and suggestively beautiful despite the curse which taints it; but in which also many a high topic of faith and belief, of human law and human lawlessness, of governments and creeds, and of all that they can make or mar for man, would have due place. No less surely than St. Peter’s dome was this lone figure the legitimate and normal outcome of all that Rome has begotten and tolerated during the centuries that have elapsed since first she sat herself in purple upon her seven hills.

Despite the exceeding poverty of all her surroundings, and despite the ravages which the insidious disease in whose very stronghold she lived had made in her appearance, she was not devoid of many of the graces of youthful womanhood. Or it might be more correct to say that it was very possible to see that many such would have been hers had she been transplanted into other surroundings. She was tall, but what should have been slender gracefulness of figure had become haggard emaciation. The Southern wealth of rich black hair had defied the destructive power of the poisonous air, but the skin, which should have made lovely contrast to the raven hue of the silken tresses, was no longer white, but yellow. The large, well-opened dark eyes seemed almost too large, preternaturally large, but there was neither fire nor lustre in them. The lower part of the face was delicately formed, but where ripe lips wreathed with sunny

smiles should have been there were two thin parallel lines of livid hue, closely pressed together, and expressive of nothing save settled, unalterable hopelessness. It is probable that the aspect of the landscape over which she seemed to be dreamily gazing said little or nothing, consciously, to her inward sense. But the utter lifelessness of all that was within her ken, the impenetrable shutting out of all that was beyond, the dreariness of the solitude, were moulding and fashioning her spiritually as well as bodily. Immediately on her left hand was the old wall, almost calcined by the suns of centuries, and within it the dead body of the town. Summer and winter, day and night, she waked and slept a solitary watcher by the side of that dead body. Did it ever occur to the reader to conceive what would be the effect on his imagination of an utterly silent city? It can hardly have happened that he should have experienced it. And it would in truth be difficult for the most imaginative to figure forth to their fancy the unspeakably weird and almost fearful character of the effect produced by such a phenomenon. The utter stillness of some green mountain-side gives calm and rest to a troubled heart, elevates the mind, and seems to invite it to partake in the universal gladness of Nature. But the dead silence of a dead city! It is like savoring with the nostrils the concentrated essence of death. The abandoned graveyards seem to tell scoffingly of the comparative cheerfulness of those *living* places of sepulture which we have been wont to deem dwellings of the dead, though they are peopled by human affections. Here the graveyards are dead indeed, and yet no deader than all the rest around them.

Amid this infinite death the figure before us was the one sole human thing left alive! Seeing that she manifested no intention of addressing or taking any notice of us, we forbore speaking to her, but, after a salutation which seemed due to her as apparent mistress of the soil we stood on, turned to our guide and demanded by what means he proposed that we should enter the town, for there was

no visible possibility of doing so. The wall had indeed been tumbled down for about half of its original height, but the portion that remained seemed fully sufficient to bar our further progress, and gate or postern there was none to be seen. Thereupon he said something to the woman, which induced her wearily and with much apparent unwillingness to rise from her seat and drag her limbs to the farther corner of the cottage. There she pointed to a little ladder made of rough sticks, which Shockhead proceeded to draw forth and to erect against the side of the wall. It was much too short for the purpose to which he endeavored to apply it, but there was a spot where the slipping down bodily, as it seemed, of a portion of the wall, had caused a breach about halfway up, which rendered it practicable, by drawing up the ladder after one, to accomplish the task of climbing to the top in two stages. The afternoon sun was beating on the southern wall with a ferocity which rendered the business in hand by no means an agreeable one. And it was rendered yet less so by the fact that our ladder had to be placed in the immediate neighborhood of the shelf on which the beehives before mentioned were ranged. The occupants manifested a far more lively sense of the strangeness of our intrusion into their domain than their mistress had shown. They swarmed out of the hives, flew round and round our heads, and filled all the air with their angry humming, till the ascent of the ladder in the midst of them became a service of danger scarcely less formidable than the scaling of the same wall when it was defended against the attacks of neighboring powers by the retainers of the Orsini. One of us, at least, did not come out of the enterprise scatheless.

Despite all difficulties, however, we persevered, and finally effected our entrance into the town, leaving our guide (who did not rejoin us till when, some time later, we found our way back to the cottage) to restore the ladder to its owner. A stranger walk than that wandering of ours through the whilom streets of the deserted town, when thus left to

our own devices, it would be difficult to conceive. One would hardly have supposed that ruin so complete could have resulted from the abandonment of some fifty years. It is a recognized and certain fact, though one not easily explained, that the conditions of various districts within the malaria-smitten region are subject to change. Even within the walls of Rome variations in this respect have been observed quite recently. The region around the Lateran, for instance, has within the last few years become much more perniciously affected by the curse than was the case previously. Many such changes have been noticed and recorded from time to time. Gale-  
ra was doubtless a malaria-smitten spot from time immemorial, but a little more than half a century ago the evil seems to have become intensified to an intolerable degree. Human life became impossible there. Doubtless a degree of the evil which more fortunately circumstanced populations would have deemed altogether unbearable was borne by the unfortunate inhabitants of Galera before they decided on abandoning their homes. I have seen fever-stricken populations in other places in Italy—places in which gaunt, yellow, parchment-skinned figures with shaking limbs wandered about among their wretched dwellings with a miserable semblance of nerveless life which seemed but a halfway-house between that and death; and yet the poor ghosts clung to their birthplace, and generation after generation of victims was born and lived and died in premature old age under the constant sway of the malaria fiend. The visitation therefore that depopulated Galera must have been a terrible one.

The position of the place is just such as the Etrurians were wont to select for their cities, and the probabilities are that an Etruscan city at one time existed on the site, though no remains have been found to corroborate the supposition. There is, as usual, the prominent eminence almost surrounded and cut off from the neighboring country by a deep and precipitous ravine. On the opposite side of this would have been the necrop-

olis. There are the rocky cliffs, rendered beautiful by the rich and varied growth of evergreens, furnishing exactly the sort of locality in which that ancient people loved to make their final resting-places. And it may well be—so little curious have the later centuries been as to such matters, and so little has been done in the way of examining the soil in such out-of-the-way places, which have for generations past been gradually returning to the condition of primitive jungle—that their rock-hewn tombs may still be found here. In the Middle Ages, Galera was the capital of an independent county. The Orsini were its lords, and held possession of the place till the year 1670; which was much about the period when the head of that great clan ceased to be sovereign prince of Pitigliano and its district, which fell to the all-grasping Medici, then the despotic masters of Tuscany. I suppose that the downfall which this ejection caused involved the other minor Orsini in the family ruin, and that Galera thus passed into ecclesiastical hands, for at the present time we find it owned by a college of Hungarian Jesuits in Rome. And I should think it might be hard to say which landlord's influence was most fatal to anything like social improvement or civilization—that of the tyrannical and ruffian resident feudal lord or that of the absentee priest. The former alone, at all events, has left material traces of his presence there. The ruins of the castle are picturesque in no ordinary degree: of course they owe this in a great measure to the exceedingly romantic nature of their surroundings. But the remains of the feudal dwelling are still sufficient to remind the reader of what must have been the life of the owner of such a house—the hall for feasting, the small and badly-ventilated chambers for sleeping, the chapel for making all square with the unseen powers who in various ways were understood to be the distributors of good and ill luck. Lodgings for various dependants, mainly men-at-arms, make up the rest. Close by these ruins are those of the principal gateway of the town. There is a double archway still standing, and still sur-

mounted by the sculptured escutcheon of the Orsini. It was by this gateway that we ought to have entered the town, and should doubtless have done so had not our guide, for motives of his own, the nature of which we were beginning to surmise, caused us to escalate it from the back.

Our ramble through what were once the streets of the town was still more interesting. Ruined feudal castles are not uncommon things in Europe: one has visited and moralized on many such. But this walk among the ruins of ordinary domestic dwellings which fifty years ago had been filled with human families was a new thing to me. I was surprised to find that it had already become difficult to ascertain the directions, crossings and relative positions of the streets, Nature makes such haste, especially in these Southern countries, to resist man's intrusion and reassert her own exclusive proprietorship of the soil. Pavement could be here and there traced for some yards, and then it would altogether disappear beneath a growth of brambles. Hearths, with even the hooks on which to hang the family kettle, might still be seen where not a fathom of wall remained upright and great thickets of nettles occupied the ingle-nook. Here and there a roof remained treacherously supported on rapidly-rotting beams. The amount of ruin, the degree of progress toward an entire return to primitive jungle and absolute effacement of the town, were much greater than I could have supposed possible within fifty years. Some of those who had gone out from thence as children must still be alive—not many, for they all carried forth with them the taint and the mark of the pestilence, and such stricken ones die young. The steeples—or what had been such—of two churches are still remaining, and add much to the picturesque value of the place; and in one or two places we found remains of fresco-painting on fragments of the adjoining walls.

The scene was so novel and (especially as looked on with the knowledge we had of the cause of it) so suggestive that we lingered among the strange com-

mingling of ruined walls with brushwood till the slanting rays of the declining sun warned us that we must stay on that spot no longer if we would avoid the fate of its last owners. We might have left the town by the gateway, and could doubtless have very easily found our way back to the place where we had left our carriage without our guide; but this would have been rather hard lines upon him, and so we made our way back to the spot where we had climbed the wall, and found him, as we had expected, still there; and having again put the ladder in requisition, we left Galera by the way we had entered it.

But we did not start on our walk back to Santa Maria till we had in some degree satisfied the curiosity which had been excited in our minds by the sole inhabitant of Galera. She had not very long been such. About a couple of years previously she had lost a surviving sister, after having seen father, mother and brothers die in the fatal place. Whether the family had lived in the town, or whether the strange jumble of stones and loose bricks and wattle hurdles which formed the shelter of the sole survivor at the time of our visit had been the habitation of the whole family, I am not sure, but I am inclined to believe the former was the case. It may have been that the location under that sun-baked southern wall had seemed somewhat less deadly than the interior of the ruined town. Or it may have been that even that solitary woman, "to the manner born," whose very cradle was fanned by breezes laden with malaria, and to whom desolation, abandonment and ruin must have been the normal and accustomed sights of infancy, whose earliest playground must have been desolate hearths and unroofed chambers, had found it too intolerable to be the sole daily and nightly sojourner in the midst of that dead town. When we found her she was the undisputed owner of the cottage, such as it was, of the little attempt at a garden, of the vegetables it produced, of a rather numerous collection of fowls and young broods of chickens, and of a whole long shelf of beehives. And

this heiress-ship had brought with it the usual consequences of that condition of life. The hand of the heiress was sought in marriage—solely, it may be feared, for the sake of what it would carry with it. The reader has guessed already what the motive was that induced our shock-headed, sheepskin-breeched guide to bring us to Galera by the very inconvenient path he had selected, and why he had remained behind while we were rambling about the town. Yes, Shockhead was engaged the while in pressing his suit. It was, as we learned from his very candid communication on our way back to Santa Maria, not a very successful one; and I hope that the heiress of Galera may have since continued to show herself equally obdurate. For though his intentions were what is conventionally termed "strictly honorable," he made not the smallest difficulty of owning to us that they were of the most entirely mercenary description. He related the little story of his courtship much as he might have spoken of his bargaining for the purchase or sale of a calf or a goat. He himself possessed absolutely nothing save the garments that more or less imperfectly covered him. He was the son of the herdsman in the employment of the keeper of the *osteria*, who was also the holder of the farm on which it was situated. But the heiress of Galera had absolutely scraped together the value of one or two napoleons; and this fact Shockhead considered to be at the same time the greatest incitement to perseverance in his suit and the greatest obstacle to its success. All he had to urge as a makeweight on his own side was the argument that his arms and sinews would be available in turning that desirable freehold property under the wall of Galera to far greater profit than the unassisted efforts of the proprietress could succeed in doing. Such may possibly have been the case; nevertheless, our short acquaintance with our friend Shockhead would have led me, had I had any opportunity of doing so, to counsel the heiress of Galera to persevere in turning a deaf ear to his entreaties.

T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

## LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

## I.

ABOUT forty years ago there lived in Rankeillor street, Edinburgh, three families, of the names of Ker, Murray and Ramsay.

Rankeillor street is still a quiet one of respectable inhabitants, but in those days it reckoned itself more than respectable a good deal—it was genteel, and even aristocratic; that is, penniless people “wi’ lang pedigrees” took up their abode in it, not “associating,” of course, with the very well-to-do inhabitants whose wealth was drawn from shops. The street consists of “main doors” and flats—houses which satisfied such people in the early part of the century, but look small and shabby to the same class since their eyes have got accustomed to West End grandeur. At one time it was quite a suburban street, but the city has extended so far to the south—as well as in every other direction—that it seems so no longer. Great rows of handsome houses stretch beyond, and villas of all shapes and sizes dot each side of the way as far as Liberton, the parish where Reuben Butler was school-master. These new houses are separated from the road by gardens gay with every flower in its season, and enclosed by richly-wrought iron railings, some of which are gilded. Surely it must be a foreigner, or, if a Scotchman, then one intoxicated with sudden prosperity, who would gild a railing in a climate like ours.

Rankeillor street has at its left elbow the Queen’s Park (in those days it was the King’s Park), and over its head, looking at it with solemn and sleepy regard, the lion couchant—the seat of the British Arthur, whose biography, together with the biographies of his peerless and gallant knights, has been revised and rewritten in our day, thereby giving them a new lease of immortality. What a haunt that hill was for the boys and girls of Rankeillor street! They knew every inch of it by heart, especially all the dan-

gerous places, where the boys delighted to make their sisters scream by pretending they were going to drop over a precipice. They were not sentimental—sentimentalism was not the fashion of the time—nor were they much alive to scenery as yet; but one of the elder boys liked to frighten the weaker spirits of the little ones by telling them, when the setting sun was glaring on the sandstone of Salisbury Craigs, that it (the sandstone) was a bit of the floor, the burning marl, across which Satan strode in his dominions, as described by Milton, and the grand, dazzling vermilion glare of the lofty precipice lent weight to the statement.

The Kers, the Murrays and the Ramsays were very intimate; there was absolutely no barrier to their intimacy. The Kers were connected with the Roxburgh family, and indeed had a claim (which they never ventilated) on that dukedom; the Murrays were descendants of John de Moravia, and were of an elder branch than the titled Murrays of the time; while the ancestor of the Ramsays had been one of the leaders of the armies that resisted Edward III. when he repeatedly invaded Scotland. Thus, the children of the three families, boys and girls, all played together. The boys went to the High School, and a governess was engaged to teach the girls, her small salary being jointly contributed by the parents of her flock. An unruly flock it probably was, for they were wild, healthy, hearty girls; but she never attempted to teach them anything beyond reading and writing and the elementary rules of arithmetic—probably all she herself was capable of. They also got a little music—little enough—and were made mistresses of white seam and embroidery.

## II.

In common with other people, these families had their likes and their dislikes among themselves, and Angela Murray



was not a favorite with any of them. She was not pleasant, and she was not pleasant-looking, and she was often doing disagreeable things.

On one occasion (and a very aggravating occasion to her) Grizel Ker was kept in to learn her lesson—a long piece of poetry from a book of elegant extracts, which she ought to have been able to repeat perfectly and without hesitation; but, although she and her brothers and sister had all been invited to a party, the Spartan discipline of the times decreed that as she had not said her lesson well she must stay at home and learn it, and see the others set off in all the flutter of youthful spirits to enjoy the evening. She sat alone for an hour, not blessing either the poet or the poetry in her heart, when, tired of it and herself, she slipped quietly from the house, and, meeting Angela Murray, they went together to a wood-yard behind the street to play.

There is still a woodyard at the back of Rankeillor street, where on a windy night the tall thin planks stacked on end and interlaced with each other rattle like a desultory discharge of artillery; or the noise perhaps might suggest the idea that the giants Blunderbore and Cormoran, with a few of their chums, were amusing themselves with castanets: if the wind is very high, not the trees of the wood, but the wood of the trees, claps its hands with right good-will. Pity the invalids or sleepless, nervous persons who are within earshot: the rest they are likely to enjoy is trifling.

This woodyard was a favorite place of resort with young Rankeillor street. Grizel and Angela made their way to it, and, moving a long plank across a pile of wood standing on the ground, they had improvised the whole apparatus for the game of see-saw. Sitting one on each end of the plank, they swung up and down, sometimes lazily and sometimes with delighted vigor and speed, and forgot poetry and lessons, and even their best frocks and the evening party, which, like themselves, was in full swing at that moment. When Grizel was away up high in the air, and Angela's feet were touching the ground, what should oc-

cur to Angela to do but to spring off the plank! when down from her lofty height came Grizel to the ground, with a crash which made stars flash before her eyes, and left her lying perfectly unconscious.

Angela thought she had done a clever thing, but when she saw Grizel make no attempt to move, she went close up and looked at her; and supposing she was killed she turned and fled—fled home and said nothing about it, either of where she had been, or what she had been doing, or what had happened to Grizel.

Grizel lay where she had fallen a long time before she recovered consciousness and opened her eyes, and when she did so she found it was quite dark and everything was very quiet: there was not a creature in the yard. She was numbed and pained, but she knew she ought not to have been there at all, and her concern was, not that she was hurt, but lest her unlawful deed should be discovered. Slowly and with effort she gathered herself up and managed to get home, where her absence had not been noticed, and, like the Spartan boy with the fox gnawing below his cloak, she put a brave face on matters and said nothing of what had befallen her. But during the night the pain waxed to such a degree that she was compelled to groan, sleep was out of the question, and before morning she was obliged to reveal the catastrophe in the woodyard. A doctor was sent for, and it was found that besides being severely bruised her shoulder was dislocated, and she had to lie in bed for weeks before she recovered.

This incident riveted itself more strongly in the memories of the girls than almost anything else in their childhood. When Grizel had felt herself falling she never doubted she should be killed, and killed in the very act of disobeying her mother; and the momentary intense terror and anguish she never forgot. She was a generous little soul, however, and she forgave Angela: she said Angela only meant a little fun; which might be true, but she did not express much contrition, and the fact remained that Angela was not generally liked.

When these girls successively reached the age of sixteen or thereabouts, they were sent to a boarding-school to finish their education: in the course of a year that process was supposed to be complete, and they returned to wait under the parental roof for whatever Fate might have in store for them.

What Fate had in store for them was very like what it has in store for most people, except in the case of Angela Murray; and even her fate was not so remarkable as the manner of it.

### III.

Of the six boy-companions, the eldest, Alexander Ramsay, was the only one who stayed at home: he studied for the Scottish Bar. The three Kers, the two Murrays and John Ramsay all set off over the world to push their fortunes, which some of them succeeded in doing, while others of them were pushed by Fortune.

Of the girls, Grizel Ker and Susan Ramsay married, Joanna Ker and Angela Murray and her sister were unmarried. Susan Ramsay died within a year of her marriage.

In the course of time Mr. and Mrs. Murray died, and their two daughters were left without resource—a fact they were too proud to reveal. One or two, or even more, persons might have been ingenious enough to guess it, but if people don't tell their wants, who has a right to know? The Murrays were too proud to beg, and wealthy acquaintances don't, as a rule, come forward and proffer delicate and generous gifts in such a case; besides, as has been said, Angela was not a general favorite. They were happily too proud to beg, but they must live, and therefore they must work: this, to ladies with the kind of notions in which they had been trained, seemed degradation, and they determined to transfer themselves to London, where they were unknown, there to carry on the struggle for life. They took leave of their friends and acquaintances quite jauntily, as if their future progress were marked out securely and triumphantly, giving as the reason for their departure "that now they

had no positive tie to Edinburgh, and they thought they would like to try London. Ah, yes! it was quite possible they might be back to reside again," etc. And people said, "Their brothers must be sending them money: no doubt they'll look after them;" the truth being that from one of their brothers they had not heard for years, and did not know even if he were alive; and the last time the other had written had been to ask for money, which had been sent to him at the cost of much self-denial.

To record the struggle of two ladies, strangers and units in the midst of a swarm of three millions of human beings, might be more painful than pleasant, and perhaps appear more painful in the telling than in the actual endurance. There are two virtues which may be said to be indigenous in the nature of Scottish people: they can thole, and they have thrift. If you can be indifferent to Fate with a righteous indifference, you have conquered. These two women had been brought up in the habit of stern thrift, and it served them well in their adversity. In prosperity thrift is still apt to cling, but tends to degenerate into meanness; the thrifty habits which are the ornaments of a poor man's lot becoming mean when they fringe lavish expenditure.

There is a Scottish proverb which says, "Set a stout heart to a steep brae;" and this these sisters did, and at least they lived and never complained. For a time they kept up intercourse by letter with old friends in Scotland, but that gradually died out; which is the natural fate of correspondence where on the one side there is not much to tell, and a good deal not to tell, and on the other new and closer interests springing up.

The Murrays had only been a year in London when, as Angela was one day stepping into an omnibus, her face caught the eye of a gentleman walking in the other direction. He looked at her, then ran after the omnibus with the purpose of entering it, but the conductor did not observe him, and drove on. He hailed a cab, intending to overtake the 'bus, and, the cab getting involved in a block

of carriages, he was delayed for some time, so that when at last he came up with the omnibus and got into it, the lady, to his excessive chagrin, was no longer there.

Now, the reader no doubt thinks that this was some old friend of Angela's, some sudden rekindling of an old flame, a resuscitation of a boyish fancy: it was nothing of the kind. The man had never in his life seen her before; and what there was in Angela's face that out of the millions of faces in London, it, and it only, should have had this effect on him, it is impossible to say. In a moment, in the busy street, going about his ordinary affairs, he had fallen in love with Angela. But she had disappeared, and clue to her he had none. He was thoroughly sane; therefore he did not make it the business of his life to rush about London peering into the face of every woman he met, but, as he thought how very slender his chance was of ever seeing her again, he had a feeling akin to what people have when they return from burying their dead. This was love at first sight, and it was likely to be love at last sight also. He was true to the memory of the face.

Angela, on her part, went home to her sister utterly, of course, without the knowledge—and likely to remain without it—that she had one very devoted friend in the world. I am not aware if Mr. Smith—that was the gentleman's name—advertised: if he did, it must of necessity have been in very general terms, asking her to send her name and address as a very great favor; but had he done so, Angela was not in the way of seeing the newspapers regularly, and if she had, would have read such an advertisement fifty times without for a moment supposing it referred to her. Upon whom could *she* confer a great favor?

If marriages are made in heaven, where is a veto put upon them?

Here was a man not merely willing, but devotedly anxious (on slender grounds, no doubt, but that was his own concern), to make Angela Murray happy, to place her in ease and affluence; and here was she enduring a hard lot, and as thorough-

ly shut off from him, almost, as if she had been among the dead, for was she not buried in London, and he powerless to dig her out?

#### IV.

Ten years passed, and one day Mrs. Watson (in bygone times Grizel Ker of Rankeillor street) entered the shop of Mr. Black, a silk-mercantile in Prince's street, to make purchases. The Blacks had been inhabitants of Rankeillor street when our well-connected families lived there, and Mrs. Watson and he were on speaking terms.

On this occasion Mr. Black said to Mrs. Watson, "Do you remember the Murrays that used to live in Rankeillor street?"

"Perfectly," said Mrs. Watson; "but I have heard nothing of them for a long time."

"My sister," said Mr. Black, "still keeps up a little correspondence with them, and the last time I went to London she gave me their address and asked me to call, which I did; and I am sorry to say that they don't seem very flourishing."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Watson. "I always thought their brothers looked after them."

Mr. Black compressed his lips and shook his head. "They have done no good," he said, merely meaning by that phrase that instead of making money they had lost it, not that they were quite destitute of good works.

"You don't say so?" answered Mrs. Watson. "And what are Angela and her sister doing?"

"I don't know, but evidently they are not very well off; and I have been thinking whether some of their old friends here could not set afoot a subscription for them."

"Well," said Mrs. Watson, "if there is anything I can do— Really, I am so sorry to hear it!"

"Yes, it is a pity; and they are not looking well—thin and worn."

"Poor Angela!" said Mrs. Watson. "Well, I'll think over it and speak to Mr. Watson: we must do something."

The first thing which occurred to Mrs.

Watson to do was to ask her old friends down to Edinburgh for a three months' visit. "If they are not well, that will do them good," she thought, "and we'll see what can be done after."

This invitation, arriving at a time when the Misses Murray both longed for needed change, was irresistible, even if the language of it had been less kind and urgent than it was. They accepted it, and were startled to find how violently Mrs. Watson had gone up in the world while they had been coming down. Her house might have belonged to a nobleman—the houses of many noblemen are not nearly so grand; a carriage and pair would have had ample driving room on the staircase; and all that wealth and upholstery let loose together could do had been done. The Murrays were astounded: their London lodgings would have gone bodily into a corner of one of Mrs. Watson's rooms without at all unduly crowding it.

Mr. Watson was a coal-master, and rich even then, although nothing like so rich as he is now, when coal-owners are dropping off the end of the coal famine like gorged leeches off a dying patient. But Mrs. Watson was exactly the Grizel Ker they had known, only grown stout and middle-aged, while they had grown thin and middle-aged.

The ladies, it will be realized, had much to talk of, bringing up the histories of old friends and recalling old times.

"Do you remember, Angela," said Mrs. Watson, "what a tumble you gave me off the see-saw in the woodyard? I thought I was killed."

"I thought so too," said Angela; "and the terror and horror of that night I shall never forget. I never was the same creature after it: I think it steadied me for life."

"Well, I thought you took it very easy." "I appeared to do so, I dare say."

Mrs. Watson had seven children—the oldest sixteen years of age, and the youngest sixteen months—but they were not brought up in the Spartan style in which she and the Murrays had been reared, neither had they the width of latitude in finding entertainment for

themselves; but they did not desire it. To Miss Watson, aged fourteen, the very idea of playing in a woodyard was wholly inadmissible. This family had every indulgence that money could give, but they decidedly wanted the energy and the boundless animal spirits, the power of finding enjoyment in everything, or almost in nothing, with which the group in Rankeillor street had started in life.

A day or two after the Murrays arrived some people came to dinner. They were all strangers to them, but out of the entire population of the globe who should one of the strange people be but Mr. Smith! He was hardly in the room, he had certainly not shaken hands with his host and hostess, when he saw and recognized *the face*. He had the privilege of taking Angela in to dinner. Being entirely unconscious of the remarkable circumstance that has been mentioned, it will be readily believed that Angela was in no way ruffled or agitated; on the contrary, she was very tranquil and ready to enjoy herself; which means enjoying other people.

The discovery Mr. Smith had made acted on him like a glass of champagne, or like the whisky toddy which began to circulate round the table after the ladies retired.

"Do you reside in Edinburgh?" he asked Angela.

"No: I did at one time, but latterly—for years—I have been in London."

"Yes," he said, "it was in London I saw you—ten years ago it is now."

"I think you must be mistaken: I know you are a perfect stranger to me."

"I am not mistaken, though. I'll tell you about it when we are better acquainted."

"Couldn't you tell me now?—perhaps we should get acquainted more rapidly."

"If I were not afraid you would take me for a madman, I would."

"I am not afraid of doing that; but you are mistaking me for some one else. All the people I know in London I could count on my fingers: we are not in society—in any kind of society—my sister and I."

"That may be, but I have known you for ten years."

"Well, since you insist on it, it is pleasant enough to meet such an old acquaintance."

"You are staying here with the Watsons?"

"Yes."

"How long are you going to stay?"

"Probably three months or thereabout."

"And then you return to London?"

"We intend to."

At this moment Mrs. Watson rose, and the ladies left the room. But during the evening, in the drawing-room, Mr. Smith had another conversation with Miss Murray.

V.

Next morning, Angela, finding Mr. and Mrs. Watson alone, said, "What kind of man is the Mr. Smith who was here last night?"

"A very excellent man," said Mr. Watson. "I saw you had a good deal of talk with him."

"Yes. Has he, or have any of his relations, ever been in a lunatic asylum?"

"No, oh no—certainly not. Why do you ask such a question?"

"Because," said Angela—and she laughed—"he says he saw me go into an omnibus in London ten years ago, and fell in love with my face—mine," she repeated, looking in one of Mrs. Watson's grand mirrors, "and has continued in that state ever since," withdrawing her eyes from the mirror, where she saw herself blushing in spite of herself.

"And did he ask you to marry him?" said Mrs. Watson.

"Yes."

"I wish you joy, Miss Murray! I heartily wish you joy!" said Mr. Watson.

"It is time enough," said Angela.

"You don't mean to say that you refused him? Why, there's not a woman in Edinburgh but would jump at such an offer."

"Nonsense, William!" said Mrs. Watson: "that's going a little too far."

"But it's true," said Mr. Watson: "they'd marry Auld Nick if he'd keep

them aye braw; and Mr. Smith is not Auld Nick, but a very good man, with an uncommonly good balance at his banker's."

"Bear in mind, Mr. Watson," said Angela, "that I never saw him till last night. One must have time to think at least, if not to fall in love."

"Time!" said Mr. Watson: "who thrives that can't spell opportunity?"

But Angela, if not a beauty, was made of thoroughly good stuff, and she had not acquired such a righteous indifference to fate as to marry a man for the sake of mere worldly advantage: woman as she was, even the brilliant prospect of being "keepit aye braw" failed to dazzle her. But that she was touched in some sort by Mr. Smith's eccentric devotion, there is no doubt; only, it was so eccentric and appeared to her so unaccountable that she could not help laughing at it and questioning its genuineness. In short, Mr. Smith had raised a very little smoke, but no flame; still, there can be no smoke without some degree of combustion, however latent and invisible.

Although not beautiful, but the opposite rather, there was a look that occasionally came into Angela's face which, if Mr. Smith had ever noticed it, might have gone far to explain his hallucination; but he had never had a chance of seeing it—a far-away, dreamy look in the eyes and a sweetness that gathered about the mouth which were singularly attractive, and might be translated by any one learned in the language of expression as meaning, "Oh rich in sorrow thou!" In the estimation of people rich in this kind of wealth material benefit is apt to bulk so small that to go to it by a questionable road is not even a subject of debate: simply, it does not occur to them. Now, Mr. Watson certainly, and Mrs. Watson probably, thought Angela very foolish not to take fortune at the flood, and many others will be of their opinion. Mr. Smith was not. Miss Murray grew all the more rapidly—to be sure, the soil was in first-rate order for such growth—she grew all the more in his good opinion because she objected to



marrying him on the ground that she did not know him: even although it rebuked his own folly, he admired her the more. But, as must be perceived, Mr. Smith was not a very ordinary man: a very ordinary man prefers a woman with a set of ready-made up affections, at the service of the first customer that comes and makes choice of them, rather than be at the cost of a little time and trouble to manufacture a finer article specially for himself.

"Well, Smith, if I were you," said Mr. Watson, "I would go away and leave Miss Murray to find out the value of what she is refusing; and if at the end of three months you are still as devoted—although if a woman refused me once she would find it was for ever; still, people differ,—if you are then of the same mind, come back and try your luck again. Take my word for it, you'll find her in a different mood. There is nothing like a little wholesome neglect."

"Do you think women are fools?" asked Mr. Smith.

"No, but I think they are women;—and," he said to himself, "men are sometimes fools."

Mr. Smith acted on this valuable "wrinkle" given him by his friend.

In the interval, Mrs. Watson had a visit from Mrs. Smith, a sister-in-law of Mr. Smith. Now, a sister-in-law is generally a very trustworthy witness. A sister is different: if she wants to bring about a marriage, she will depose that her brother is an angel of light, and if she wishes to prevent one, she will not hesitate to lose sight even of truth and justice to gain her end. But a sister-in-law's feelings are only engaged to a mild and judicious extent: her interests may not be involved, and if she is a sensible woman and speaks heartily of her brother-in-law, she may be relied on.

Mrs. Watson took an opportunity of drawing Mrs. Smith out regarding her brother-in-law in Miss Murray's hearing. "We had a visit lately from Mr. James Smith," she said.

"Oh, had you?" said Mrs. Smith. "I heard he was in Edinburgh."

"He did not stay long."

"Perhaps he may be back soon: he often comes to us, and there is no one the children like better to see. I often think it is a pity he has never married, himself."

"Did you never advise him to do so?" asked Mrs. Watson.

"Not exactly—it's rather a delicate subject to offer advice on—but I once said something of the kind to him, and he said he had never wished to marry but once, and he could not get the lady. 'When I find her,' he said, 'I'll marry her.' I didn't know whether he was in jest or earnest—I often don't—but he may be true to some early attachment—he is quite romantic enough for that—or he might mean that he was not very easily pleased. I never spoke of it again."

Here Mrs. Watson left the room, and Miss Murray said, "I once knew a man who was true to a lady for twenty years. People thought, How greatly he must have loved her! but it wasn't so much love as obstinacy: he had determined he would marry her, and he did it. In his whole character he was as obstinate as a mule: if an idea were once lodged in his mind, nothing could turn it out."

"James Smith is not obstinate, though. The Smiths are all considered pleasant men: I think my husband the best of them, of course, but James is a general favorite."

"I don't wonder at it," said Mrs. Watson, who on returning had heard the last words. "I have always had a great regard for Mr. James Smith: we have known you all a long time now, Mrs. Smith."

"Yes: you remember the first time you and I met was at your wedding? That must be seventeen years ago, fully."

## VI.

At the end of three months Angela had fallen in love, and foolishly; which in a person of her sense was surprising, for she had told herself often enough that it was too late. However, Mr. Smith came back, and happily found out this fact for himself; and Mr. Watson was more and more convinced of his own

thorough and accurate knowledge of human nature.

There were present at the wedding—which took place in Mr. Watson's home—all the representatives of the three families who were then in the country; namely, Mrs. Watson and her sister Joanna Ker, Angela's sister, and Alexander Ramsay, Esq., of Cleuch: these, with Mr. Watson's family, made up the guests.

It was thought by some that this marriage would have been followed by another—that Mr. Ramsay and Joanna Ker would probably take that decided step, seeing that some mild philandering had gone on between them almost since they were in their teens; but they did not: they could not make up their minds, and there are cases in which not to decide is to decide.

They had a vision of their own,  
And why should they undo it?

Why smudge the peach-like bloom of their affection with the cares and anxieties and responsibilities of earth? This is the kind of thing that young people laugh at and old people smile at: whether any class of beings sympathize with it is unknown—possibly the weakest-minded and the strongest-minded of the

race in virtue of their weakness and strength, but there is no mercy for it in the ranks of the mediocre.

Mr. Ramsay is the oldest of the original group, and the one whose life, to judge by appearances, has been least ruffled or tossed by any wind of circumstance. He never practiced his profession, but he early succeeded to a small estate, and various good legacies having fallen to him, he is known to be possessed of wealth. As he has no near heirs, more distant connexions naturally feel much interest in asking, "What will he do with it?"

Mr. Ramsay is very tall and thin, and like a kiln-dried mummy, wearing a tall, narrow hat, such as was worn when he stopped being in the fashion—the young Watsons and Smiths ask where he gets it—and a coat supposed to be black, but seen in the light of day to be shot with green: a very deep stiff upright shirt-collar, threatening to slice off his ears, and giving his head the appearance of standing in a white bowl, makes up a figure which once seen is known again. He is to be met any good forenoon in Prince's street, probably on his way to visit Joanna Ker.

THE AUTHOR OF "BLINDPITS."

## NOVEMBER.

WE travel joyously an open path  
Where golden-rod and purple asters glow—  
We two together—and with clasped hands go,  
Nor note the lowering sun that shadoweth:  
Scarce note we anything save what each hath  
Of radiant happiness from each; when, lo!  
A hillock parts us, and in darkness, slow,  
Walks one alone. Dreams all the aftermath;  
Yet dreams like those begotten of the haze  
Of Indian Summer, when Time's languid sense  
Is stirred almost to that sweet life intense  
Once lived with June in her divinest days—  
Soft dreams that cheat the soul with idle thrall,  
Since Death, November, hovers o'er them all.

MARY B. DODGE.

## EUTERPE IN AMERICA.

WE all know her well. She is the most condescending of the Muses, and there is scarcely a house where she does not visit, coming informally early in the morning, dropping in during the afternoon, spending a friendly evening; and this so frequently that it may be said she belongs to the family. Her altars, square, grand and upright, are in every house; her priests and priestesses, emotional, high-classical and metronomical, are counted by thousands, and her votaries, young and old, real and hypocritical, by tens of thousands. There can be no doubt that Euterpe is a popular goddess, for her banner waves from every school-house in this school-house-dotted land, from the circus-tents, the chapels, the concert-halls and the beer-gardens: it marches with the star-spangled banner across the Plains and waves from the bows of our vessels under the union jack. There can be no doubt that Euterpe is a reformer, for she has her organs everywhere to sound her praises; printers take her notes and scatter them in sheets through the land; in accordance with her sharp laws there is harmony from North to South; our national brass is toned down, our national swell beaten flat, our independent air in a measure subdued, the absurd crotchets of our military band with its major and staff forced to a thorough change of base, and the quavering symbols of school-girl attempts—of minor importance perhaps, but still menacing future dissonance—laid at rest to pursue the natural tenor of their way in a scale suited to their powers. In spite of these public duties, however, Euterpe has a strong taste for domestic life, and dearly loves the family circle: we too love her in her homedress, and although we seek her at court and admire her robes of state, most of us like her better when she comes for an informal evening, and takes a chair at our hearthstone. She enjoys hearing us talk of her priests and priestesses, praise

for the past, hope for the future, and gossip for the present; she likes to hear us revive the memories of Malibran, Mario, Alboni and Lind, and prophesy wonderful things of young voices just beginning to chirp in various parts of the country; but above all she loves to hear us gossip about Nilsson, Lucca and Kellogg, Capoul, Wachtel and Karl, as well as the other ministering spirits, vocal and instrumental, who now serve in the worship of her temple. Then she takes off her gloves and helps us, inspiring our timid solos and strengthening the faltering chorus, until confidence revives and we join in, grandfathers, grandmothers, babies and all, with an enthusiastic enjoyment which thrills through the ears down into the very heart.

Songs are like people—we have to make acquaintance with them. Now and then there is love at first sight, but in every-day life sudden emotion is rare, and we open our hearts slowly. We hear a song the first time, and vaguely like or dislike it: after a repetition our feelings define themselves more clearly, and gradually the impression grows and fixes itself for ever. Some of us, it is true, are indolent enough to follow public opinion, and admire or dislike according to its fickle judgment: others among us are so egotistical that they must perforce disagree with everybody, and prove their fastidious taste by scorning any melody which is popular—dreadful word!—and by declaring their admiration for the uninterpreted rhapsodies of some musical maniac, whose meaning, if he ever had any, is too deep for human comprehension. But the honest man will judge for himself: he will not pretend to love a stranger at first sight, but having tried him and found him congenial, he will then give him a place in his esteem—a place from which he would no more turn him out than he would discard an old friend because of his age. Old music and old friends! even if old-

fashioned, a true heart loves them still. Who does not know some lullaby which is always sweet because mother sang it?—some hymn which always brings hot tears because it was softly chanted when the dearest one of all lay cold before us, and its strains mingled with the dreadful realization that we should never see those dear eyes, never hear that voice or listen for that step again on earth? Who does not know some stirring melody which brings back the old camp-ground, the march and the musical echoes of the war, or some love-song whose unexpected chords will rouse even now the old-time blush, the old-time thrill that swept over us when some one sang it so many years ago? "China" is full of memories, "Love's Young Dream" will never grow old; and, not to go so far back, was there not a time when we thought "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp!" the essence of martial music? And so it was when a whole regiment sang it, when two thousand marching feet kept time to it, and when more than two thousand hearts echoed its words as the waving handkerchiefs said good-bye.

Once a gay party sat on the hurricane-deck of a steamer gliding away from the island of Mackinac. The sun was setting, a red glow lingered at the western gate of the Straits, and the outline of the little fort stood out against the sky: we heard the evening gun echoing over the water; we saw the flag lowered; and then a single voice rose in the air from the deck below, singing that sweet old song, the "Isle of Beauty."

Shades of evening, close not o'er us—  
Leave our lonely bark a while:  
Morn, alas! will not restore us  
Yonder dim and distant isle,

sang the voice, and involuntarily we all turned to gaze back at the darkening island.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder:  
Isle of beauty, fare thee well!

chanted the voice in all the pathos of tears restrained, and our mirth was hushed. Some one was saying "Farewell!" some one was looking back with sorrowing eyes toward the receding shore, some one was passing through one of those

partings that leave a scar behind. Silently we watched the island fade away—a bold headland, a dark spot, a blur, a speck, and then nothing but misty water. We did not see the singer, we knew not who she was, but the song haunted us for many a day. Some months afterward we learned that it was sung by a young girl who was going South in the vain quest for health, leaving the island and a soldier-lover behind her, and gazing back with longing eyes as the steamer bore her away for ever. It seemed to us that a premonition must have filled her heart as she sang, and the notes of the song even now recall a vision of the fading shores, and I hear the sweet voice singing its last farewell.

A limited knowledge of music is now considered an essential part of a young girl's education, and the daughters of our land study music as inevitably as they study French. Go into any boarding-school, and the sounds of conflicting pianos and voices will greet your ear. Go into any house where there are daughters, and you will find piles of sheet-music covering the piano, the stand and the table, while as a side remark it may be noted that the pages are generally in hopeless confusion—a ballad under cover of a cavatina, quadrilles interleaved with oratorios, and heavy sonatas frigidly uncomfortable in the company of frothy waltzes from the latest opera bouffe. In some seminaries the favorite music-teacher is a German, and forthwith all the scholars are introduced to the classical composers, and come forth well drilled in Beethoven and Mendelssohn, Bach and Schumann; they read *Charles Auchester* and form sonata clubs; if they live in the country, they look forward to the annual tours of Theodore Thomas and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club—if they live in New York, they attend the Philharmonics. Other seminaries employ an Italian, and the young buds are therefore expanded under the blaze of Italian music, coming home in full bloom, carrying arias and cavatinas in their hearts, with which they astonish their parents and develop the utmost power of their lungs. These young prima don-

nas are devoted to Italian opera, and identify the music with their favorite tenor: they hear a new song sung by some great cantatrice, and rush to buy it the very next day, fired by an ambition which does honor to the national fearlessness. Their only grief is that Edwin Booth does not sing. *Hamlet* as an opera, with Booth and Nilsson—imagine it!

There are also many young ladies who have not been trained in either the German or Italian school of music, but, having received instructions from American teachers, come forth with a *pot-pourri* of all nations—a little German, a little Italian, some French, a touch of sacred music, a spice of Scotch ballads, and, last of all, some negro melodies. These singers are perhaps more purely national than the others, for American music at present is but a *pot-pourri*. There are signs of better things, and here and there some melody like Pease's "Miller's Daughter," worthy to take rank with the best of the Old-World songs; but in a broad sweep over the country we find no original national airs save the negro melodies, so called. And, after all, why should they be scorned? Many of them are full of sweetness, others have a wild pathos peculiarly their own, and others still are so rhythmical that the hearer feels as though he was turning in one of the slow-moving tropical dances which perhaps inspired the simple melody. "La Savane," arranged by the wonderful hands of Gottschalk, produces this effect, and his well-known "Banjo" is part of the same phase of feeling. There is a pathos in the air of "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground" that lingers with the hearer long after the song has died away, and the selection of "Old Folks at Home" by the greatest singer who has of late visited America shows that the negro melodies are recognized as national airs by the musical world. During the war some of the most stirring tunes came up from the South, particularly from the Mississippi River: they were wild and peculiar, the melody and time difficult to catch, and yet haunting the ear persistently. They seemed to have no names,

they never appeared in print, but many a returned soldier whistles their fragments, and vainly tries to put them together or recall the minor chords with which they ended. "Dixie," an old Southern melody, was captured and brought North by force, but we cannot domesticate the tune: it is always fleeing "away down South, in the land of cotton," and baffling us with its persistent determination "to live and die" in its distant home. Is it not somewhat remarkable that since the war no new negro melodies have appeared? Some miserable imitations, with all the faults and none of the beauties of the old tunes, have been produced, but these are so evidently manufactured that they do not deserve a place by the side of "Ole Virginny" and "Kentucky Home." Let us hope that time will bring us more of these primitive melodies, so characteristic of Southern America, and that as the West develops the music of the Plains and the Sierras will rise into being, and be found worthy of the wonderful land of its birth.

Music is a real pleasure to the large majority of our population. Those who cannot enjoy it are to be pitied as having lost a sense. If these unfortunates are wise, they will not obtrude their deficiencies, but devote themselves to cultivating their other talents—and they generally have others—as a compensation. But when they persist in talking during the performance of a perfect sonata, or rustling in and out of a concert-hall when the audience are listening in breathless delight to some enchanting voice, then they should be regarded as disturbers of the public peace, and put under bonds. The real music-lovers, however, so far outnumber those who have no "ear"—as the popular phrase clearly expresses it—that Americans may be called a musical people. Not only do they freely lavish money to attract the stars of other skies, but they have some promising young starlings of their own, asteroids in numbers, and a milky way of lesser lights extending from Maine to California. How often are we entertained with "a little music" during our evening-parties! Is there a village so small that it



holds not its aspiring soprano and romantic tenor? Music in the home circle also affords us much pleasure. The little group around the piano; friends attracted by kindred tastes; winter nights when in the glow of the fire and light of the chandelier many voices join in some gay chorus; summer evenings on the piazza or floating down the river, when, half in moonlight, half in shadow, the harmony of some plaintive duet rises in the still air.

But there is a funny as well as a romantic side to this home music, and the audience, composed of non-singing people, is often amused by the vagaries of the performers. There is, for instance, a musical publication called *The Opera Chorus-Book* which possesses great powers of attraction for our amateurs, especially those beyond the limits of the large cities. Around this talisman they gather with busy interest, and, after a few bars of the "Phantom Chorus" or "Night's Shade no Longer," from *Moses in Egypt*, they settle down upon "Oh Hail Us, Ye Free," from *Ernani*. The lady who plays the accompaniment kindles into enthusiasm at the sight of the heavy black files of notes, and when the signal is given starts off with all her might, determined to win the race in spite of the desperate efforts of the soprano or the roaring of the heavy bass. The opening burst of "Oh ha-a-a-il us" is promising, and decidedly in the spirit of the direction at the top of the page, "con brio." The "tempest, the breeze" is a little wavering, and the "wandering winds" would fall into dire confusion were it not for the close-following accompaniment, which pushes them onward at a fearful rate toward the "lightnings" that "lit our path" and the "thunders" that "spake in wrath," until in breathless speed the "fearful breakers" are attained, and each singer pretends not to notice the utter demoralization of the forces. They have got there, no matter how. Then follows the bass solo, and the happy youth to whom it is allotted swells forth on the "monarch o-o-o-ak" with all his strength until the accompaniment, having finished the octaves, trips him up

and drives him on again toward the general maelstrom beginning with "farewell to these bowers," where the parts are never known to keep time with each other, and where the only distinguished feature is the bass, who, "ma-adly gla-ad in stor-ormy glee," keeps roaring on to the tumultuous end, drowned out at last, however, by the triumphant accompaniment in thirty-four octaves with the loud pedal down.

Amateurs seem to find great pleasure in fragmentary singing and playing. "I don't remember exactly how it begins, but it is something like this: 'Tum-ti-tum, tum-ti-tum, tum, tum.' And the end is so lovely—just this chord: 'Te-tum.' It harmonizes so beautifully with the whole!" But as the hearer has not heard the whole, he cannot appreciate the beauty. "Have you heard that sweet little thing from *Dinorah*? I do not know it all, but there is one strain that will give you an idea;" and then follow a few notes, cut off in the middle, with no beginning. This interrupted music is very exasperating to listeners, but amateurs have an especial fondness for it, and seldom or never condescend to begin with the opening note and continue faithfully to the end, as the composer probably intended when he gave his loved melodies to the public. Human nature—at least ordinary human nature—loves completeness, and desires a recognized beginning and end to everything. This fragmentary, half-finished music may be interesting to the performers, but to the majority of listeners it is as exasperating as reading a chapter in an exciting novel and then losing the book, or tasting a dainty dish and then being called away suddenly with only the taste to comfort yourself with.

To be a good accompanist is an art by itself. Few pianists know how to subordinate the accompaniment to the voice, and the simple ballad is often marred by loud octaves, or the florid cavatina rendered ineffective for want of a firm and appreciative piano support. In home music the listener is often obliged to imagine the accompaniment, which is suddenly found wanting in the middle of a

chorus, and during a solo the singer often contents herself with a random chord here and there, changing the effect, and leaving out the delicate shades of expression upon which the characteristic beauty of the air may depend. Among many singers in a large town, one was the favorite with all hearers because of the perfect finish of her accompaniments. Her musical taste was perfect, but her voice, although silvery, was surpassed in power and rich fullness by all the rest; and yet there was a charm in her singing peculiar to itself, and inimitable. This effect was principally owing to the grace of her accompaniment; her touch brought out each note with delicate clearness; she interpreted the composer's idea with exact appreciation, and from the opening to the final chord all was as exquisitely finished as the setting of a royal gem.

Expression is the life of music, whether vocal or instrumental, but the term has as many meanings as there are tastes to be suited. Persons who contract their voices into the finest possible thread of sound, so that you can scarcely hear the long-drawn whispers, are said to sing with "so much expression." Others who select a dreary monotone, rising now and then to a wail, are described as "bringing tears to your eyes;" which indeed they do. Others who alternate between the softest whispers and the loudest shrieks are considered "thrilling," and they merit the adjective if a quiver of every nerve in the body may be called a thrill. It has been said that we should never sing music which we cannot feel: those who have not suffered should not attempt to interpret the songs of suffering, and those who have not loved should not try to express the mystic meaning of love-songs. But this rule is too narrow. It is only applicable to those singers who are devoid of imagination. True musicians identify themselves with the character of a song as a great actor throws himself into his part, and the perfection of the rendition in either case is in exact proportion to the power of imagination.

A party of friends arrived at a coun-

try residence, and before going to their rooms paused a moment by the fire in a small parlor near the drawing-room. A few chords on the piano attracted their attention, and presently a voice broke forth in the stirring old song, now too seldom heard, "Bonnie Dundee:"

To the lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse  
spoke:  
"Ere the king's crown go down there are crowns to  
be broke;  
So each Cavalier who loves honor and me,  
Let him follow the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.  
Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can;  
Come, saddle my horses and call up my men;  
Come, open the West-port, and let me gae free,  
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee."

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street:  
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are  
beat;  
But the provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let  
him be;  
The town is well rid of that de'il of Dundee."  
As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,  
Each carline was flyting and shaking her pow,  
But some young plants of grace, they looked cou-  
thie and slee,  
Thinking, "Luck to thy bonnet, thou bonnie Dun-  
dee!"

He spurred to the foot of the high castle-rock,  
And to the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke:  
"Your Grace in short space shall have tidings of me,  
Or low lies the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.  
There are hills beyond Pentland, and streams be-  
yond Forth;  
If there's lords in the Southland, there's chiefs in  
the North;  
There are wild dunnie-wassels, three thousand  
times three,  
Will cry, 'Hey for the bonnet of bonnie Dundee!'

"Away to the hills, to the woods, to the rocks!  
Ere I own a usurper I'll couch with the fox;  
And tremble, false Whigs, though triumphant ye be,  
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me."  
He waved his proud arm, and the trumpets were  
blown,  
The kettledrums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,  
Till on Ravelston craigs and on Clermiston lee  
Died away the wild war-note of bonnie Dundee:  
"Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can;  
Come, saddle my horses and call up my men;  
Fling all your gates open, and let me gae free,  
For 'tis up with the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!"

The inspiring words seemed to fire the notes, the voice rang out in wild melody, and transported us back to the old days when the Cavaliers galloped through Scotland, and the very accompaniment so entered into the spirit of the air that we seemed to hear the horses' hoofs and see the waving of the riders' plumes over the heather-brae. Some hours afterward we were introduced to

the singer. We expected to see a vigorous, animated woman, with fire in her eyes and bloom in her cheeks—a very martial maid able to mount and away, to lead an army by the power of her personal enthusiasm. We saw a girl of quiet aspect, pale, delicate and retiring, her little hands too slender for the bridle, her form too fragile for a horseback ride, and her manner timid to a fault. Her life had known nothing more exciting than the little round of events in a still country village, and yet, by mere force of imagination, this child had annihilated time, space and her very identity, and over the Scottish hills, galloping free, rode after the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

American gentlemen are agreeable, and even chivalrous, but they are, alas! deficient in sentiment. They cannot design and execute a real serenade: they have neither the romance nor the musical ability. Their imagination soars not beyond a brass band in an omnibus wagon at so much an hour, whereas an ideal serenade is a very romantic and even mysterious affair. It requires a moonlight night, a solitary cavalier wrapped in a mantle, a tenor voice mingling with the tones of a guitar, a vine-draped casement above, disclosing an outline, a white hand and two starry eyes. In the hearts of our young girls, even the much-maligned girls of the present day, lingers a genuine love of romance. They would willingly supply the vine-draped casements, the starry eyes, and even furnish the guitars, if cavaliers could be found to enact the rest of the scene. But the cavaliers of the period are not skilled in guitar accompaniments; they are unacquainted with love-songs; and, like Willis's Cupid, they "mightily like their ease." Perhaps the grass is wet—perhaps there are dogs. Happy thought: stay at home. The old-fashioned serenade, therefore, is no longer heard save on the operatic stage. Its successors are the brass band and occasional merry excursions from house to house, when the moonlight calls young hearts abroad, and music bursts forth involuntarily, the language

of the summer night. Upon the piazza of a cottage in a large Western town there gathered by chance one evening a band of friends, young ladies and young gentleman of congenial musical tastes, and, tempted by the moonlight, some adventurous spirit proposed a serenading excursion. It was late, but the hour added a charm to the idea, and forth they sallied, two and two, through the quiet streets, reaching at length a stone mansion, where, after cautiously gliding over the grass, they took a position near the lighted windows of the family sitting-room, and opened the performance with "There's Music in the Air," the repetition of the four last lines, *pianissimo*, being considered a thrilling tenor effect. When the last faint sound had died away the singers waited for applause. None came, and an ominous silence reigned. "Try something a little louder," suggested a basso, and "Vive l'Amour" was given with original verses of a humorous nature. Still the same silence. "They are waiting until we have finished: they are afraid we may stop if they applaud," said a soprano. "Do sing 'Upidee!'" pleaded a musical Freshman, and that melodramatic poem was accordingly chanted in rollicking chorus, verse after verse, the insane "yah, yah, yahs," and all, until one of the gentleman, who had advanced nearer the windows, suddenly rushed back with horrified haste, and seizing the sopranos by the arms hurried them down the lawn toward the street, the rest following pell-mell, in wondering alarm. "What was it? what was it?" they cried. "All at family prayers, windows wide open, old gentleman reading at the top of his voice, but you drowned him out with your yahs!" gasped the youth; and the appalled serenaders listened to the tale in speechless horror.

A blight had fallen on the band, and several voices suggested returning home: it was suddenly discovered that the ladies were hoarse, the night cool and the small hours approaching. But the more daring spirits scorned such pusillanimous conduct. "Let us go and serenade Sir Lancelot," they said. This was a tempting proposition. Sir Lancelot was a gallant

youth of ancient family, whose prowess and knightly beauty had dazzled all eyes. His palatial halls and the Lake diamonds were as yet without a mistress, and visions of a cordial welcome and a carpet dance floated before the eyes of the lady singers. After a long walk to the suburbs of the town the hall towers appeared, and stealing across the broad lawn the serenaders took up a position between the house and a cluster of bushes on the right. The windows of the parlor were lighted, but the closely-drawn shades prevented all prying glances, and the singers, after consultation, decided to open the concert with the Fishermen's Chorus from *Massaniello*. This finished in spirited style, all eyes turned toward the windows, but they remained undisturbed.

"Let us try 'Love's Chidings,'" suggested a sentimental blonde, but the windows had no feeling, to see them almost kneeling, their musical affection revealing, and remained impassive.

"Come, let us go," said Miss Black-eyes. "Lancelot is asleep in his chair, I presume. You know I always thought him somewhat prosy."

"Perhaps he is in the back part of the house," pleaded Miss Blue-eyes: "let us try some military air."

So the "Sabre de Mon Père" was given, followed by "Marching Through Georgia," for the war was at that time a vivid memory. Still no response. "Strange he does not appear!" murmured Blue-eyes.

"Oh, *he* doesn't care for military music," observed a tenor: "he wasn't much of a soldier."

"How can you say so," exclaimed Blue-eyes indignantly, "when you know he was severely wounded, and promoted on account of bravery during action?"

"On account of money in pocket," suggested a basso.

"The wound was in his imagination, I suspect," added a tenor.

"The fault I find in Lancelot is his intense conceit: he really thinks he is handsome," remarked Miss Carnation.

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"Handsome! with that nose!" cried Miss Bluebell.

"If he knew how to talk we could pass over the nose; but he has absolutely no conversation," said Miss Lily, whose eyes were wet with tears of disappointment as she spoke.

"I confess I am sorry," said honest little Daisy: "I hoped for a dance."

"Dance!" echoed all the ladies in high indignation: "you do not suppose we dreamed of such a thing as entering his house?"

"Hallo!" exclaimed a tenor who had stepped nearer the bushes to gather a flower, "what's this?"

"Hush! hush!" whispered an agonized voice under the branches: "don't say a word, but stoop down here a moment."

A few seconds later, and the tenor in wild haste hurried the party across the lawn, out the gate and down the street, refusing to answer any questions, and preserving a mysterious silence as to the cause of the sudden retreat. But the way was long, the ladies persistent, and the unfortunate youth was tortured by the weight of displeasure and scorn heaped upon him by the inquisitive daughters of Eve. At length his sister added the last straw: "One would think you were a silly school-boy, Tom!"

"Very well, ladies," stammered the browbeaten victim, "if you must know, here it is. Sir Lancelot has a bathhouse down the hill, and he was just coming back, somewhat—ah, somewhat *deshabillé*, when he saw us at the gate and dived under the bush."

The gentlemen burst into a roar of laughter, peal after peal, until they were exhausted.

"Lancelot has heard the truth, for once," they said at length. "Prosy, is he, Miss Black-eyes?"—"Conceited, Miss Carnation?"—"Handsome! with that nose! Miss Bluebell?"—"Absolutely no conversation, Miss Lily?"

The ladies groaned in spirit. They gave no more moonlight serenades. Blue-eyes smiled.

CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

## TWO HALVES OF A STORY.

THIRTY years ago, when I was a very little girl, there was a story in one of my books which I always read with unceasing interest and delight. It excited a set of emotions which I was entirely unable to analyze, but which, I was aware, differed wholly from those produced by fairy-tales, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Paul and Virginia*, or even my favorite *Tales from History*, which were, as I knew, true, and some of them very moving. The story was this: During the years 1807-12, Prussia was groaning under the tribute laid upon her by Napoleon: he had the nation prisoner, and demanded an enormous ransom. Immense efforts and sacrifices were made by people of every class to raise the required sum, and liberate their country from the intolerable burden of foreign occupation. In every town altars were erected on which offerings were laid by all of the best which they had: men gave half their fortunes, women their jewels and lace; families parted with their richest heirlooms, and many a widow's mite helped to swell the fund; gold and silver plate was brought ungrudgingly, and the donors ate from wooden spoons and platters; the only ornaments worn were of iron, with the inscription, "We have given our gold for our country's freedom; and like her we wear an iron yoke." While this noble emulation was at its height there was a party one evening at the house of a banker of Breslau, one of the richest men in the town: the talk was of the war-tribute, and even the young girls were telling of their contributions. There was one, however, who made no boast: she was well-born and beautiful, but very poor, and she had not a single trinket, not an article of finery, of which she could despoil herself for the sake of her country. She had never felt her poverty so keenly before: the grief of being unable to help so dear and holy a cause

was sharpened by the mortification which youth suffers from any sense of inferiority. She went home in a state of passionate unhappiness. As she was arranging her hair for the night she suddenly bethought herself that as it was unusually magnificent, even in that land of luxuriant tresses, she might sell it, and give what it brought to the public fund. In the morning she went to a hairdresser and told him what she wished to do: the splendid locks were shorn. She flew to lay the small sum they brought upon the national altar, and returned full of pride and peace to her home. Her precious offering could not be kept secret: the story soon got abroad; the barber received a high price for the hair, and dedicated the whole to the patriotic fund; the transaction became widely known, and created an enthusiasm everywhere. Everybody wished for some of the hair; iron rings were made, each containing a little fair lock, and sold for more than their weight in gold, the proceeds being consecrated to the country's need; they became a fashion, a rage; people outbid each other for them; hundreds of dollars were given for a single ring; and all the money thus raised was laid on the altar as the young girl's contribution. She went about among her friends the proudest and happiest of all.

This simple story never failed to kindle in my childish heart the same glow with which in later years I read the speech of Jephthah's daughter in the *Dream of Fair Women*:

My God, my land, my father! . . .  
How beautiful a thing it was to die  
For God and for my sire!

When about fourteen, although my little story-book had long been thrown aside, I still cherished my enthusiasm for the golden-haired heroine; so I was highly delighted when a set of Berlin-iron ornaments was given me—bracelets, a brooch and cross. They were not of the gray



wire since known by that name, but of black iron open-work, mixed with bright steel, and exquisitely wrought in a Gothic design. It was a Prussian fashion which grew immediately out of the yoke-ornaments, and then passed away. My set was more than a quarter of a century old: nobody knew when or where it had been bought, and I used to wear it with a secret belief that it had belonged to my young patriot.

Twenty years went by—some of them terrible years—in which the recollection of the Prussian girl's sacrifice and all stories of self-devotion for one's country grew cold beside what I witnessed daily. One day, when this dreadful period was past, I was talking to a friend who had lived much on the continent of Europe of the curious and interesting people one falls in with abroad. She mentioned a number with whom she had become acquainted, in some instances under romantic circumstances. "But the one whose story pleased me most," she said, "was an old gentlewoman, *Fräulein von S—*, whom we accidentally met in Germany." Then followed the tale of the Prussian tribute and the golden hair.

"You knew that woman?" I exclaimed. "Is she alive? Did she not marry? What became of her?"

My friend described her—a little old maid, living quietly with a married sister, almost as old-maidish as herself, and her husband—all poor together—in a provincial town. She had not married for this reason: Her youthful example had inflamed the patriotism of her girl-companions to such a degree that their ardor they all, she included, took a vow never to marry anybody but a knight of the Iron Cross, an order recently instituted as a reward for special and signal valor. The fair hair came back like leaves in spring; she was prettier than ever, and a personage besides; she did not lack offers, nor offers from gallant soldiers her equals in birth, but no knight of the Iron Cross came to woo. Her two sisters married according to their vow: the girl-friends followed suit one by one—whether they all kept their pledge may perhaps be doubted. Years

went by; suitors were fewer; youth passed away, but no knight came; age drew on, and the staunch little old lady was content to live her small homely existence, true to her vow and single to her grave. Her family were all proud—proud of their blood, proud of their patriotism, which seemed to afford them substantial satisfaction. Sometimes *Fräulein von S—* would recall the exciting times of her youth, the party at her old friend the banker's (who, by the way, was the first purchaser of her hair from the barber), the anguish, the inspiration, the joy, the triumph, and at last the delicious, delirious pride of finding herself a heroine—of having done more for her country than all the girls in Prussia besides. These memories, to which her American friends listened with the heartiest sympathy, used to excite the old lady to such a degree that the married one would trot off for an effervescing draught to calm her sister's nerves. So she lived on, until at length a fresh burst of glory came to illumine the close of her monotonous existence.

The emperor of Germany—then king of Prussia—took it into his head one day to have a grand meeting of all the surviving original knights of the Iron Cross. A party was to be given for them at the palace at Berlin; outside of the court there were no invitations; the aged veterans were requested to come in their old uniforms. They mustered accordingly, in feebleness rather than force, from all parts of the kingdom—one less an arm, one a leg, another lacking both—with the faded, bullet-riddled uniforms, too tight for some, too loose for others, out of date for all: they were like the warriors in the grisly ballad of the "Midnight Review," but a more cheerful party. To this glorious assembly the only lady invited was *Fräulein von S—*. Though her day belonged to past times, she was not forgotten. The poor old heart ready to burst with this return of her youthful triumphs, she went, and was a heroine once more. All the heroes renewed their acquaintance with her or were introduced; the younger generation of soldiers, courtiers and great ladies heard again the

story of the golden hair; during the evening a magnificently bound album, embossed with her initials and arms, was presented to her; it contained the photographs of all the knights of the Iron Cross present on the memorable occasion. Then she returned to her quiet home, where it is reported many effervescing draughts were necessary before she recovered from her excitement.

So far my friend's reminiscences. A few years more passed, and a new war between France and Prussia broke out for the settlement of old scores. I thought of Fräulein von S—, and wondered whether it did not seem like a dream when the old enemies and oppressors of her country, under another Bonaparte, again brought fire and sword within its fields, only to have the tables so terribly turned. The Prussian troops were still holding Rheims when I happened to pass through Eisenach in Weimar. I had taken it into my head that this plain and pretty little old town, at the foot of the famous Wartburg, was the old lady's home. I was seized with a desire to pay my compliments to this honored woman, who, all unknown to herself, had been so conspicuous a figure in my childish fancy. I had great reluctance in thrusting myself upon her, not a little increased by the consciousness that such a proceeding would be *sehr amerikanisch*; but I succeeded in persuading myself that she would be glad to hear of her friends the P—s, whom I had seen only a few months before. Armed with this pretext, I began inquiring for her. The hotel-people knew nothing about her, neither did the shopkeepers: I applied to the post-office, keeping the clergyman as a last resort. I told the postmaster for whom I was looking: he had never heard the name. Slowly, with German deliberation, he turned from the window and repeated the story to the clerk within. Had he ever heard of Fräulein von S—, her hair and her photograph-album? He had not, either: he said it with circumspection, lest he should compromise himself by being too quick. Just then the letter-carrier, who had been standing by, stepped forward

and touched his cap with a "*Bitte*" ("By your leave"). "Is it Fräulein von S—, daughter of the old General von S— of Frederick the Great's time, the lady means?" "Yes, yes!" "Oh, I know the family well: I am from B—." (Here my tricky memory recognized the name of the Fräulein's home, and that it was not Eisenach.) "There is a statue to him: I used to play round the base of it when I was a boy, and people still told how his daughter cut off her hair." "And you heard of her going to court a few years ago?" "*Ja wohl*," and he added some details which I had omitted in my rapid account to the postmaster. "Oh yes, there can be no doubt," said I eagerly, ready to start in search of her by the next train: "where is she now?" "*Sie ruht im Friedhofe*," said the man, raising his cap ("She rests in the court of peace, the graveyard"). I thanked him and walked slowly away. Here was the end of my story.

S. B. W.

#### LIFE AT A SWISS CUR-ORT.

It is very characteristic of the present phase of the world's civilization that almost every place of general resort in this playground of Europe, as it has been called, should style itself a "Cur-ort," or "Place of Cure." We all—or, at all events, a great many of us—go to Switzerland to play during our annual holiday, but it seems to be universally felt to be necessary that our play should consist of—or at least should be associated with—a remedial process of some sort. There are of course baths of every conceivable description, and of course every district declares its own Jordan to be superior to all the waters of the neighboring Damascuses. But the old-fashioned notion of healing by means of bathing has in these days modern rivals in a host of new-fangled devices. Besides every conceivable modification of bathing—mud-baths, milk-baths, whey-baths, baths in water in which pine twigs have been boiled, etc. etc.—there are grape-cures, milk-cures, whey-cures, cherry-cures and—that no spot in the country may be excluded from its fair share of pretension—air-cures! It would seem as if anything

could constitute a "cure" which is procurable in unlimited abundance—grapes in the vineyards of Montreux, cherries in the cherry-orchards of Kirsch-making Zug, and milk on every upland Alpine pasture. How comes it that so very large a number of holiday-makers all need curing of some sort? Our fathers contented themselves with the early-to-bed and early-to-rise cure as practiced on their own lands, which was found for the most part very efficacious, even when used in conjunction with the three-bottle-of-port cure which was so popular in the last generation. Do we all really need curing so much more than our fathers did? I suspect it to be true that we really do. And the general notion of uniting a "cure" of some sort with our holiday seems to point to the prevalence of the modern malady of over-work. This is the malady we all come to Switzerland to be cured of; and I take it that the open-air-and-idleness cure is the real nostrum. And this may assuredly be practiced in great perfection at the place from which I send this paper.

Felsenegg is the name not of any town or even village, but solely of the house from which I write. It is indeed not the real name even of that, save in such sense as any man's house bears the name he chooses to give it. By "not the *real* name" I mean that it is not a name recognized by any map. Any reader curious in topography may find the spot in Dufour's large map of Switzerland under the name of Geisboden, if he will look for it on the hill which shuts in the Lake of Zug to the eastward. Felsenegg is a name chosen on the same principle that a young débutante calls herself "Bellaire" or "Claremont," or the like. It means the "Corner of the Rocks," and the proprietor imagined that it sounded romantic, and would be more attractive to visitors than "Geisboden." There are no rocks near the place, but that matters little. The *lucus-a-non-lucendo* principle in nomenclature was never so much in vogue as in these days of ours. Rocks, indeed, seem to be the only delicacy of the season which Felsenegg cannot boast. We have, as the advertisements tell us,

pure mountain-air, pine woods, strawberries, an English chaplain, goats' milk, whey, douche and other baths, besides many more things which the advertisements say nothing about. We are four miles—severe collar-work all the way—from Zug; we have the lake of that name immediately in front of us, but some three thousand feet below us; the country round us consists of an alternation of breezy, open downs and pine forests; the glacier-laden shoulder of the Titlis can be seen from the terrace at the back, and the Jungfrau with her "silver horn," together with one or two of her neighbors, from the terrace at the front of the house. The whole of the Küssnacht and Alpnach branches of the Lake of Lucerne are visible in the middle distance, with Pilatus, that most hoary, stern and storied of mountains, rising from out of their waters. To the north and north-west we look over a vast extent of open country, extending to the Jura range, which makes the dim horizon in that direction. It is across this vast plain—no plain indeed, by any means; only it looks like one from our point of view, some three thousand feet above it—that we gaze at our glorious sunsets, sitting on the terrace in front of the long façade of the house like people in the dress-boxes at a theatre. When the spectacle ends by an illumination of the snowy Oberland tops by the red rays, and an "Abendroth" is produced of the most gorgeous description as the closing scene before the dropping of the curtain, the applause is general, and we go in to supper with the conviction of not having lost a day. I am disposed to think that the Felsenegg sunsets ought to figure in the advertisements even before the strawberries and the chaplain. The Rigi, too—mountain specially beloved by the Cockneydom of all nations, rising as it does between the Lake of Zug and that of Lucerne—contributes its share to the amusements of our spectacle. The houses both on the Kulm and on the Scheideck, as the two tops of the mountain are called, are distinctly visible, and we can see the line of smoke made by the railway-engine as it puffs its unnat-

ural way along the brow of the mountain between Rigi Kulm and Rigi Staffel, as the first stage on the road down is called. I take it that the enterprise has been commercially a very successful one, though it has to gather all its profits in, at most, three months of the year, for another rail is now being laid up the opposite side of the mountain from Arth, at the head of the Lake of Zug. Think of the vulgarizing incongruities of the scenes that must be produced by an amount of traffic such as is indicated by this second undertaking! for the best way of "seeing the Rigi," to my thinking, is to look at it across the lake from our perch at Felsenegg.

I think, upon the whole, our Felsenegg may be cited as a good specimen of that quite special organization, a Swiss mountain boarding-house. There are very many of such places now, supply having responded to demand with a promptness that does all honor to the activity of Swiss enterprise. They are quite unlike any other places of resort in the world, as would be likely to be the case from the peculiar circumstances of their location.

And Felsenegg, despite the slight misnomer involved in its romantic appellation which has been hinted at, may be considered a very favorable specimen of the species. I have said enough to show that the landscape from the house itself, and the extremely diversified points of view within a very few minutes' walk of it, yield in extent and in grandeur to very few in Switzerland. It may be added that it is in a special degree adapted to afford enjoyment to those whose walking powers are of a very moderate kind, as well as to more active pedestrians. There are wide, open, breezy downs, in great part covered with heather and bracken, for the delicious morning and evening hours, and sunless paths through deep, still forests of pine and beechwood for the midday heats. Not that those who are accustomed to the summer days of cities, even in Switzerland, would consider the temperature to be ever hot on this hilltop. And—a point which all who have frequented any such places of gen-

eral resort will recognize the importance of—the spaces at command are so wide, and the attractions in a variety of directions so evenly balanced, that one never feels choked by a superabundance of fellow-creatures. You sit down to dinner seventy or eighty strong, and in half an hour afterward may, if you be so disposed, be in the enjoyment of a solitude that would have satisfied Saint Anthony. Or you may avail yourself of the acquaintanceship so easily formed among the inmates of such a house, and enjoy your solitude *à deux* or *à trois*, or in any other more diluted form that your social propensities may dictate. Our mountain-perch is very favorably contrasted in this respect with either or any of the Rigi hotels: I believe there are now more than half a dozen of them, all huge caravanseries, and others larger still in process of construction. Had the Rigi been on the western side of the Atlantic, there would have been a church, a theatre, a school-house and a literary institute there by this time. As it is, you might as well seek your summer in an Islington tea-garden or at Smith's Island. We look across over quiet little Zug Lake to the heights which Cockneydom has marked for its own, and thank our stars that we are out of the smell of the brandy and water, and are inhaling the fragrant breezes from the pine woods instead.

And now for our interior life at Felsenegg.

The house, as may be imagined from what has been already said, is a large one, and has within a few years been increased in size by the erection of a really noble dining-room, which serves also admirably well, when the tables have been removed, for a ball-room. The bed-rooms are small, as they invariably are at all such places, but they are better than many others, and are scrupulously clean. Here is the shape of our day: At six o'clock the large house-bell rings its first peal. It is the signal that the cows have been driven up from the pasture, and are standing ready to be milked for the benefit of those who suppose themselves to be doing the "milk-

cure." Cure or no cure, a glass of milk from the cow, drunk as you pace the terrace and watch the morning sun turn the glaciers on the Titlis into sparkling silver, is no bad thing. We go down, *tant soit peu en négligée*, and take our glass of foaming milk (a long slender Swiss glass some ten inches high) and our quiet morning stroll or our equally quiet morning flirtation, according to the length of years each of us has behind him. Then perhaps the claims of "back-hair," not sufficiently "done" and brought to duly killing perfection, may demand an interval of brief retirement before all meet in the monster *salle-à-manger* at sound of bell at eight. Coffee, milk, bread of divers kinds, butter and honey—such honey! served, not in misanthropical little pots, each holding one dissociated unit's portion, but as a huge family might be served, and all in very liberal abundance. Huge pieces of Gruyère cheese also figure on the table, for are we not among a German-speaking people? But the English and American guests will probably be found to have congregated at one of the four long tables which in parallel lines divide the vast *salle* among them, and their habitat and habits will be marked by an absence of that ingredient of a German breakfast. Then intentions for the day are inquired into and compared, and parties made up for walking, for lounging, for botanizing, for music-making (there is a very fair piano in the "Damen-salle," which appears to be quite indifferently frequented by either sex if only the rougher one have no cigar in its mouth: if *it* has, there is the "Conversation-salle" for *it*), for chess, for letter-writing, for embroidery-making or love-making, or for the *far niente*, which is nowhere more *dolce* than by the *lisière* of a pine wood on a Swiss mountain.

At one o'clock the bell again "invites us"—this time to dinner. Perhaps your walk has been so far afield as to make you late for it—an evil, but not an irreparable one. You will not lose your dinner, but you will be fined half a franc, reasonable enough, on the score of extra service. For our host, Herr Weiss—

who, by the by, speaks English perfectly—is a stickler for discipline, and maintains that without some measure of it his numerous family could not be managed with so much comfort to all the members of it as it is. Of the dinner it is sufficient to say that it is liberally served, and abundantly good enough for all save such Luculli as ought never to trust themselves to any ministry save that of the *chefs* of great cities. The table, with all that belongs to it, is more than decent—it is comfortable; and all that appertains to the service is far less rough than I have seen it at similar places.

In the after-dinner hours walkers are apt to become strollers, and morning-strollers are apt to become sedentary. The newspapers and letters reach us from Zug just as we have done dinner, and they furnish occupation for a quiet hour. Some, perhaps, who have risen before six, may indulge in a siesta. The bell for supper rings at eight, half-past seven and seven, as the season advances. But in any case it must not be till the sun has dipped behind the hills beyond Lucerne which make our western horizon, for the sunsets seen from its terrace are one of the glories of Felsenegg.

The evening diversions will offer incidents that may probably strike an American or an Englishman as perhaps the most remarkable among the "humors" of the place. Going into the great *salle* one evening, where jocund sounds told me that some scene of mirth was going on, I found a large party of the younger folks dancing to an excellently performed waltz of Strauss, the player being—the waiter who a few minutes previously had been changing my plate at supper! On remarking with some surprise on this pluralism of occupation, I was told that he was not the only one of his fraternity in the house who could strike a key as deftly as he could draw a cork—that another of the waiters was equally able to take his place at the piano. Upon another occasion I found a large party of lads and lasses engaged with continual shouts of laughter in a game of "forfeits." A story was told in the course of which, whenever a



certain word was introduced, something had to be done by some one or by all of the listeners. Methinks that dim memory tells me that the ingenious device was known among the sons and daughters of men more than half a century ago. But, unless distance lends an enchantment to the view which did not belong to it, at that distant epoch a large portion of the "forfeits" used to consist of kisses given and received. But the world has become much more pretty-behaved (on the outside) since then, and it is pleasing to be able to state that no impropriety of any such atrocious sort disgraced the stately halls of Felsenegg. But the point that I was coming to was, that the teller of the story to the assembled party was the "Oberkellner," the head-waiter—not either of the pianists—so various are the talents of the Felsenegg *valetaille*! A remarkably clever fellow that "Oberkellner" must be. He did his story-telling exceedingly well, and was evidently quite in his element as the observed of all observers. Only, I found that the word which was to set all the laughing party in motion was "silver." And what each one was bound to do was to rush and seize, among a number laid out on the table, a silver *fork* or *spoon* according as the name of either implement followed the word *silver*, or to abstain from doing anything if any word, such as "sixpence" or "trumpet" or what not that might be made of silver, was pronounced. The "Oberkellner," I repeat, did his spiriting very cleverly, but it did seem to me that his selection of the magic word sounded needlessly *shoppy*. This, however, is hypercriticism. The game is an excellent one, and as a sure means of keeping an audience attentive might be recommended with advantage to more than one story-teller of my acquaintance. Upon another occasion this versatile "Oberkellner" presented us with a comic interlude invented, got up and mainly performed by himself. An excellent "Oberkellner" he was, too, in his main or principal capacity, if any of his "many parts" could be called so more than another.

*Sancta simplicitas!* Such are the Felsenegg Nights' Entertainments. Strange enough it seemed to the Americans and English who looked on. But then, you see, these people really are, in the heart and to the marrow of them, democrats; whereas you, dear Brother Jonathan, are as much of an aristocrat as any hawknosed and blue-eyed old earl in the little island.

T. A. T.

#### LAST DAYS OF FRITZ REUTER.

ON the twelfth of July 1874, occurred the death of Fritz Reuter, one of the most popular of modern German authors. His works, in the Platt-Deutsch dialect, are well known to every student of German literature, and some of them have been translated into English, and published in this country as well as in England. They are full of a hearty, wholesome and genial humor, alternating with touches of true and tender feeling, are thoroughly and distinctively national in their tone and character, contain admirable delineations of provincial manners and language, and are equally popular with almost every grade of society. A well-informed and judicious writer in one of the late numbers of a prominent German journal says: "The place which Reuter occupied in German literature is freely and joyfully conceded to him by all who understand his language. His works have become dear friends in palace and in hut. The every-day language of the people has drawn upon them for expressive terms. His characters have acquired flesh and blood: they have become living beings, and, now waggishly, now sorrowfully smiling, they will continue to come up before us as though they knew what a place they have gained in our affections."

Reuter passed the last days of his life in his own pleasant villa, near Eisenach in Saxe-Weimar, amid the picturesque mountain-scenery of the Thuringian Forest. Since the close of winter he had been suffering from an attack of heart-disease, and his only exercise after this illness began was taken in an arm-chair on wheels, within the bounds of his own garden. His faithful and attached gar-

dener, Moller, had excavated a little grotto in a cliff to shield him against the wind and weather, and this retreat was also shaded by the spreading branches of a great oak which grew beside it. He would sit for hours on this spot, whence he could look far away into the lovely Johannisthal, one of the calm, peaceful valleys of that beautiful country, and where the summer air floated in, bringing with it the odor of blooming flowers. Often, as he sat there, travelers passing along the highway to visit the old castle of Wartburg would greet him with waving hats and handkerchiefs; and these marks of kind feeling from those who knew him only through his works always moved him deeply, and cheered him with the thought that the poor invalid was not forgotten by the active outside world. Sometimes old friends and companions would come to see him, and for them there was always a hearty boyish welcome. One of them has since told how, as he entered the garden one morning not long before the end, Reuter, as he caught sight of him, called out in almost jovial tones, "My dear old Fritz!" This friend's account of the closing scenes in the great author's life shows how deeply he had entered into the lives and hearts of those who knew him best. The writer seems unable to withdraw his thoughts entirely from the great loss he has sustained; and, as he tries to tell of various circumstances connected with his subject, the words "Fritz Reuter ist tod!" interrupt the narrative like a sad refrain. Two strong roots of the oak had been cut during the making of the grotto, and as he looked at them he would say, "The ends of the roots stare at me like two eyes. When I go away I think the oak will go too." His prediction was verified, for the tree, which was green and flourishing before his death, soon after that event began to lose its freshness, and in a short time stood half withered, as if it would follow his example.

He was very fond of flowers, and in his garden were many beautiful species, while the balcony of his villa was covered with the splendid *Clematis bachmanni*, whose blossoms he especially admired.

He himself did not, at first, know how short a time he had to live, though his devoted and dearly-loved wife was not deceived about it. But during the last three days his sufferings increased very much, and at last it became apparent to him, as well as to the rest, that the end was at hand. His wife had not left his side for many hours, and his physician, Dr. Wedemann, with some of his oldest and best friends, was also with him. His voice was distinct, though faint, and his mind seemed to be clear to the last. As his breath was failing he said to his wife, who was lovingly holding his hands, "Luising, lulle mich in Schlaf" ("Louise, lull me to sleep"). They were his last words. The friend spoken of before says of this deathbed scene: "Such was the home-going of a poet who, in many thousands of hearts, will live for ever. Such was the parting with life of one who was truly a good and brave man. Not often has a man taken more love with him to the grave than did Fritz Reuter." W. W. C.

#### A CURIOUS INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

DURING the greater part of the war I lived in Richmond. As calamities increased I could not help observing the growth of something akin to superstition. In the presence of evils which human power seemed wholly unable to avert, the recurrence of this trace of aboriginal fetishism was but natural. Importance was attached to portents, and people watched the skies with absorbing interest. It was remembered that the comet of 1861 appeared, from Gen. Beauregard's head-quarters, to hang just over what was afterward the field of battle. The "Battle Rainbow," which appeared a day or two before the seven days' fighting around Richmond, was made the theme of John R. Thompson's verse. An aurora of ghastly luridness flushed the skies in the direction of Fredericksburg a night or two previous to the great battle which occurred in and near that town. A spell of desperately bad weather marked the fall of Donelson and of Roanoke Island, and there were not wanting those who believed that bright skies were au-

spicious for the Confederate arms, while lowering heavens betokened victories for the banners of the Union.

What struck me most was not the continual reappearance of the "reliable gentleman" of the newspaper reporters, who was for ever coming "down the Central Railroad last evening" with pleasing intelligence for the authorities in Richmond, but the almost invariable occurrence of rumors of great victories immediately before signal defeats. A lapse of ten years has clouded my memory not a little, but I am unable now to recall a single important Confederate repulse which was not preceded by this ominous symptom. I am sure it occurred just before Antietam, and again just before Gettysburg, and it continued until the final catastrophe at Appomattox. I can never forget that at Danville, some twenty-four hours before the news of General Lee's surrender reached us, a report was universally circulated to the effect that the Southern cavalry had achieved a complete victory over General Sheridan's forces, thereby ensuring General Lee's retreat. I busied myself to find the source of this report, and traced it, as I then thought, to a trifling fellow who was a creature of a member of Mr. Davis's cabinet. Indignant at the atrocious spirit that would deceive the people at such a time with false hopes, I naturally concluded that all previous reports of a similar character had been put in circulation simply to encourage the downhearted. Now, I am quite unwilling to believe that the Confederate authorities could have been so wicked and so silly as to originate and set going a deliberate lie for any purpose whatsoever; but it is certain that such lies were circulated by somebody, and, as I believe, for the foolish purpose above indicated.

An incident of a wholly different nature still seems to me curious. Seated one night with a friend on the steps of a row of offices on Bank street, facing the Capitol Square, suddenly there came, without a note of warning and apparently not more than thirty or forty feet overhead, the peculiar rushing, hissing

sound of a shell in rapid motion. Profoundly startled, my friend and myself sprang to our feet, expecting momentarily to hear the shell explode in the War Department on Ninth street, at which it seemed evidently to have been aimed. The sentry at the post-office (Goddin's Building) cried out in alarm; the captain of the guard at the Capitol ran headlong down the hill to inquire into the matter, and a soldier who had been asleep on the grass in the square bounced up in a state of extreme agitation. There was no explosion. There had been no sound of a gun previous to the noise of the shell. The nearest Federal batteries were so far away that their shot and shell had rarely if ever reached Church Hill, and Bank street was a mile farther off. The Confederate guns, though nearer than the Federal, could hardly have shot so far. Supposing them to have had the range of the famous "Swamp Angel" before Charleston, what earthly motive could the gunners have had for firing this solitary shell into their own city? Could it have been an accident? Then a shell must certainly have been fired. But it is not certain that a shell *was* fired. Not only no explosion took place, but no house was struck, and diligent inquiry in the upper part of the city failed to elicit any information whatever about the shell. It could hardly have fallen in the most densely peopled streets, and in the midst of private dwellings, without attracting a particle of attention. After all, was it a shell? No one saw it: the fuse was not burning. Could it have passed entirely over the city? Impossible, in my opinion. What was it? The mystery was never solved.

R. D. E.

#### THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR TO LONDON.

THE comte de Flahault, a scion of the old French *noblesse*, who during a portion of the reign of Napoleon III. held the appointment of ambassador from France to England, was almost as much an Englishman as a Frenchman, having married an Englishwoman, a peeress in her own right, and been long a resident in Queen Victoria's dominions. The present late-

ly-appointed ambassador, Count de Jarnac, is even more closely connected with the country to which he is accredited. His mother was a sister of the duke of Leinster, and his wife a daughter of Lord Foley. The count is the proprietor of Thomastown, an immense mansion and extensive property in the south of Ireland which became very famous in the earlier half of the last century. It was then the residence of Mr. George Mathew, who modeled his establishment on the plan of a magnificent hotel, and maintained a princely hospitality. A reference to it will be found in the *Memoirs of Swift and Sheridan*, who paid a visit there together, and were amazed at the scale on which "Grand George," as Mr. Mathew was called by his friends, conducted his affairs. The head of the family subsequently received the earldom of Llandaff, but the title became extinct in 1833, when Thomastown devolved on Lady Elizabeth, the earl's only sister. It was this lady who showed much kindness to the famous Father Mathew, whose father was an illegitimate son of one of the Llandaff family. Lady Elizabeth bequeathed her property—all her paternal relations being extinct—to the Vicomte de Chabot, whose mother was her own mother's (Lady Llandaff's) sister. The Chabots are a famous French family, springing originally from the neighborhood of Poitou.

The present Count de Jarnac has had a long diplomatic career. He was an attaché of the French legation in London after the flight of Louis Philippe in 1848, and it was through him that both Sir Robert Peel and Lord Palmerston, when they heard of the grievous straits to which for a time the old king and queen were reduced, tendered them offers of personal assistance. The letters in which they did so lately came to light, and the extreme delicacy and generosity of spirit in which the offer was made reflect very pleasantly on these departed statesmen. Count de Jarnac has played his part well as an Irish county gentleman, and it was specially noted that, albeit his property was situated in a dangerous district, he and the

countess continued in their Irish home during the Fenian troubles a few years ago. His appointment is probably regarded by the English government as an act of particular courtesy on the part of the President.

#### MR. WILLIAM BLACK ON AMERICAN CURIOSITY.

IN a letter to the *Athenæum* which has been widely reprinted in this country, Mr. William Black complains of the persecution to which he is subjected by a number of his American admirers, who pester him with impertinent inquiries in regard to his personal and domestic affairs. Nor is he able to throw these inquisitive missives aside, without troubling his head further about them. It seems that the American public has been roused to such a degree of curiosity in regard to him, that enterprising publishers and editors, under the imperative necessity of ministering to it, *will* have a biographical notice, "correctly if possible, incorrectly if not" (a somewhat singular alternative, it must be owned). "The sub-editor of a New York daily newspaper" solicited "the proper materials for the construction of an 'obit';" a gentleman commissioned to represent one of the best known of American magazines made a peremptory demand for "a critical-biographical sketch;" and *Appleton's Journal*, getting the start of its rivals, supplied a biography, without, as it would seem, applying for either permission or aid—"incorrectly if not," we infer. It is hard to be obliged to confess a lack of zeal in collecting and imparting important information; but we have to confess that our own curiosity in regard to Mr. Black's private affairs was first awakened by the publication of his letter, and that it would have been amply satisfied if he had stated the name of the magazine from which he received the demand above mentioned. His silence on this point makes it necessary for us to say that no demand, inquiry or suggestion of the sort has been addressed to him by any one commissioned to represent *Lippincott's Magazine*, which may be supposed to be as well known to Mr. Black as any other in America.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

German Universities: A Narrative of Personal Experience; together with recent statistical information, practical suggestions, and a comparison of the German, English and American systems of higher education. By James Morgan Hart. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Two causes have conduced to render the German university system a subject of particular interest at the present time—one being the supposed influence of that system on the recent course of events through which Germany has attained to national unity and the hegemony of the European states; the other, the keener criticism now directed, both in England and America, to the respective methods and institutions for the promotion and diffusion of higher education at home. These two causes have reacted on each other. In England the defects of an ancient system, unmodified to meet the requirements of a modern era, had long been a matter of general complaint. In America the deficiencies of a new system, which could only be regarded as a temporary expedient shaped by the limited needs and resources of a people just starting on its career, were constantly becoming more apparent and more mischievous. But so long as Germany presented the spectacle of a people unanimated, as it seemed, by any breath of national life, subject to alternations of distraction and stagnation, unpractical in its aspirations and incapable of harmonious and energetic action, it was useless to point to its educational establishments as proper to be copied by nations which were leading the van of material progress, and which had founded and maintained political systems supposed to be regarded with envy and despair by the rest of mankind. The ready reply to all who expressed admiration of the German universities was, that they had produced a race of mere scholars and speculative thinkers—a culture that kept itself aloof from all the real concerns of society, and acted on the body politic as a dissolvent, or at the best as a narcotic. No such answer can be made since Germany has passed with a rapid stride to the front rank among nations, and when this sudden advance is believed to have been intimately connected with the superiority of its educa-

tional system. While France is remodeling her military establishment on the pattern of her conqueror's, England and America cannot afford to leave unstudied those intellectual springs which lie much nearer the source of real national greatness and stable progress. Neither England nor America is wholly satisfied with its own educational system: both the object and the means are matters of disagreement and constant discussion. Germany, on the other hand, professes to have attained a scientific accuracy in its conceptions on both points: it aims only at the further development of settled principles and at improvement in details. The German system challenges inquiry on the part of those who are stimulated by the need and hope of radical amendment to institute comparisons, and whatever, therefore, tends to throw fresh light on its workings and results cannot but be welcome.

The precise purpose of Mr. Hart's book is indicated in the preface. "Much," he writes, "has been published in a fugitive form upon the fruitful topic of university life in Germany. One man has taken up the lecture system, another the dueling, a third the manners and customs of the instructors or of the students. But no one, I believe, has told, in a plain, straightforward narrative, how he himself passed his time at the university, what he studied, and what he accomplished." The want is one which has been felt alike by all who have wished to investigate the subject for its general bearings, and by the not inconsiderable number who have had personal motives for seeking as full an acquaintance with it as books could give. Mr. Hart has now supplied the want in a satisfactory and indeed admirable manner. His narrative is as "straightforward" as could be desired. It gives concisely but graphically all the information it was essential to have, while avoiding all extraneous matter and superfluous details. It is singularly free from verbiage and from the rhetorical amplifications with which American works on the subject of education are usually loaded. Its merits afford an indirect testimony in favor of the methods of instruction which it describes. Whether the author has found much occasion for the ap-



plication of the special knowledge acquired during his course of study in Germany may be doubtful, but the mental discipline which he underwent in the acquisition has borne no unworthy fruit in the power which he exhibits as a terse and vigorous writer.

Mr. Hart speaks of his personal experience as "fit to serve as a model for illustration, not imitation, and as a basis for digression," precisely because it was so uneventful "a sample of German student life in the average." It was, however, so far abnormal that it was the experience of a foreigner—one, too, who entered on his studies with a very insufficient knowledge of the language which was to be the medium of the instruction he wished to receive. Nor can the energy and persevering labor through which he overcame this disadvantage and completed his course of study within the usual period be reckoned as elements of an altogether ordinary case. The race was one in which the winner was heavily weighted, and the record of it ought to serve as a warning against the too common notion that a knowledge of German, instead of forming part of the requisite outfit, may be made one of the branches of university study, or that an adequate knowledge of it can be "picked up" during a short residence in the country. Arriving at Göttingen in the summer vacation of 1861, Mr. Hart, though matriculated in October, was not through with his "grammar travail" till the following spring, and even then his attendance at lectures was merely *pro forma*, or else with the simple view of increasing his familiarity with the language, the summer being devoted to general reading in the now open field of German literature. This period of probation was prolonged by an illness, and by an abortive effort to resume his university course with more profit at Berlin. At Göttingen, having at first no definite object or plan, he had enrolled himself in the philosophical faculty as the one that offered the widest range of lectures; but he now decided on taking up the study of law, with the view of obtaining, if possible, the degree of doctor. The summer vacation of 1863 found him, however, "in a maze of doubt and ignorance," with no light gained from either lectures or books, and no path discernible by which to advance. No guidance offered itself in Berlin, but, returning to Göttingen, he was soon put on the right track by one of the *Privat-docenten*—sub-professors, rather than tutors—a class which,

in common with Mr. Arnold, he describes as essential links in the university organism, mediators between the professors and the students, stimulating the former to fresh research, cheering and directing the latter, performing as necessary functions as those of the non-commissioned officers of a regiment or the boatswain of a frigate. With this help, and by means of the strenuous "spurting" to which it encouraged him, he was able to recover lost ground, and ere long to range himself somewhat ahead of the average student of like standing. But his time was limited; and, unless he could obtain an exemption from some of the usual requirements in regard to the period of attendance at lectures and the subjects demanded, he would have no hope of being admitted to an examination. Previous assurances on this point were not to be had: all he could do was to prepare himself by a year's unremitting work to profit by the concession if granted, send in his application at the proper time and await the decision. His account of the struggle, of the final strain under which his health nearly broke down, of the ordeal by which his acquirements and capacity were rigidly tested, and of the bestowal of the hard-won reward in the shape of a higher degree than he had ventured to aspire to, is full of interest, and conveys much information that cannot fail to afford useful hints to any reader who may be pursuing a similar course with or without a prospect of the same results. The chapters relating to these matters are interspersed with others descriptive of German manners and the customary phases of student life. These, though mere sketches, give clear and accurate views of scenes that are often blurred or travestied in more labored representations, and will be found entertaining by all intelligent readers.

Besides the "Personal Narrative," which forms the first and longer portion of the book, Mr. Hart has grouped under the head of "General Remarks" an examination of the question what constitutes a university, a comparison of the German with the English universities and with the American colleges, some statistical details and practical hints, and, running through the whole, a discussion of the nature and methods of higher education. This, as will be readily apprehended, covers far too wide a range of topics to admit of being embraced, in all their bearings and details, within the limits to which the author

has restricted himself. Nor does he, we are compelled to say, seem to have qualified himself by full investigation, and by a comprehensive view of the many and complex questions involved, to grapple with the problem in its totality. His remarks are often suggestive, many of his arguments are pertinent and cogent, and he does not exhibit any stronger bias than is natural and excusable in one who is well assured of the merits of his case. But the cause is one that cannot be determined by the consideration of any single group of facts. It is a practical not a speculative question, and needs to be handled in the broadest spirit. Mr. Hart is not an advocate for the adoption by America of the German method of higher education "at once and in the lump." He admits that this would be impracticable; that the American public is "not aroused to the vital connection between the state and education in all its stages;" that the colleges have in fact already somewhat outstripped the demand for a more extensive curriculum, and "outrun the capacities of the preparatory schools." But it is no fair statement of the objections made to the introduction of a foreign system to represent them as based on the notion that "we do not need highly-educated men"—that a superficial scholarship is sufficient for those who must perforce be above all things "practical." The objection, we apprehend, goes deeper, and rests on a perception of the truth so clearly discerned and stated by Goethe, that "nothing is good for a nation save what grows up out of its own life and its own wants, and this must be quite distinct from any imitation of foreign examples." The German educational system is rooted in the national life and is the growth of many centuries. It is interlinked with a host of conceptions far remote from all our ways of thought. No doubt it presents features which may be safely copied by other countries, but the form and structure must in each case be indigenous. Before we can hope to perfect a system of higher education in America, we must have reached an agreement as to what such education necessarily consists in; and this is a question which, as all who look deeply into the matter will, we think, confess, cannot be conclusively settled by actual standards, but must be left in some degree to determine itself by the general growth and tendencies of society. What the higher education may be expected to accomplish is a

point on which Mr. Hart seems to us to have somewhat vague ideas. When he talks of colleges "producing first-rate men," and when he contrasts a set of English with a set of German historians as samples of the different results of two methods of education, we are forced to infer that he thinks it within the scope and power of educational institutions to "produce" talent or genius. If it were necessary to show how little they have to do with even the development of these qualities in their rarer forms, we should only have to cite most of the greatest names in literature and art, and not a few in science and politics, as unencircled by any halo of academic fame, or to compare the steady improvement of the German universities within the last half century with the equally steady retrogression of German literature during the same period. Nor is Mr. Hart happy in the illustrations he selects. He puts Mr. Trollope among historical writers, on the strength, we suppose, of the *Chronicles of Basset*, and mentions Lingard as one of the leading English historians of the present generation; while he asserts as an unquestionable fact that the English do little more for the history of their own country than the Germans are doing for it, and that they do nothing for the history of Germany. We should be slow to admit that a wilderness of Germans could do as much for the history of England as Carlyle has done for that of Prussia. But if Mr. Hart really supposed that a comparison of this kind would afford any true test of the relative merits of German and English scholarship, he should at least have drawn one which, instead of depending in any measure upon a casual direction of studies, should present an example of rivalry in the same field. He might have chosen the appropriate ground of Greek history, and in that case, while he would have been able, we admit, to cite a respectable array of German writers, he might also have found occasion to acknowledge that the pioneer to whom all of them have been indebted, and whom none of them has surpassed, was Grote, who, by the way, affords an instance of a "first-rate" man "produced" without the aid of universities in a department which universities have always aimed to hold as a kind of preserve.

We have little space to notice other points on which we are forced to differ with Mr. Hart. We find one statement, however, which, though wholly insignificant in itself, is intro-

duced in a way that might render it, if uncorrected, very liable to mislead the reader in regard to one of the main branches of the discussion. Noticing with entire truth the superior preparatory training of the German over the American student, he quotes the list of studies in the higher classes at a gymnasium; and lest the reader should think "this must be some 'crack' school in Berlin or Leipsic," informs him that it is, on the contrary, "the programme for the gymnasium of a town of which he has, in all probability, never heard," and refers him to "his Gazetteer," to learn that "Ellwangen is a small town in Württemberg, forty-five miles north-east of Stuttgart; population, in 1857, 3000; at the present day, probably 5000;" adding, "Yet we find this obscure Franconian town, off the high road of commerce and culture, *giving its children the best of training.*" A reader who feels the astonishment which this passage seems *intended* to excite—in distinction from that which it is calculated to produce—will of course ask, If this be a sample of what the small and obscure towns do, what in the world do the "crack schools" of the big cities perform? Now, we have to reply that Ellwangen does nothing of the sort. The gymnasium at that place is one of seven, all, we believe, established and endowed by the state, in the four "circles" into which the kingdom of Württemberg is divided. In each of the other circles there are two gymnasiums. In the *Fagstkreis*, of which Ellwangen is the seat of justice and administration, there is only one for a population (in 1863) of about 400,000, spread over an area of 90,000 square miles. Five-sixths of the scholars over fourteen years old at the Württemberg gymnasiums are non-residents (*nicht Ortsangehörige*); and as this average includes Stuttgart, where probably the pupils are mostly residents, it would need direct evidence to show that any children belonging to Ellwangen receive their education at its gymnasium. It should be observed, too, that Württemberg, instead of comparing unfavorably with other German countries in regard to education, as Mr. Hart's language might lead one to infer, stands in some respects at their head. It is the one in which compulsory education has been longest established, where the smallest percentage is found of persons unable to read or write, and where, probably, the largest proportional support is given to schools of all classes by the state, which devotes to this object about

eleven per cent. of the gross revenue, exclusive of what is raised by the *Gemeinden*, on which the expense of the *Volksschulen* mainly falls, and of contributions from various other sources. Its towns may lie "off the high road of commerce," but assuredly they do not lie far from that of "culture." The statistics, not only of its educational establishments, but of its book-trade, distinguished for its early and progressive activity and linked with the publication of the great masterpieces of German literature, yield sufficient evidence on that point.

We are unwilling to part with Mr. Hart in a mood that may seem to be one of dissatisfaction or fault-finding. His book has given us too much pleasure for us to feel otherwise than grateful for it, or indisposed to recognize its merits, not the least of which is its power of stimulating reflection even where it fails to win entire assent. Its main object, the promotion of educational reform, is one that deserves the fullest sympathy. With its spirit, which is earnest without any tincture of intolerance, no one can feel disposed to quarrel. Its matter is often valuable and always lively, and its style, as we have already intimated, is in many respects admirable. No better written work of the kind has ever come from the American press.

Correspondence of William Ellery Channing, D. D., and Lucy Aikin, from 1826 to 1842. Edited by Anna Letitia Le Breton. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This correspondence may stand, we suspect, as a type of many that have been maintained between educated and somewhat distinguished people on the two sides of the Atlantic—chiefly, perhaps, between men of this class on our side and women on the other. A New England woman with Miss Aikin's attainments would have been apt to write with more effusiveness on topics either purely intellectual or purely emotional, and with less interest in critical discussions or national questions; while an Englishman holding a similar position to Channing's would have been likely to be so absorbed by subjects of this latter kind that he would have found little to say on less practical ones. As it was, the two writers, though well contrasted in their modes of thinking, were able to meet on common ground, and their letters exhibit a real interchange of sentiment and opinion—not parallel lines of thought, abruptly converging at the

close into mutual expressions of personal interest and regard. Yet the greater liveliness thus imparted to the correspondence does not cover the lack of that freedom of utterance and unconscious portrayal of character which belong only to the letters of intimates. Many of the questions discussed in this volume belong entirely to the past, while others have been not so much settled as more deeply unsettled by later events, leaving open abysses where even the searching glance could then detect only a chink. It may, however, be admitted that neither writer was wanting in sagacity or disposed to hazard judgments and predictions based on partial observation. Channing was commonly sounder and broader in his views; Miss Aikin occasionally shrewder, always sharper and more dogmatic in the expression of her opinions. Her defence of English women against some strictures on their manners and looks, and her counter animadversions upon American women, are as animated and characteristic as one could wish, and her intimation that Channing, when he visited England, had never seen the "real quality," and was therefore no judge of the article, is the more amusingly impertinent from the absence of any deference to the greater knowledge he might be supposed to possess in regard to his own countrywomen. A similar bit of cockneyism reveals itself in her judgment of Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella*, the style, or rather diction, of which she pronounces "pretty good for an American," disclaiming, however, "any personal application," and explaining that an Englishman of the like knowledge and literary talent, "who should never have mingled with the good society of London," might be expected to write in the same style. Hence, as she proceeds to argue, the need and use of an aristocracy "to establish a standard of taste and refinement in language as in manners, to preserve the native tongue in equal purity and vigor." The particular objection she makes to Prescott's style—his use of the Scotch term "a border foray," of the word "operatives" for artisans, of "French, military and other terms," and of "several mere colloquialisms, as well as corrupt uses of words"—will not strike a reader of the present day as a sufficient ground for upsetting American democracy, especially as it is admitted that Prescott is not "chargeable with using words or phrases peculiar to your country." She mentions hearing that "so excellent a judge

as Lord Holland called it [*Ferdinand and Isabella*] the best history written in English since Gibbon." Lady Holland's admiration, we may add, was not less warm, and admitted of no deduction on the score of the author's not having "mingled with the good society of London." A guest at her table having asserted that there were "Americanisms" in the book, she disputed the fact, and the word "draw" in the sense of "drawbridge" being cited as an instance, she denied that Prescott had used it. A copy was produced, the passage found, the offending term pointed out. Was her ladyship confuted? Not at all. "It was a misprint: she did not believe it would be found in the American edition"! Feminine positiveness has its prerogatives, but in the case of one who pushed them habitually to an unwarrantable and oppressive extent, masculine flesh and blood could not forego so clear an opportunity for successful revolt. Some one happened to know where an American copy of the book could be procured. It was sent for, opened, and—lo! the word, as printed under the author's eyes, was "drawbridge," not "draw." This result, though a triumph to the hostess, was, as may be supposed, a puzzle to the company, one of whom may have imagined that his defeat had been the work of necromancy. The explanation—never known to the contestants—was, however, very simple: the error had been detected after the "advance-sheets" had been sent to England, but not too late for its correction in the stereotype plates from which the American edition was to be printed.

#### Books Received.

- Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland A. D. 1803. By Dorothy Wordsworth. Edited by J. C. Shairp, LL.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- History of Germany. (Freeman's Historical Course.) By James Sime, M. A. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
- The Normal Debater. By O. P. Kinsey. Cincinnati: George E. Stevens & Co.
- Elizabeth Tudor, the Queen and the Woman. New York: Nelson & Phillips.
- Clarissa Harlowe. By S. Richardson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
- Alceste. (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.
- Tim Orton, and Other Poems. By Luke Revere.